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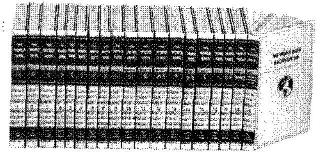

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"Back in 1944, I was living in a rut. It was almost as if the few miles between our house in Pelham and my desk in New York City were the whole world. I never dreamed that now—in 1959—I'd be financially independent, living in year-round sunshine—with time to enjoy it.

"Today I'm getting an income of $300 a month, each month, every month. It'll keep coming as long as I live. Yet I grew up in the depression. I had no training at investments.

"What got me started? Actually, it was a booklet I got in the mail. I'd been reading advertisements about people who had retired. *Sounds wonderful, but there's a catch,* I thought. *What does it cost?*

"Then, one Sunday afternoon early in February, I was figuring up my income taxes. Up, up they were going. It was then I realized how little I held on to, out of all that I earned. What I needed, I thought, was an automatic way to put aside money for the future. If I left it to chance, there just wouldn't be any.

"So that day, I looked up one of the ads I'd seen for the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company. I clipped the coupon and mailed it. The next week, I got a booklet in the mail, 'How to Retire.'

"That booklet taught me a lot. It told how a man of forty could retire in fifteen years—with absolute assurance that he would get an income every month, all his life. It told how a man could take care of his family and his own retirement—both. It told how he could start with a certain plan and change it as his life changed. It was the only way to get an income guaranteed for life.

"I did a lot of thinking, then. In fifteen years, whether I planned to retire or not, I'd be fifteen years older. I ought to be free to do what I wanted to do—retire, if I wished. The right plan for me had to be something regular—something that I paid for as regularly as I paid the grocery bills. Soon after, I applied and qualified for my Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

"I've always been glad. And all those fifteen years it was a pleasure to know that I could do what I actually did this January—retire, sell the house and start a new kind of life in Florida. Security? I have more than our company president!"

Send for free booklet

This story is typical. Assuming you begin at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $100 to $300 a month or more—starting at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't delay. Send for your copy now.

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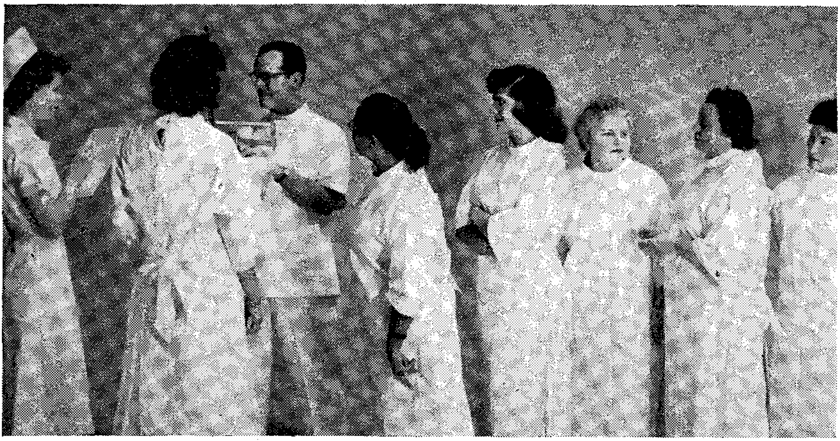


EAT CANDY AND GROW SLIM

by WALTER BROOKS

Medical research at a famous Chicago university reveals an easy inexpensive way to reduce

THERE ARE probably more reducing products available to the overweight public than there are calories in a cream puff. Trouble is, some are much less effective than others. And trying to discover which one works best is what's so confusing to the 35 million adults who want a safe, easy way to reduce.

Recently, at a Chicago university, medical researchers made a series of tests to find out as much as possible about the safety and effectiveness of today's reducing substances. The findings will probably be the most important news ever read by people who have tried without success to lose weight.

For the test, 7 reducing products (wafers, tablets, pills, low calorie candy and drugs) were selected.

Chosen as "human guinea pigs" was a group of men and women, all physically sound but for one thing: they *needed* to lose weight.

The test subjects were assigned their particular reducing products by a system of random selection. According to the doctor in charge, no attempt was made to control the diet

(*Advertisement*)

of the individuals. "We were attempting to evaluate these preparations under normal conditions of use," he said.

At the end of the eight-week program, those on dextro-amphetamine had lost an average of only 3.8 lbs. Those on the second best product lost 4.6 lbs. Patients on one widely sold tablet lost at first, then ended up by *gaining* weight. But those eating the candy (Ayds, made by Campana, Batavia, Ill.) lost 11.5 lbs., the highest average weight loss of all. Some taking Ayds even lost up to 21 lbs.

One enigma remained as far as the participants were concerned. How did the low-calorie candy work?

Directions in the box state that taken as directed, it curbs the appetite so you automatically eat less and lose weight.

The age-old truism: "Eat a sweet before a meal—spoil the appetite" was not unfamiliar to the participants. But what puzzled them, as one man put it, was this: "You say Ayds candy contains no reducing drugs. Then why won't ordinary candy work?"

"When you eat—say a chocolate cream," said the director, "you're adding 125 calories to your intake. But with Ayds, you're taking a candy of only 25 calories. What's more, it's enriched with vitamins and minerals to maintain your health while eating less."

The director then explained that the action af Ayds is based on the theory of blood sugar levels. When a person's blood sugar is low, his craving for food is high. When the blood sugar is elevated, his desire to eat is next to nil.

In a separate study made to determine the effects of the reducing products on blood sugar levels, it was found that the candy caused the greatest elevation. This curbed "hunger waves" among test subjects an average of 33% longer than the next best product.

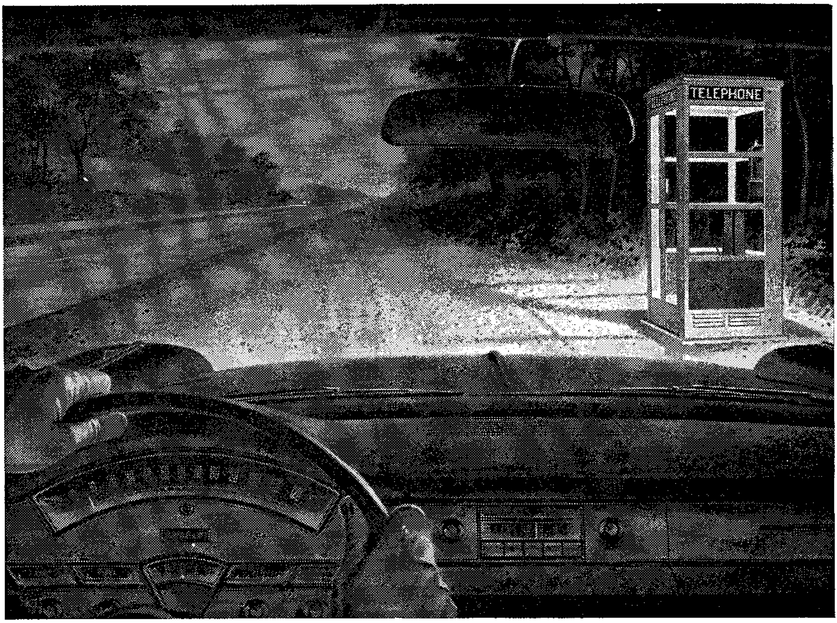
For all who are encouraged by this report to try, once again, to lose weight, the following should be kept in mind. There is no magic way to reduce! Layers of fat are not built up in a day. They cannot be shed overnight.

Underscoring this fact are innumerable cases where government agencies have taken action against firms that claimed their products would produce a specific weight loss in a few days. Or that said their products were safe when they contained drugs that could be dangerous. Many such products have been barred from the mails.

However, the reliability of the Ayds Plan has been confirmed in a U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Here, 3 judges held, with respect to Ayds, that "one eating the candy will, according to well recognized medical principles, have less desire for food, therefore, eat less."

As one participant told the doctor: "I can hardly believe it—this candy tastes so good. That was the easiest ten pounds I ever lost."

Ayds Reducing Plan Vitamin and Mineral Candy, in the regular vanilla caramel or the new chocolate fudge-type, may be purchased at drug and department stores everywhere.



Like a lighthouse on the highway

A thoughtful husband, hurrying home, phones to reassure his wife.
A young family calls ahead to make reservations for the night.
A vacationing couple enjoys a telephone visit with old friends off their route.
A sputtering car coasts to a stop and two grateful women phone for road service.

Lighted outdoor telephone booths are multiplying along America's highways. They and half a million other public telephones—in stores, stations, hotels, motels, airports and other places—make telephone service more useful and convenient day or night.

Public telephones get things done wherever you are. They save you time and trouble. Use them like your own phone—to visit a friend, check an address, thank a hostess—to make reports, appointments, sales. There's always a public phone handy to help you.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Dear Reader:

Caidin: young man in a big hurry.

When Martin Caidin tells you that "they're sending up four birds at the Cape this week end," he's not talking about pigeon racing at a beach resort. He's speaking the language of his specialty—space flight. What he is saying is that they are due to launch four missiles at Cape Canaveral, Florida. And there is no doubt Caidin knows what he is talking about. For, in the years since World War II, this 31-year-old resident of Plainview, Long Island, has become one of our foremost aviation and space writers. Blasting off to an early start in his chosen field, he was made a senior member of the Aviation Writers Association at the age of 16; and had some 150 articles—mostly on aviation—published by the time he was 17. He has already put 16 books into literary orbit, including his latest, *Spaceport, U.S.A.*, dealing with Cape Canaveral, and he currently has contracts to do seven more. He has found time to serve in the Merchant Marine and the U.S. Air Force and has been Atomic Warfare Specialist with the New York State Civil Defense Commission; also Consultant to the Commander of the Air Force Missile Test Center at Cape Canaveral and Patrick Air Force Base in Florida. He spent so much time dashing from his home to Cape Canaveral to watch missile "shots" that he finally decided to buy his own plane. Last summer he flew some 45,000 miles in his Piper Tri-Pacer, covering stories and doing research for his books. Whenever possible, he hauls his family—wife Grace and daughters Jamie, 3½, and Pamela, a year old, along in the plane. Hobbies? "No time for them," says Caidin as he whirls about keeping track of Space Age progress. Ambition? "To move even faster. I've already flown 900 miles an hour in a jet. But that's not fast enough. I want to do more than 1,000 miles an hour." Our bet is that he'll not only do it, but write about it—as he has about rocket plane pilots on page 112 of this issue.

The Editors

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CORONET

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Cover .... PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE BARRIS

all about you

Pampered and hampered; evaluating your friends; worth-while weeping

EMOTIONAL BOOTSTRAPS

If you are a bit "shook up" emotionally, it may be because of the company you keep, says Dr. Allan Fromme, director and chief psychologist of the Child Guidance Clinic of New York's University Settlement House. He believes most people can increase their own emotional stability by dropping some of their less emotionally stable friends. How can you tell if a friend is neurotic? "One rule of thumb," says Dr. Fromme, "is the amount of hostility a person expresses. If his spontaneous comments are of a destructive nature—if he is highly critical of others—you may be sure that, if the relationship continues, he will soon become highly critical of you."

SPARE THE ROD?

Will children be better off if reared in a strict home rather than an easygoing one? Neither extreme is good, but it is better to err on the side of being too strict rather than too easygoing, according to a study made by Dr. Dale B. Harris, director of the Institute of Child Welfare at the University of Minnesota. The Institute compared two groups of adults who had gone through nursery school in the 1920s.

HOME SWEET HOME

One group came from homes with strict standards, where the child's schooling, contacts and experience were closely supervised by the parents. The second group came from homes where the child had much more liberty to do as he pleased. The study found that adults who came from the disciplined group not only were more self-assured and more satisfied with their jobs and family life, but also had happier memories of their childhood.

BAD SEED

Why should a son suddenly attack his father and try to kill or maim him? One answer to this awful riddle—often posed in newspaper headlines—was recently offered by Dr. Cornelius Beukencamp, Jr., at a special meeting of the Association for Group Psychoanalysis devoted to the problem of parricide. Dr. Beukencamp pointed out that, in general, the father has lost much of his authority in the home due to the social emancipation of women. One result of this decline in the father's role, according to Dr. Beu-

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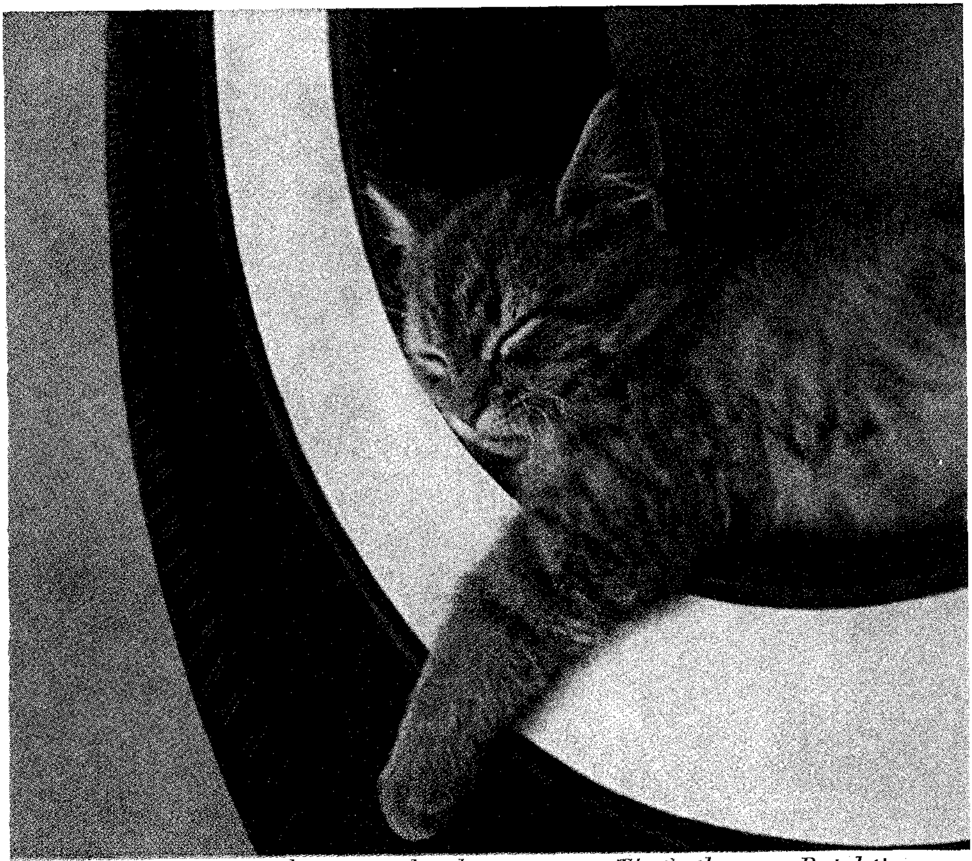

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ESSO

all about you

continued

kencamp, is that the son may see his father as a threatening brother-rival for the mother's affection. At the same time, the son tends to identify closely with his mother, who has assumed many of the functions of his father. Thus, the child's allegiances, which would ordinarily be balanced between mother and father, become lopsided. In this state of confusion, the son may attack his father, whom he fails to respect. This situation may be helped, says Dr. Beukencamp, by group therapy, which tries to restore the parents to their rightful roles in the son's eyes. This can also be accomplished if the father asserts himself more vigorously in his relationship with his son—including such "manly" activities as roughhousing and physical contact sports.

HEALING TEARS

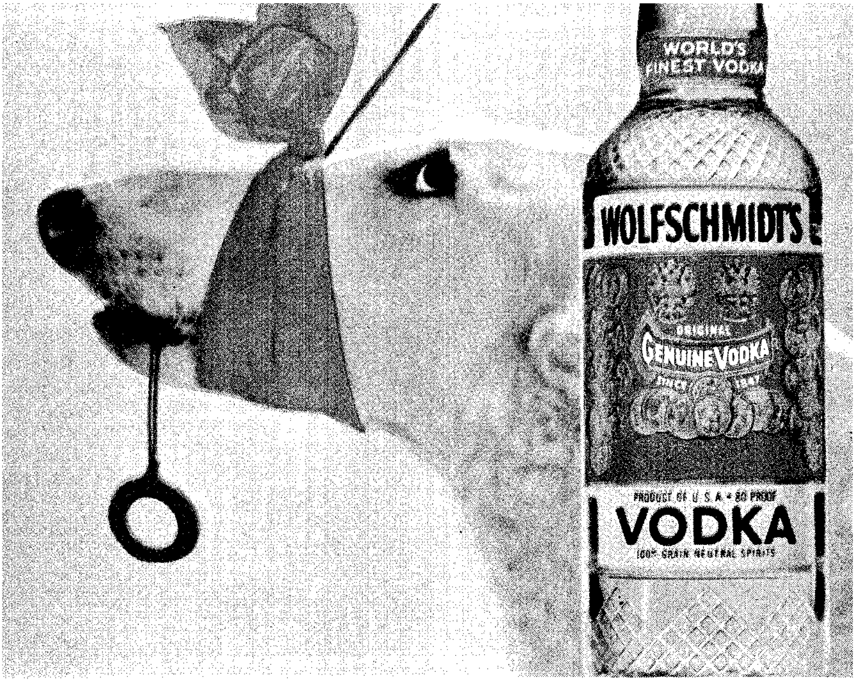
Both men and women would be happier if they gave vent to their feelings more freely, reports Dr. Robert L. Faucett, psychiatrist at the Mayo Clinic. Dr. Faucett believes that the person who chokes back tears, especially when faced with personal tragedy, is courting a mental breakdown. Rather than grin and bear, better far to cry, curse or complain, says the psychiatrist. Nor should a bereaved person buffer his emotions with tranquilizing drugs, nor flee the surroundings in which tragedy takes place.

If the grief-stricken person feels like weeping, let him weep, and if he wants to rake over the coals of the past, let him do so, counsels Dr. Faucett. But he warns that a bereaved person should not let the past blind him to the realities of the present and future.

SO BIG

The truth of the old adage "boys will be boys" and "girls will be girls" becomes apparent early in a child's life. In an unusual survey made at Louisiana State University, researchers Mary J. Collier and Eugene L. Gaier found that children display complex masculine and feminine traits well before the age of puberty. The differences appeared when the researchers asked a mixed body of students to name their favorite childhood stories. The women preferred stories of human relationships, such as *Heidi* or *Little Women,* whereas the men had favored such tales of triumph over physical obstacles, as *Robinson Crusoe*. When young, the women had also relished fairy tales, like *Cinderella* and *Snow White,* in which the heroine is saved from a wicked stepmother or witch.

The men showed an early preference for tales of conflict with brute aggressors or father-like figures, such as the giant in *Jack and the Bean Stalk.*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Pill-powered "juvenile"

FIVE YEARS of chasing girls on TV hasn't slowed down 49-year-old **Bob Cummings.** To portray a man half his age, he keeps his hair cropped short, his clothes youthfully tailored—and his mouth full of pills containing 500 "food supplements" (including calcium, vitamins and liver extract) a day. He also employs a masseur.

"I work a 70-hour week as director and star of my show," says Cummings, "and I need help." In his NBC series (owned jointly with George Burns and producer-writer Paul Henning), Cummings plays a roving-eyed, aviation-minded Hollywood photographer, Bob Collins —as well as his grandfather.

"Collins is modeled after my photographer pal, Paul Hesse," says Cummings. Hesse in 1945 introduced Bob to the girl who became his third wife, screen actress Mary Elliott. The couple has five children, ranging in age from two to 13 years. In addition to running the household, Mary manages Bob's business affairs.

Cummings' TV role poses many pretty problems.

Cummings' one-day shooting schedule is unique in TV. His cast memorizes 50 pages of dialogue, as opposed to the average 32. "We talk fast on our show," says Bob.

Talking fast comes easy to this 5′9″, 170-pound chatterbox, whose 27-year career in show business is full of colorful chapters.

Charles Clarence Robert Orville Cummings—son of a physician and a lady minister—changed names often to survive Broadway play cycles. When demand for British actors was high in 1929, Cummings sailed to England on money he had scraped together, acquired an accent and returned as "Blade Stanhope Conway." Later he became "Brice Hutchens" to play juvenile leads in musicals. In 1935, he switched to a Southern drawl and "Robert Cummings" for a part in the movie, *So Red the Rose*. Over 70 films followed.

"Hollywood's perpetual retakes rob movie farces of spontaneity," says Cummings. "Everybody's bucking for an Academy Award."

A licensed pilot since his teens in Joplin, Missouri, Cummings owns a $137,000 twin-engined Beechcraft. But he rarely flies these days. He says the zip-zip pace of TV satisfies his yen for speed. —MARK NICHOLS

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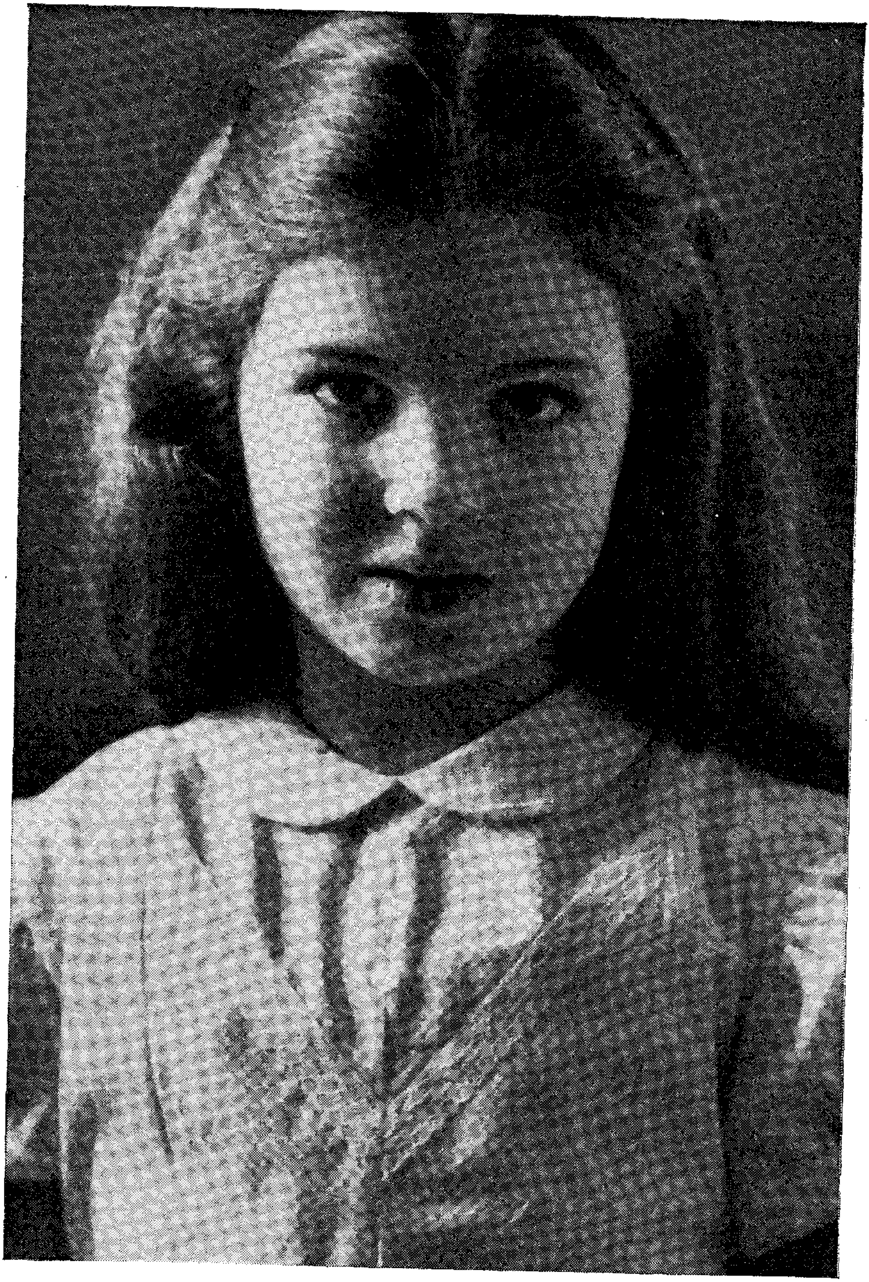


(Advertisement)

Let's Stop Cheating Our Children!

Kolynos . . . the only toothpaste
accepted for advertising by the
American Dental Association . . .
tells why it avoids "miracle"
ingredient claims.

**Dental authorities agree:
No "Miracle" ingredients in toothpaste can replace proper brushing.**

Your child, like any normal, healthy youngster, will take advantage of every opportunity to avoid such chores as washing his hands and brushing his teeth. You, as a parent, know the serious danger in neglect of the teeth!

The American Dental Association is concerned with any toothpaste claims which might give a child an excuse for such neglect. Kolynos agrees with the Association's recent statement ". . . promise of immunity from dental decay . . . is surely a contributing factor in encouraging the neglect which leads these innocents into this sorry situation (i.e., bad teeth)."

Unless parents insist on proper brushing, *they are cheating their children of the dental health they deserve.*

For centuries Man has searched for dental "cure-alls". . . either oral hygiene "short-cuts" or a "magic" substance he could rub on his teeth and keep them free from decay. This search has been in vain. The American Dental Association states that no such "short-cut" or "magic" substance exists.

The makers of Kolynos feel you should be aware of this truth. In direct testimony before a Congressional Committee, an official of the Association's Council on Dental Therapeutics asserted:

> "Adequate scientific evidence has not yet been produced in support of the special decay-preventive claims that are made for many nationally advertised dentifrices. The presence of various additives in these products has not been demonstrated to produce the effects ascribed to them in the promotional material."

Therefore, the makers of Kolynos believe in the American Dental Association's insistence that *the only proven way for a toothpaste to prevent decay is to brush teeth promptly after eating.*

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

• •

Check your child now to see if he is in the "Oral Danger Area"!

• •

Tonight sit down with your child and ask him these questions:

1. Do you know *why* you brush your teeth?
2. Do you know *when* to brush your teeth?
3. Do you know what happens if you *don't* brush as you should?

The answers he gives to those questions may surprise you. They may indicate how much today's conflicting claims have confused him. And, when he's confused about brushing his teeth, he's in the "Oral Danger Area."

In telling you why he brushes his teeth, your child should explain that he is actually removing particles of food that cling to the teeth and lead to decay. He should know that ordinary toothpaste doesn't "protect" teeth. As the American Dental Association says, "The primary purpose of a toothpaste is to assist the toothbrush in cleaning the teeth."

When should he brush his teeth? The American Dental Association clearly states: "...brushing three times a day, after meals, is recognized as a prime requisite for good oral hygiene."

What will happen if he doesn't brush his teeth regularly? The makers of Kolynos are sure that both you and your child know this through the bitterest experience of all . . . the pain of tooth decay, the threat of eventual loss of teeth . . . as well as serious gum infections.

It is your responsibility during his early years to see that your child does not fall into the "Oral Danger Area." It is your responsibility to guide him into proper dental habits.

• •

Kolynos avoids "miracle ingredient" claims—its advertising promotes sound oral hygiene with this new toothpaste's excellent cleaning action.

• •

Kolynos fully accepts the American Dental Association's insistence that there is no "miracle" ingredient in toothpaste. Kolynos also agrees with the Association that the only proven way to prevent tooth decay at home is to brush teeth promptly after eating.

No magic "cure-all"...and no magic "short-cuts." Kolynos avoids such claims and concentrates on cleaning action . . . both in its product and in its advertising.

Kolynos has therefore announced its finest achievement in toothpaste . . . the new *Super-White formula.* This highly effective new dentifrice has *three* cleansing ingredients instead of the usual *two. Brushing with this cleansing power efficiently removes food residues that lead to caries (cavities). Used regularly, Kolynos removes film and surface stains . . . gives naturally whiter, brighter teeth. Only a dentist can clean teeth more thoroughly.*

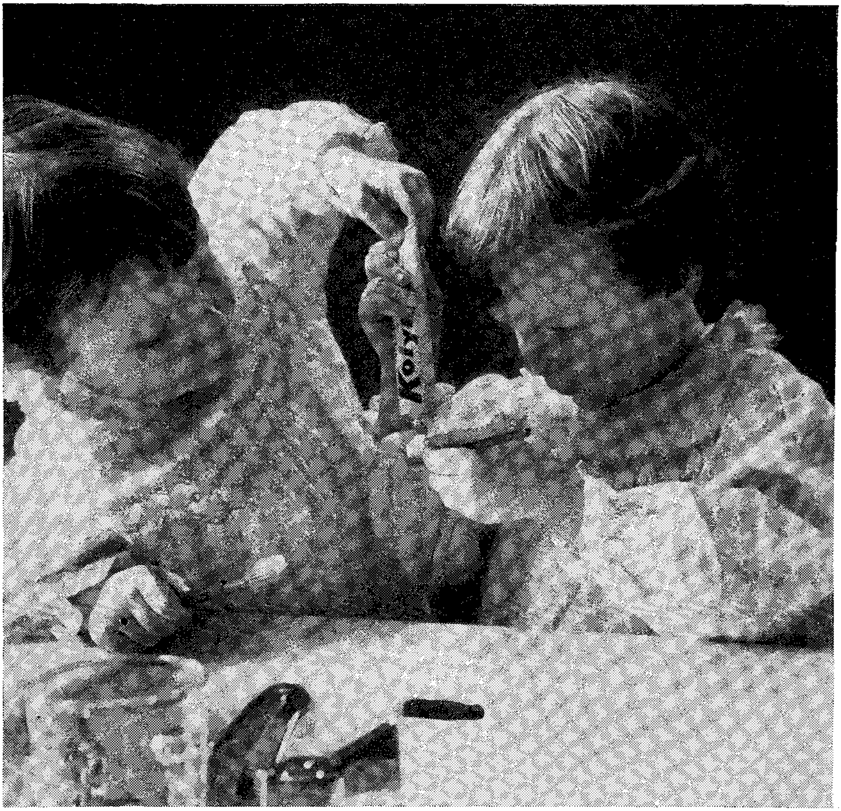
• •

Kolynos is the only toothpaste accepted for advertising by the American Dental Association

• •

(One of the current series of Kolynos advertisements in LIFE Magazine is shown on the opposite page. It features cleaning power instead of "miracle" power.)

*Quotations from the recent report of American Dental Association testimony on advertising claims before a Congressional Committee.



Only a dentist can clean their teeth more thoroughly!

choose Kolynos®...the only toothpaste accepted for advertising by the American Dental Association

You're wise to make sure your child brushes with a toothpaste offering *cleaning* protection rather than "miracle" protection.

Cleaning is a Kolynos specialty. In fact, your dentist will agree that no other toothpaste can clean and protect your teeth better than proper brushing with Kolynos.

Do "miracle" ingredients *really* exist? The American Dental Association states: "Adequate scientific evidence has not yet been produced in support of the special decay-preventive claims that are made for many nationally-advertised dentifrices . . ." The Association insists the *only* way for a toothpaste to prevent decay is to brush teeth promptly after eating.

Kolynos has therefore developed a new Super White formula that's a highly effective combination for brushing. It has 3 cleansing agents instead of 2. Brushing with this additional cleansing action effectively removes food residues that lead to cavities . . . gives naturally whiter, brighter teeth.

No toothpaste anywhere can do more. Yet, this formula's excellent cleaning action costs *less* than other leading brands. 2 giant tubes for only 69 cents. Use Kolynos regularly.

Kolynos

East-West courtship: Hardwicke and Gertrude Berg.

ONE PHRASE—"irresistible personality"—sums up the very different skills of the leading ladies in Broadway's two latest hits. Gertrude Berg embodies all the warmth and wisdom of everybody's favorite aunt in **A Majority of One,** while **Redhead's** Gwen Verdon overwhelms audiences with her spectacular dancing, performed with obvious relish.

In the Leonard Spigelgass comedy, directed by Dore Schary, Mrs. Berg plays a Jewish widow from Brooklyn who travels to Japan with her daughter and son-in-law. Aboard ship, she meets a cultured Japanese businessman, resourcefully enacted by Sir Cedric Hardwicke. He is a widower, and they find much in common to discuss. Opposition to their increasing rapport comes from both their families; and adding to the problem is their own indecision.

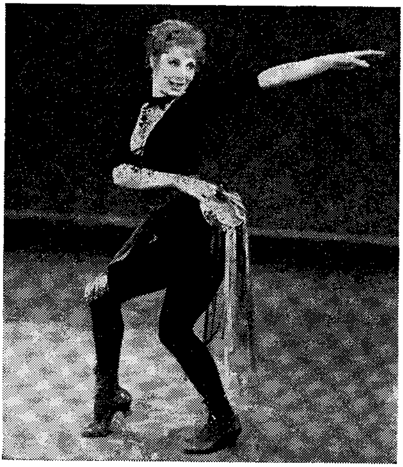
The seemingly effortless acting of Mrs. Berg (the "Molly Goldberg" of radio and TV) often suggests improvisation. She tosses off her lines in an affectionate, homey manner that disarms audiences, and before the curtain falls, they figuratively fall into her ample lap.

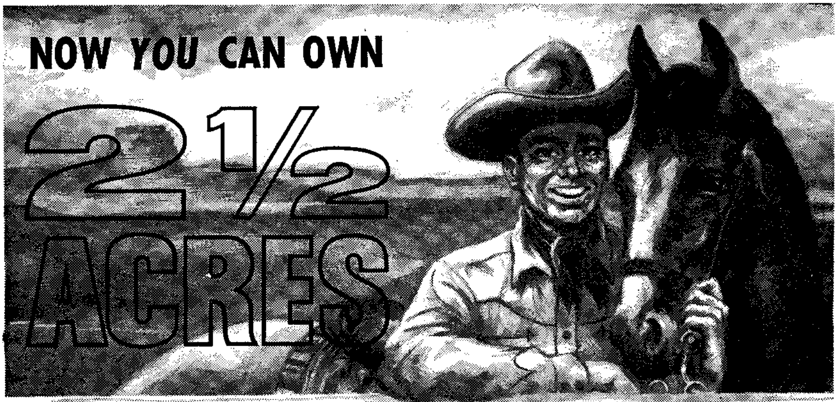
The show starring Gwen Verdon, a musical murder mystery, keeps her dancing continually, and she is at the top of her 5′4″, 123-pound form. Her energy seems endless, and director-choreographer Bob Fosse takes advantage of it to dazzle theatergoers.

In *Redhead,* Miss Verdon portrays a spinsterish sculptress in a London waxworks museum. She becomes enmeshed in a murder and is unexpectedly protected by a vaudeville strong man.

This harum-scarum plot makes for plenty of scene and costume changes and keeps *Redhead* moving. Richard Kiley, always a credible actor, packs a he-man presence and voice into his part as the muscle man. And with Miss Verdon hopping from a Chaplinesque solo to a raucous cancan to a "Pick-Pocket Tango," *Redhead* should continue to sparkle as long as her energy lasts. —M. N.

Plenty of bounce to the ounce: **Redhead's** Verdon.





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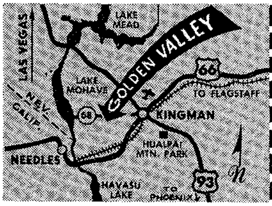
Prices may be changed without notice.

"Who am I? A man who knows that owning a good piece of land is like money in the bank. Take those folks in Phoenix and Tucson; land they bought a few years ago for a song now sells for thousands of dollars an acre. Yes sir, the way the country's moving West, I'm staking my Arizona claim right now. It's a sound inheritance for my kids, too!"

GOLDEN VALLEY RANCHOS

Development has just begun in the 30 magnificent miles between Kingman and the Colorado River, heart of one of the west's largest recreational areas. *All parcels front on graded streets.* Ducks skid into Valley ponds. Tourists visit nearby Hualpai Mt. Park, covered with pines and firs, where camping is excellent. Hunters stalk abundant deer, elk, waterfowl and quail. Neighboring Lake Mohave, part of Lake Mead National Recreation area, abounds in rainbow trout, big mouth bass. No closed season! You'll like Golden Valley!

INSURE YOUR FUTURE - NOW! Land prices in this area have tripled in the past five years.



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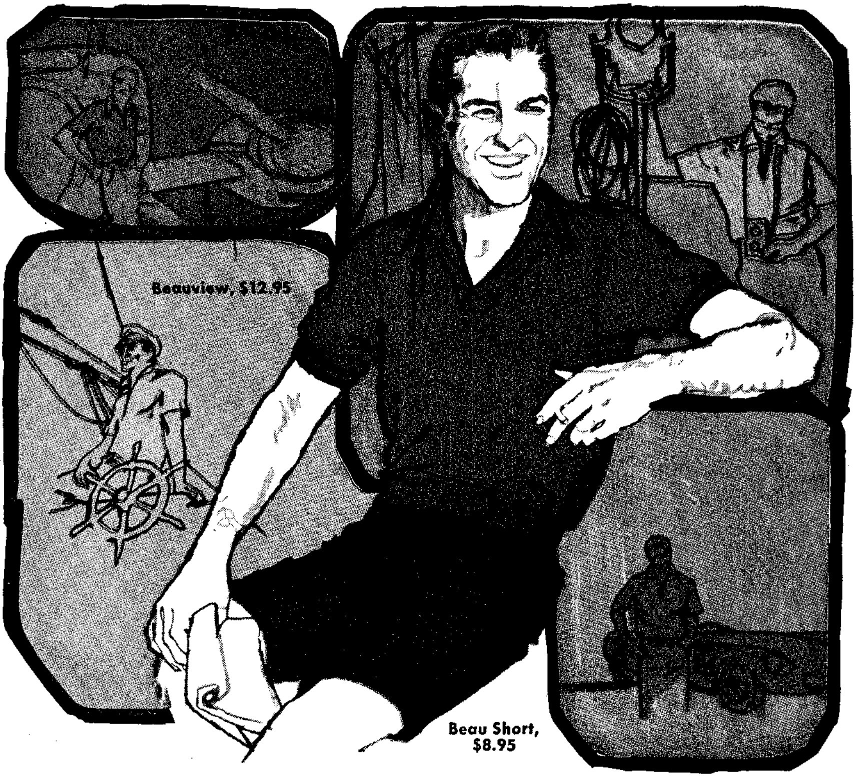

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STOLEN FROM BOB CUMMINGS

Bob designed it! We stole it! You've never worn anything like it! It's a brand new knit shirt idea that has hit Hollywood hard, because it's so easy to wear. It's a true style original, featuring Bob's flair collar and deftly tipped in color. What's more, Beauview by Puritan is practically *care*-free...pop into your washer and dryer, and forget it. Won't wrinkle or fuzz! The roguish looking walk shorts are Bob's design, too. See Cummings' Sportswear at Puritan dealers everywhere.

Wash and Dry
in New
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BEGINNING OUR SECOND HALF-CENTURY OF MEN'S FASHION LEADERSHIP

PURITAN

PURITAN SPORTSWEAR CORP. Altoona, Pa., Sales Offices; Empire State Bldg., N. Y.

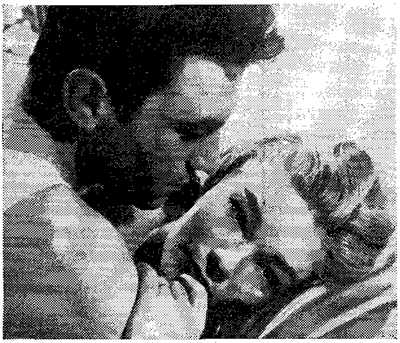
HOLLYWOOD's production slowdown has increased the market for foreign movies in the U. S. As a result, two of the three best films this month are imports.

Room at the Top is a powerful adult story, based on a novel by one of England's "angry young men," John Braine. This British film shows the path of an ambitious ex-P.O.W. (expertly played by Laurence Harvey) who is determined to move into the upper social strata and corner the wealth he believes accompanies position.

His plan to marry the daughter (Heather Sears) of the richest tycoon in town progresses smoothly. But he unexpectedly falls in love with an older, married woman (sensitively acted by Simone Signoret). This complication dissipates Harvey's ambitions. But his scheming ironically traps him.

Pulling no punches in its frank dialogue, *Room at the Top* handles an indelicate affair with a compassion and honesty rare in movies. As in life, the characters are neither villains nor heroes, but basically decent people reacting to emotion-charged circumstances.

With Simone Signoret, Harvey forgets ambitions.



KOREA HILTO
HOT

Outflanked commander (Peck) revises strategy.

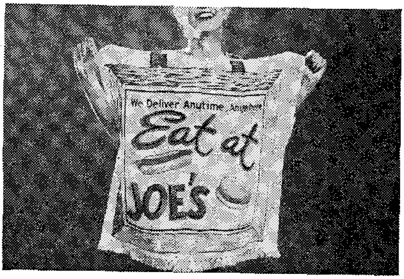
The battle for **Pork Chop Hill** was one of the last assaults of the Korean War. The American film of that title shuns heroics to tell a tense story of American infantrymen fighting against impossible odds while negotiators are deadlocked at the Panmunjom peace table.

Excellent photography, convincing performances by Gregory Peck and a cast of virtual unknowns, plus the realistic direction of Lewis Milestone give this film the grimy, workaday face of battle.

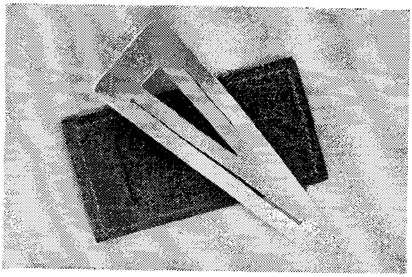
Embezzled Heaven, a German film shown in English, is the touching story of a simple-minded cook who tries to buy her way into eternity. Instead, she is swindled of her savings. In penance, she makes a pilgrimage to Rome and gains an audience with the late Pope Pius XII. The color photography and the moving performance of Annie Rosar as the cook give this Franz Werfel tale special interest. —M. N.

PRODUCTS ON PARADE

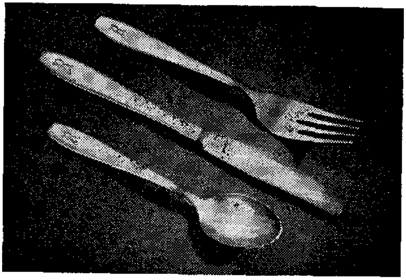
edited by Florence Semon



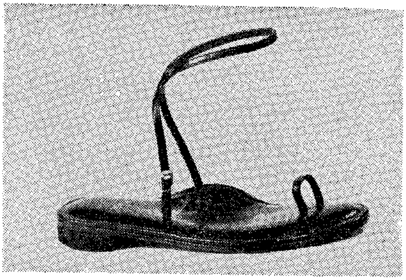
Poncho of woven terry cloth has color-fast "Eat At Joe's" sandwich sign on front and "Post No Bills" circus poster on back. Open it and you have a 28″ x 57″ beach or bath towel for lounging or drying. $4.00 pp. Bonne Age Inc., Dept. C, 1333 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



Bookmark of 14 kt. gold is ideal graduation or Father's Day gift. Measures 2⅝″ in length. Comes in genuine pigskin case. $14.50 pp. 3 hand-engraved initials in block or script lettering. $1.00. Merrin Jewelry Co., Inc., Dept. COR, 530 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

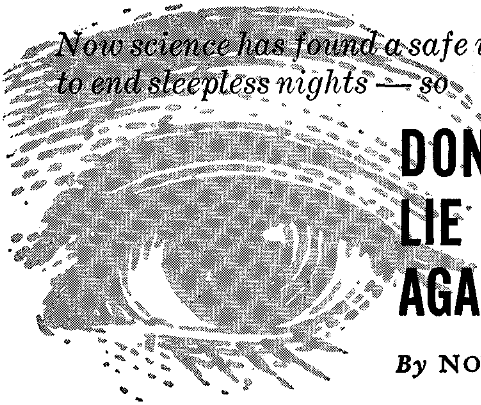


Personalized stainless by Wallace is wonderful gift for June bride. Setting consists of knife, fork, soupspoon and teaspoon. 6 settings $12.95; 8 settings $16.95 pp. Salad spoon and serving fork included free. Murray Rackoff, C-6, 1225 6th Ave., New York 19, N. Y.



Grecian toe sandals answer the need for cool footwear on hot summer days. Black leather with rubber heels. Leather soles with hand-shaped arches for support. Ladies' sizes 3 to 10. Men's sizes 6 to 12. $9.65 pp. Bloom Shoe Shop, C-1, 311 6th Ave., New York 14, N. Y.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.



Now science has found a safe way to end sleepless nights — so

DON'T LIE AWAKE AGAIN TONIGHT

By NORMA JEAN CARSON

For years, medical men have been seeking a safer answer to this age-old problem of sleeplessness.

The first hint of success came when a group of bio-chemists developed a new non-narcotic formula which was found to induce drowsiness. It had no unfavorable side effects and created no habit-forming dependency. But the question was—would it really help those who suffer from insomnia? It is one thing to induce sleep in persons who have no trouble sleeping. It is quite another to do as much for those with long histories of sleeplessness.

In a major New York hospital, clinical tests were arranged for a large group of chronic insomnia victims. During a three-month period, these new sleeping tablets proved just as effective as barbiturates. Nine out of ten patients showed immediate improvement. They fell asleep an average of one hour and twenty minutes sooner and slept for a considerably longer period each night. The successful results of these tests recently were reported to the medical profession in the Journal of Gerontology.

These new non-habit forming tablets can now be obtained in drug stores under the trade name of *Sleep-Eze.* Because they are so much safer than barbiturates, druggists in every state are allowed to dispense them without prescription. Regarding this safety factor, Coronet Magazine recently published an editorial article dealing with the danger of drug addiction and other ill effects of barbiturate sleeping pills. In this widely-read article, *Sleep-Eze Tablets* were mentioned by name and described as "*well within the safe medication zone*"—the only tablets so designated.

It hasn't taken long for word to get around that a safe and sane solution to the age-old problem of sleeplessness has been found at last. Already many thousands of men and women who once knew the misery of lying awake night after night—or who resorted to dangerous drugs to combat insomnia—have learned how quickly *Sleep-Eze* helps them fall asleep.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

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ONLY VICEROY HAS A THINKING MAN'S FILTER... A SMOKING MAN'S TASTE!

This man thinks for himself. Knows the difference between fact and fancy. Trusts judgment, not opinion.

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VICEROY
VICEROY
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CIGARETTES
KING-SIZE

Familiar pack or crush-proof box.

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CORONET

by Joseph Wechsberg

"His hand touched our hearts"

The loss of an arm was just one of
the staggering odds he faced in his struggle
to become a piano virtuoso

WHEN THE BULLET HIT HIM, there was shock and agonizing pain, and then unconsciousness. Later, Paul Wittgenstein opened his eyes, saw the Russian uniforms and knew he was a prisoner of war.

It happened one August afternoon in 1914, early in World War I, near the town of Zamósć, Poland. Wittgenstein, a young Austrian reserve officer, was taken to a primitive field hospital near Chelm. His right arm was badly smashed. There was nothing the Russian Army surgeon could do but amputate.

From Chelm, Wittgenstein was taken to hospitals in Minsk and Orel and finally to a large prisoner-of-war camp in Omsk, Siberia. On the long, agonizing voyage, he thought of his home in Vienna, where he was born on November 5, 1887. The large house was always filled with music and exciting guests. His grandparents had known Felix Mendelssohn and Johannes Brahms. Josef Joachim, the celebrated violinist was Wittgenstein's great-uncle. As a boy, Wittgenstein was permitted to accompany the famed Joachim on the piano. And he remembered with pleasure the visits of composer Gustav Mahler.

For a while young Wittgenstein had tried to work in a bank (his father claimed that music should be a man's hobby, not his profession);

but he ultimately turned to music, studying the piano with Teodor Leschetizky, the teacher of Paderewski, Schnabel and other great pianists. He learned piano theory from the blind organ virtuoso Josef Labor.

A few months before World War I, critics had predicted an "admirable" future for Wittgenstein, after his debut, at 26, in Vienna. And now everything was over: the dream of fame and future, the happiness of music—because he had been sent on patrol duty one afternoon and a Russian bullet had hit his right arm. Or was it over? Lying in the hospital one night with wide-open eyes, he made a desperate vow: this would not be the end; he would never admit defeat.

In 1915, Wittgenstein was sent from Siberia to Sweden under the auspices of the International Red Cross, after a prisoner exchange agreement among the belligerent nations had been initiated by the Pope. By Christmas he was back in Vienna, and settled down to work.

He took no more lessons. No one could help him. He had to work it out all by himself. "It was like attempting to scale a mountain," he remembers. "If you can't climb up from one side, you try another." He had to rest more frequently than other pianists because his left hand tired more quickly.

"Though the right hand is usually stronger," Wittgenstein explains now, "it is easier to play with the left hand alone than with the right hand alone. The thumb of the left hand, its strongest finger, is on top. My left thumb does the work of my lost right hand. I play the melody with my thumb. And every pianist knows that leaping—the quick motion from bass to treble and back—is easier with the left than with the right hand. Fortunately, Leschetizky had taught me to play with a loose wrist. Naturally, I cannot play at the same time the lower *and* upper notes of a chord with one hand. I must often break them up. But the listener mustn't notice the break. Sometimes I play the lower notes first, sometimes afterwards. And I had to learn to apply the half-change of the pedal. (He refused a piano firm's offer to install a special pedal for him because 'people would say the piano was fixed.') By holding the chords with the pedal, I give the impression of playing the whole chord simultaneously."

Wittgenstein gave his first one-arm recital toward the end of the war. The critics were astonished. Suffering had helped make him a mature artist. But another formidable difficulty arose. There existed no concert compositions for the left hand alone. No great composer had ever thought of the unlikely possibility of a one-armed pianist playing concerts. Brahms had transcribed Bach's *Chaconne* for the left hand when Clara Schumann injured her right arm. Max Reger and Saint-Saëns had written a few pieces. That was about all.

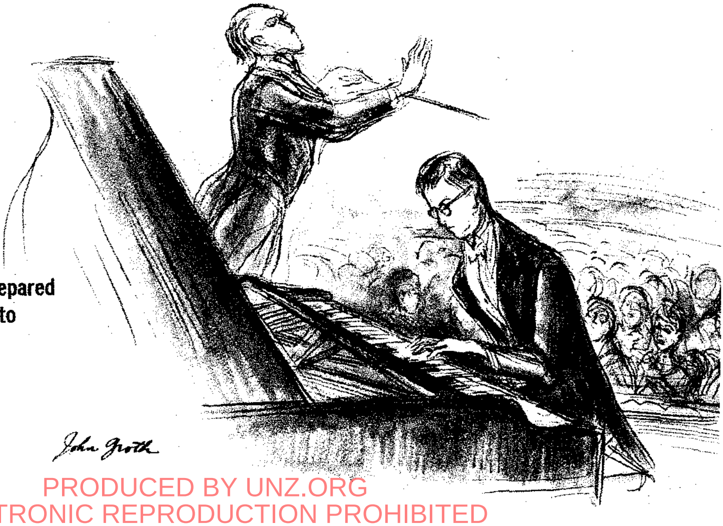
Wittgenstein spent months in libraries and secondhand music shops seeking pieces that could be transcribed without change. Among those he arranged and recorded were some of Mendelssohn's *Songs With-*

out Words, Grieg's *Elegy,* Schumann's *Melancholy.* (His transcriptions, exercises and études were later published as *School for the Left Hand* by Universal Edition.)

Wittgenstein's lasting contribution to music is that he inspired great composers to create works that otherwise might never have been written. In 1923, Franz Schmidt, the Austrian composer, dedicated to Wittgenstein his brilliant *Beethoven Variations* and later his *G-Major Quintet.* After Wittgenstein talked to Richard Strauss, the famed composer wrote for him *Parergon to the Sinfonia Domestica,* a work of great beauty. When Wittgenstein complained it wasn't brilliant enough, Strauss said he'd started to write a more difficult piece, *Panathenaenzug.* Wittgenstein performed both works while Strauss conducted.

By that time, many celebrated composers were eager to compose works especially for Wittgenstein. Some of them were deeply moved by his courage, and all of them were thrilled by the challenge of doing something that hadn't been done before. Serge Prokofieff, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, Paul Hindemith and Benjamin Britten wrote original works for him. Young composers dedicated concertos to him in the hope he might make them famous. Wittgenstein performed all over Europe, to great critical acclaim.

Maurice Ravel had just scored a sensational success with his *Bolero,* which was then performed, whistled and hummed all over the world. When he was approached in 1929, after a triumphant American tour, by George Kugel, Wittgenstein's impresario, to write a piano concerto for the one-armed pianist, Ravel was immediately interested. He met Wittgenstein in Vienna, they talked for an evening, and Ravel agreed to write the concerto. Ravel, too, knew suffering. For years he had been afflicted by insomnia, fatigue and occasional amnesia. He was intrigued by the musical challenge. "*Je me joue de difficulté*" ("I make a



The suspense was almost unbearable as Wittgenstein prepared to play the concerto written for him by Maurice Ravel.

game of difficulty"), he said to Wittgenstein as they parted.

Ravel began to compose in secret, working simultaneously on another (two-handed) piano concerto. He was haunted by memories of the jazz he had heard in New York's Harlem and Greenwich Village, and made use of jazz rhythms in the left-hand concerto.

"The concerto must not be a stunt," he told a friend. "The listener must never feel that more could have been accomplished with two hands. The piano part must be complete, beautiful and transparent."

Though his health declined, Ravel kept working, sleeping only four hours a night. In the summer of 1930, he finished the work and invited Wittgenstein to his country home near Paris.

"Ravel took me to his work room and played the new concerto for me," Wittgenstein recalls. "He played the solo part with both hands, of course; and he also played the orchestral score. He was not an outstanding pianist, and I wasn't overwhelmed by the composition. It always takes me a while to grow into a difficult work. I suppose Ravel was disappointed, and I was sorry, but I had never learned to pretend. Only much later, after I'd studied the concerto for months, did I become fascinated by it and realize what a great work it was."

The crowded auditorium of the Salle Pleyel in Paris vibrated with excitement. It was the night of January 17, 1933—a night that reverberates in musical history. Two men in evening dress walked on-stage in front of the musicians of the Orchestre Symphonique: Paul Wittgenstein, tall and severe, the empty right sleeve of his tail coat hanging down; behind him Maurice Ravel, frail and nervous.

They were greeted by wild applause. For the first time in Paris, Ravel would conduct his *Concerto for the Left Hand Alone,* with Wittgenstein at the piano. (Wittgenstein had performed it the year before in Vienna, without Ravel.)

Ravel raised his baton. The haunting theme of the concerto was played by the contra bassoon, taken up by the other wood winds, the brass, the violins. At last the piano came in.

"When Wittgenstein began to perform his cadenza, a shudder ran through the audience," Roger Crosti later wrote in *Le Menestrel.* "He played with authority and feeling. . . . It was a miracle—his left hand had become two hands, one singing and the other accompanying. . . . His hand touched our hearts."

The audience sat entranced, listening to Ravel's tormented, lyrical composition with its strong jazz effects. When it was over—the concerto consists of one movement without a break—the audience rose and cheered wildly. The people felt that a master composer had written a masterpiece for a master artist.

A few weeks later Ravel and Wittgenstein were to perform the concerto again in Monte Carlo. But Ravel's health had deteriorated so that he delegated his friend, Paul Paray, to conduct the orchestra. Afterwards Ravel appeared on-stage with Wittgenstein. Both received a tremendous ovation. It was their last appearance together. Ravel died in Paris on December 28, 1937.

In 1938, Wittgenstein, who is married and has three children, emigrated to the U. S. where, in addition to giving concerts, he taught the piano at the Ralph Wolfe Conservatory in New Rochelle, New York. His home is in Great Neck, Long Island, and during the week he now teaches in his studio on New York's Riverside Drive. Among his pupils have been several one-armed pianists. But none had the gift and stamina of their teacher.

Now 71 years old, Wittgenstein's hair is gray, but his dark eyes flash youthfully in his strong, angular face. His lean, ascetic body radiates energy—and music is still his life. He hates to be away from his piano even for a day and spends his summer vacations in a secluded old farmhouse near Zell am See, Austria, where he practices four hours a day. For recreation he takes long walks and plays piano music, three hands, with an old friend. After his 70th birthday, he recorded the Bach-Brahms *Chaconne* and the Ravel *Concerto for the Left Hand Alone* for the Period Music Company.

The concerto which Ravel dedicated to Wittgenstein has long become part of musical history. Great pianists everywhere perform it. But it will always remain a monument to the fortitude and courage of Paul Wittgenstein.

Sounds Familiar

ONE IDLE RAINY DAY my daughter Laura Jean, ten, and two of her young friends determined to form a "sorority." As secretary, my daughter was told to write down everything that happened. This was an exact record of the first meeting.

MINUTES OF THE MEETING BY THE SECRETARY

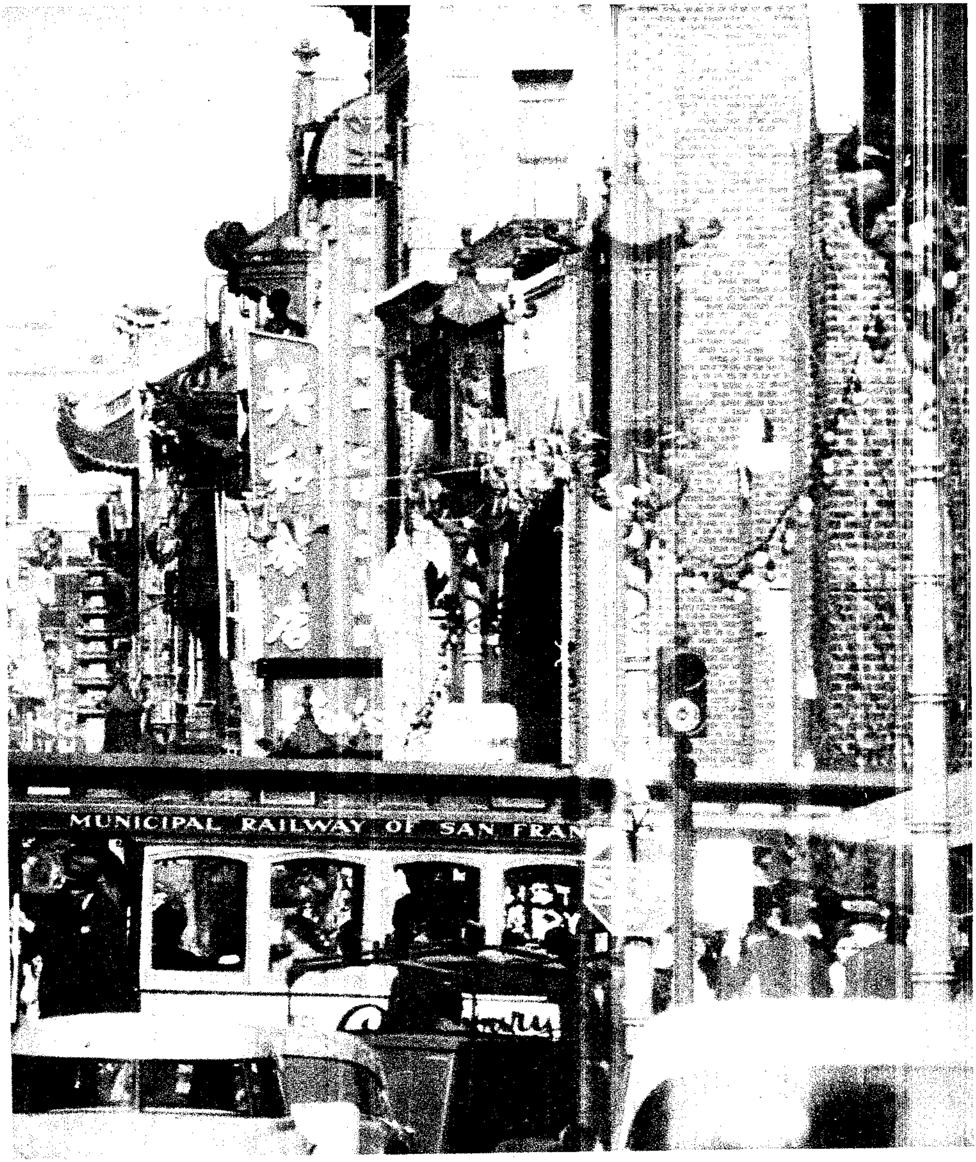
The president started the meeting by calling it to order. One candidate is selected to be voted for: Laura Jean is the secretary. The votes are handed to the president. Most of the meetting consisted of making ballot. The president called the meetting to order 2 times. Sister Honora stuck out her tongue at the secratary. Sister Honora is Vice-P. Frances is P. The president left the meetting for 2 minutes. Frances and Honora had a argument over Tom Cat. Sister Frances and Honora sang and hit the table. The secratery warned the president. The president hit Honora. They have lots of fights. V. President said she hated president. President said the same of V.P. They started another fight, another fight! Another fight! President plays during meetting. Theres so many fights between president and V. P. meetting ajurnes.

—MILDRED S. STREET

FAR EAST CAFE
CHOP SUEY
JEWELRY GOODS

Exotic street of many worlds

Text by Frank Cameron
Photographs by Dan Budnik


MUNICIPAL RAILWAY OF SAN FRAN

Few streets in America are as unique as San Francisco's Grant Avenue. As the following pictures show, its mile-and-a-half length embraces several alien little worlds—with their colorful cultures—and teeming islands of Bohemianism and modernism, poverty and wealth.

There's food for thought as Chinese children hungrily eye Italian bread.

Once called Dupont Street, Grant Avenue was renamed after Ulysses S. Grant, who visited San Francisco in 1879—and accidentally dropped his dentures overboard as he sailed through the Golden Gate. Geographically, Grant Avenue flanks Nob Hill, dips down to beachless North Beach, rises along Telegraph Hill and vanishes into the bay at The Embarcadero. En route it views a thousand varied aspects of life and dances to a thousand rhythms. Grant begins at high-fashion Market Street, hard by the Wells Fargo Bank, a nostalgic vestige of the Wild West. Beyond, glitter other famous names: Shreve's, the "Tiffany of the West"; and Saks Fifth Avenue on the corner of Maiden Lane, where dwelled the "fancy ladies" when San Francisco was the "Wickedest City in the World." Suddenly, Grant narrows and becomes the pulsing main street of Chinatown, with its pagoda-topped street lamps and exotic stores that sell lotus roots and sharks' fins. With about 30,000 inhabitants, this Chinatown is the second largest such settlement outside China, surpassed only by Singapore's. Against this Oriental backdrop, on what was the once-bawdy Barbary Coast, stands Old Saint Mary's Church, California's first Catholic cathedral. Below its clock tower is inscribed this message: "Son, observe the time and fly from evil."

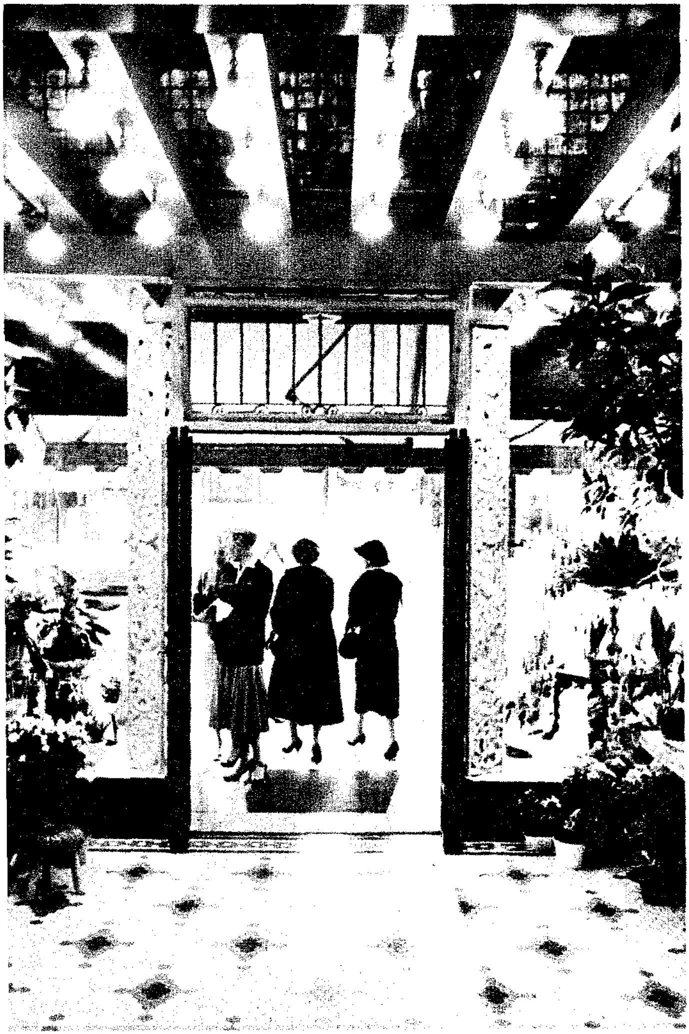
In North Beach (right) there's beatnik jazz and vast yearning.

Among the tributaries of Grant are byways such as Noble's Alley. Formerly "nests of sin," they are now quiet rectangles where children play.

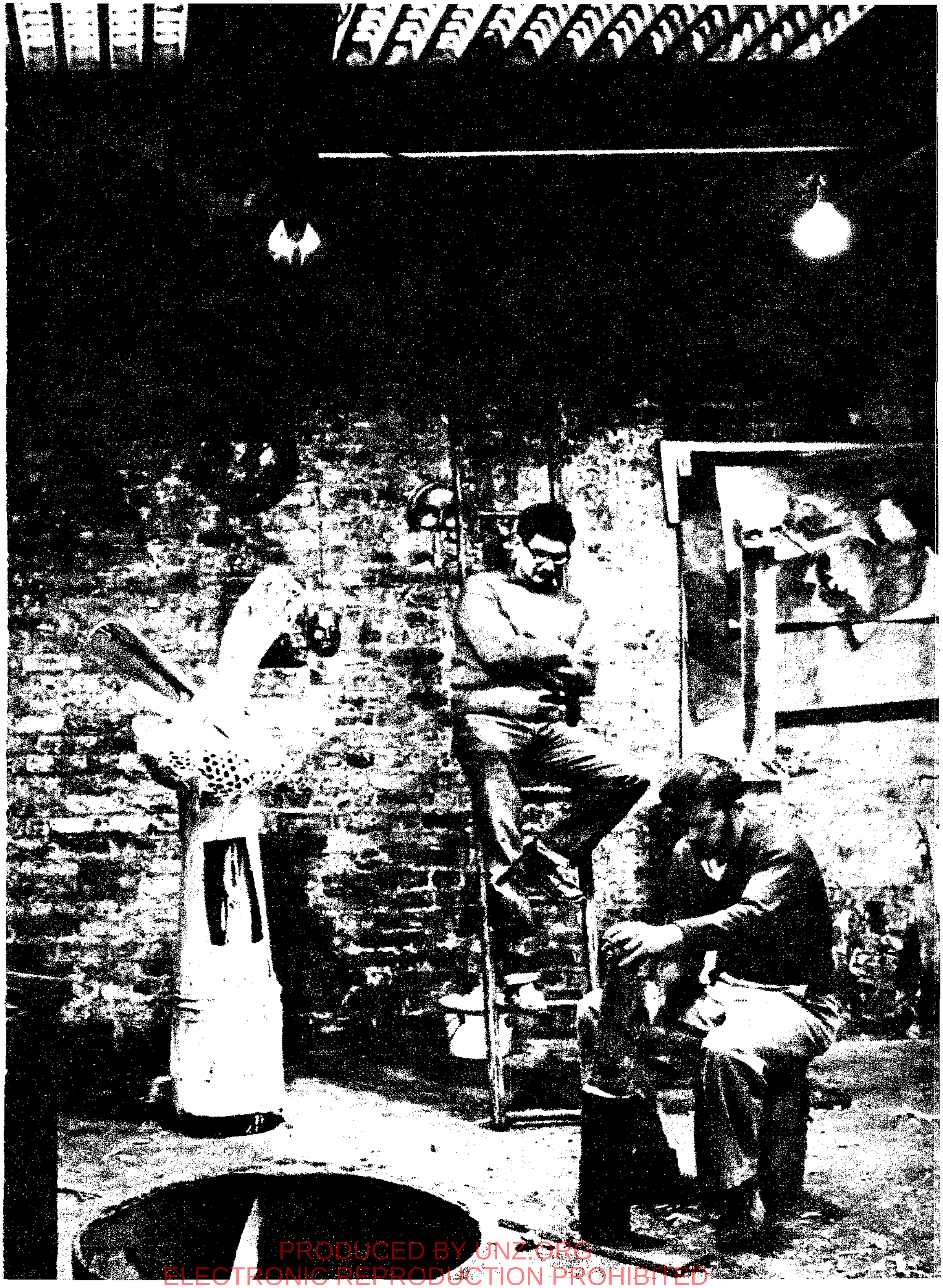
The atonal tinkle of Sic Young's Chinese butterfly harp makes the street echo to a centuries-old beat.

In such chic cocktail hideaways as the Temple Bar, the music of Grant Avenue is Muzak—genteel and properly liquid.

In brilliantly-lit shop at swank end of Grant Avenue, Podesta Baldocchi sells more flowers than any U. S. retail florist.



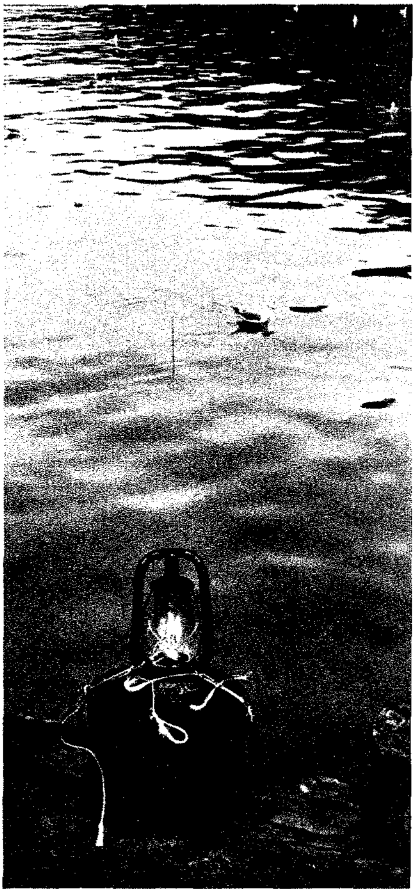
In cellar under translucent sidewalk, sculptors Manual Neri (rear) and Alvin Light share studio with two other artists.



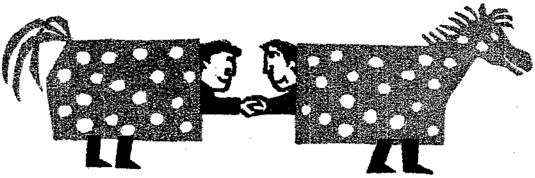
SPECIALTY
CATERING

A slaughtered pig and a look of pity from a child. Grant is famed for its Chinese delicacies—lichee nuts, sea slugs and ancient eggs.

Where Chinatown ends abruptly at Broadway, Grant changes like a chameleon and plunges into predominantly Italian North Beach. Here the buildings take on pastel shades, the restaurants serve huge family meals and the music is unadulterated Verdi. This brief Latin mood quickly succumbs to relentless Bohemianism. Grant houses the Beat Generation. But today, the bearded and baffled Beatniks are spinning into eclipse. Yet there is still art — some good, some bad — being created and peddled in basements and attics. And where there is art, there are such Left Bank temples of expression as "The Place," the "Co-Existence Bagel Shop," and the "Tea Room and Coffee Gallery." Beyond this neighborhood, Grant mounts to the Everest of Upper Bohemia, a chiefly residential area where sports cars zip along. Then, wearily, it drops sharply to The Embarcadero docks, satisfied that he who walks it can speak his own language and find a world in which he is heard.



A gull watches impassively as Grant Avenue ends its 23-block journey by dipping into the bay like a sleepy serpent.



GRIN AND SHARE IT

WHEN Mark Twain was editor of a small country newspaper, his salary was so small he could not make ends meet. As a result, the bills kept piling up, but Twain never took them seriously. One morning, the office boy handed him a bill from his tailor. Twain took one look at it and started to throw it away.

"Better read the other side," advised the boy. "He says if you don't pay him pronto, he's going to sue."

Twain turned the sheet over. Then he said impatiently:

"You should know better than to bother me with this kind of copy. Send him our form letter which says that manuscripts written on both sides cannot be considered."

—E. E. EDGAR

MOST OF US with average nerves will feel sympathy for the TV announcer doing his first commercial for a new sponsor. With cameras centered on him, the announcer smiled, took a deep draw of the sponsor's cigarette, blew out a ring of smoke and sighed blissfully: "Man, that's *real* coffee!" —*Scarboro Missions*

DURING AN EXTREMELY hot day the sergeant in charge of bayonet drill at an Army base was trying hard to get his listless men to attack the stuffed dummies with more energy. Finally he halted the drill and said, "Listen men, those dummies are the enemy. They have burned your house and killed your parents. They carried away your sister, stole all your money and drank up all the whisky in the house."

The sergeant then stepped back and motioned the recruits forward toward the row of dummies. The line of men surged ahead with new purpose, eager to attack. One recruit, his eyes stern and his lips drawn back over his teeth in a snarl, paused to ask: "Sergeant, which one drank that whisky?"

—DAN BENNETT (*Scarboro Missions*)

THE FOLLOWING dialogue took place between an office boy and his employer after the boy noticed two women with the boss.

Office boy: "Who were those two girls?"

Boss: "Well, one was my wife and the other was Marilyn Monroe."

Office boy: "Which one was Marilyn Monroe?"

The boss took a dollar out of his pocket and gave it to the boy.

Office boy: "What's this for?"

Boss: "Nothing. I just want you to remember, when you get to be President, that I once loaned you money."

—GEORGE BAKER

ONE OF OUR elementary school teachers gave her small charges a lecture on the merits of brevity and then asked them to write a sentence or two describing something exciting. One of them promptly submitted the following: "Help! Help!" —PATRICIA LAITIN

THERE, THERE, little man," said the kindly woman to the boy beside her in the surf, "you mustn't be afraid—why don't you just splash right in and swim?"

"I would," was the timid reply, "but you're standing on my flippers." —*Quote*

IN A REMOTE SECTION of the country an elderly native died. Word of his passing reached the county seat. The coroner, a tall, strapping young fellow, got in his car and drove out to the deceased's house.

"Did Sam Williams live here?" he asked the weeping young widow who opened the door.

"Yes," replied the woman between sobs.

"Well," said the coroner, "I've come for the remains."

The woman's crying died down as she slowly sized up the handsome young fellow standing in the doorway. "Well," she explained, "I am the remains, but you'll have to wait until I pack my clothes." —KAREN FREDERICK

A FLUTTERY little lady approached the manager of a pet shop and said, "I have a pair of canaries—one female and one male, but how can I tell which is which?"

"Well," said the manager, "why don't you put a pair of worms in the cage? The male bird invariably picks the female worm and vice versa."

"But how on earth will I know which is the female and which is the male worm?"

"Madam," said the man coldly. "This is a bird shop. I suggest you take *that* question to a worm shop!" —MRS. E. KLEIN

MOST IN ONE of London's famous fogs, an American tourist finally heard footsteps. He called out, "Could you please tell me where I'm going?"

"Into the canal," replied an unhappy voice from the mist. "I've just come out." —BETTY JOHNSON

THE SUMMER RELIEF postman, who had been told all about Picasso, called at the artist's home with a postal order and was given a friendly welcome.

He patted Picasso's ten-year-old girl on the head, looked up at the paintings on the wall, and said appreciatively: "So the little one paints *too*!" —*English Digest*

WELL," SAID the young husband as he bit into some pastry his bride had baked, "I *must* say these are fine biscuits."

Later the bride's mother stopped him in the hall and asked in a whisper, "Goodness, John, how could you say that those were fine biscuits?"

"But I didn't say they were fine," he pointed out. "I merely said I must say so." —JOHN CARMICHAEL

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Our war against the super-microbes

by Bernard Seeman

As the once-invincible antibiotics begin to fail, science strikes back at the enemy with spectacular new allies

A SIX-YEAR-OLD child admitted to a Southern hospital for minor surgery was suddenly gripped by a furious infection which overwhelmed every antibiotic tried against it.

Oddly, the infection was no stranger to the doctors. It was caused by a bacillus known as *Staphylococcus aureus*—or "Golden Staphylococcus." But where it had previously succumbed to penicillin, streptomycin and tetracycline as well as to other antibiotics, this old enemy was now impervious to all of them.

The little girl was not alone in her misfortune. Other children—and adults—were being struck hard by a wave of infections which abruptly shook medicine out of its antibiotic-inspired complacency.

This development of the past several years has proved a new turn in the struggle between man and disease in which infection-producing microbes have been arrayed against man and some strange allies from the microbial world. These microbe allies, as part of their life processes, produce substances which are deadly to the disease germs.

Man has purified these substances, concentrated them and turned them to his own use as the so-called antibiotic wonder drugs. But recently many of the disease-causing microbes have somehow begun to develop resistance to the antibiotics and have fought back with a frightening success. In Illinois, a hospital temporarily shut down its maternity section following the death of five infants from infection. Outbreaks in Dallas and Houston hospitals took the lives of 25 babies. In another hospital, 46 percent of the newborn children developed "staph" infections. In a Seattle hospital, 75 percent of the mothers who tried to nurse their infants became afflicted with inflammations or abscesses of the breasts.

While shocking in its effect, this rising up of resistant strains of microbes came as no surprise to the microbiologists and biochemists, the men who hold humanity's outer defenses against the swarming microbial enemy. These scientists are keenly alert to the microbe's fantastic ability to mutate and produce changes in itself from generation to generation.

Natural selection and evolution affect microbes no less than man. But where human generations are spaced about 20 years apart, the streptococcus produces a new generation every hour and the tuberculosis bacillus every 12 hours.

This speed of reproduction gives the microbes an incredible ability to produce mutants—single cell cultures which, by some biological accident, differ from the parent strain.

Among these mutants there may be one born with an abnormal ability to survive adverse changes in the environment. Just as the shaggy Mongolian pony is better able to survive extreme cold than the short-haired Kentucky thoroughbred, such a mutant microbe may be completely unaffected by an antibiotic that could kill off all of his relatives. Degrees of mutational change which might take man 500 years to achieve can be compressed by swiftly-multiplying microbes into about one day.

This is how the process seems to work: Ill of pneumonia, John Smith is given penicillin. It wipes out all the many millions of microbes in the colony infecting the patient. All, that is, except a few.

It happens that these few microbes, because of some freak of biology, produce a substance which protects them against the antibiotic. In this way, some microbes produce an enzyme called penicillinase which blocks the action of the penicillin.

The mutant microbe begins reproducing and soon numbers in the many millions. It spreads to other patients who may come down with pneumonia. But this time, when the antibiotic that cured Smith is tried, it does not work because mutant microbes resist it. So the doctor tries a new antibiotic. This one works, wiping out all the microbes except, possibly, a mutant here or there.

So the process of natural selection continues. Resistance does not always develop but, given enough time, it usually does.

In some cases resistance takes on startling forms. One infectious microbe had been well controlled by streptomycin which closely resembles a food essential to the microbe. But when the unsuspecting organism absorbed it, streptomycin killed the microbe by jamming its metabolic system. Then a new variation of the original microbe turned up, positively needing streptomycin to live. Trying to curb it with streptomycin was like feeding a hearty steak dinner to a hungry heavyweight.

Though a microbe can reproduce rapidly, it must rely on the accident of mutation to survive a hostile change in the environment. Man, on the other hand, has the advantage of being able to modify himself or his environment. If he is attacked by microbes resistant to one antibiotic, he goes to work producing another antibiotic to which microbes are not resistant.

To point up man's advantage even further, he uses the fantastic natural biochemistry of the microbes themselves to produce the antibiotics he wants. From penicillin on, the basic antibiotics have been produced not by human biochemists but by the more efficient natural biochemistry of the microbes unwittingly working under human guidance.

Indication that some microbes could be used against other microbes came in 1899, when Drs. Rudolf Emmerich and Oscar Loew of the University of Munich discovered that a certain microscopic organism produced a substance in the course of its life processes that could stop the growth of other microorganisms.

Then, in 1928, Drs. Alexander Fleming and Howard W. Florey discovered that a natural by-product formed by the microscopic mold known as *Penicillium notatum* could stop the growth of certain microbes. This substance, produced by the mold and then extracted and refined by human scientists, is what we know as penicillin.

Today, in huge fermentation vats of the great pharmaceutical houses such as Abbott, Lederle, Parke Davis, Merck, Squibb and many others, vast herds of specially selected microbes are working for man, producing antibiotic substances just as naturally as cows produce milk.

Sometimes the day-in, day-out battle between man and his microbial enemies takes strange and unexpected turns.

About the time the little girl in the Southern hospital was developing her infection, a 33-year-old biochemist, Walter D. Celmer, was working in a laboratory in Brooklyn, New York. Dr. Celmer, supervisor of the Antibiotics Basic Research Group for Chas. Pfizer and Co., had already helped produce an effective antibiotic named oleandomycin. But, wise in the ways of the microbes, he could not rest with this. He knew that the enemy was already at work trying to produce resistant strains and, should they succeed, he wanted to be ready with the next antibiotic weapon.

What Celmer had in mind was a chemical manipulation of the basic structure of oleandomycin that would change it into a newer, even more effective antibiotic. He modified the oleandomycin molecule by adding three chemical structures known as acetyl groups. The resulting substance was purified, crystallized and made ready for testing.

For Celmer, confident he had created a new antibiotic, the initial test results were a stunning blow. There was less germ-killing effect than had been produced by the original antibiotic.

Ordinarily, because thousands of new substances await trials and testing in the high-pressure war against disease, if any substance doesn't show a promising germ-killing effect in the laboratory, it is dropped at once. But it occurred to Celmer that what happens in a test tube or even in a laboratory animal can be different from what might happen in a human being. Accordingly he went to his laboratory, prepared a dose of the drug and swallowed it. Samples of his body fluids showed remarkable germ-killing properties against "staph" and other infections. In fact, the tests showed that the new drug promoted two to three times more antibiotic effect in the body than the parent oleandomycin. Further experiments showed that in the human body this drug undergoes a surprising change and, by some miracle of natural chemistry, is converted into six different antibiotic forms, each of them effective against disease microbes.

It was this antibiotic, triacetyloleandomycin (TAO), which overwhelmed the staphylococcal swarms that infected the little girl in the Southern hospital and made her recovery possible.

Antibiotic weapons are found in the strangest places. An untold number of people are alive today because Larry Bersin, a drug salesman for The Upjohn Co., spooned up some earth from under a shrub in Queens Village, New York. Bersin, along with other salesmen of the company, had been asked to gather samples of soil from their areas and send them to the research laboratories as part of a project to hunt for antibiotic-producing microbes in the farthest possible places.

AMERICAN
CANCER
SOCIETY

Plain, ordinary earth, no matter where it is found—at the bottom of the sea, on a mountaintop or in your window box—teems with microscopic life. Each spoonful of soil swarms with hundreds of millions of molds, bacteria and other living organisms. Among this multitude there might be one or more molds or other life forms able to produce a substance deadly to disease microbes.

The odds against any soil sample containing such an organism are about 100,000 to one, and the task of finding and isolating it is indescribably complex. But the spoonful of earth delivered by salesman Bersin proved worth the effort. It contained an organism named *Streptomyces niveus* which brought sudden death to disease bacteria.

Albamycin, the new antibiotic developed from this soil sample, was promptly put to use against resistant bacteria. In Milwaukee's Veterans' Administration Hospital it was administered to 17 desperately ill patients. According to Dr. Mark W. Garry, Chief of Medical Service there, where it was given in time, it saved almost 50 percent of these "seemingly hopeless" patients.

Another dramatic victory over our microbe foe resulted when Dr. Tadakatsu Tazaki, visiting Nagoya University, in Japan, took a soil sample from the garden and sent it to his former chief at Tokyo University, microbiologist Hamao Umezawa. The sample resulted in the new antimicrobia weapon, kanamycin, developed by Dr. Umezawa and the Bristol Laboratories in the U. S. When older antibiotics failed, kanamycin stopped the epidemic of resistant "staph" which had blazed up in the Jefferson Davis Hospital in Houston, Texas, killing 16 infants.

Because of the unremitting labor of our scientists, man remains a step ahead of the microbes. But the development of resistant strains has taught us the danger of antibiotic-inspired complacency. It has been a costly lesson. Doctors realize that, precious as the antibiotics may be, they cannot replace careful diagnosis and sound medical procedures. Strict hygienic practices that can prevent infections should not be abandoned in the blithe hope that a wonder drug can cure anything.

Nor should the antibiotics be used indiscriminately, or as a common means of preventing infection, or merely because a patient demands it. To do so is to speed up the development of microbial resistance and, possibly, to let loose another epidemic chain reaction.

Meanwhile man continues his war against the microbes. Last March, a team of British scientists announced that they had succeeded in isolating, in its pure form, the basic substance of penicillin, 6-aminopenicillanic acid. Since this acid is regarded as the parent compound of five natural forms of penicillin, its discovery may make it possible someday to manufacture varieties of penicillin by precise chemical synthesis rather than relying on the less exact, natural microbiological fermentation. Alternate strains of penicillin could be developed for patients allergic to the original drug. It may also be possible to use "tailor-made" strains to fight microbes which have become resistant to other antibiotics.

As Richard S. Schreiber, Vice President for Scientific Administration of The Upjohn Co., sizes up the situation: "The battle is continuous but the outcome is certain. It had better be."

Now You Know!

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—JUSTINE WILKINS

Choosing the right one may mean
the difference between
a joyous summer and a personality-scarring
nightmare. Here's how to decide...

Which camp for your child?

by Lester David

IN CHICAGO, a hardware store owner spent more than $1,300 to send his two boys to summer camp. Eddie, the eldest, had such a wonderful time he wept when the season ended. But Joey, who had just turned ten, was miserable from the first day to the last.

The money invested in Joey's vacation was a total waste; but, even worse, his personality may have suffered a damaging blow. The camp was the kind that tosses its kids into a highly competitive hopper, prodding them to vie for awards. Eddie thrived on such competition, while Joey, less athletic and more sensitive, found the atmosphere defeating.

Ironically, for the same price, Joey could have gone to another kind of camp not far away where he would have spent a happy summer. He needed a camp that did not stress competition.

The story is hardly unique these days. But it focuses attention on a pitfall into which more and more parents now stumble when it comes time to choose a summer camp for their children.

"The business of selecting a camp should be no haphazard thing," says Dr. Ernest Osborne, Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University. "It may mean the difference between a fine experience for your child or one that he would much rather have done without."

Dr. Else B. Kris, Professor of Social Psychiatry at Adelphi College, adds that if a child feels especially unhappy in a camp, he or she can react in potentially explosive ways. Feelings of inferiority, stemming from an inability to keep pace with the other children around him, can make a child battle with his bunkmates, try risky stunts or even steal.

Then a tragic chain reaction may ensue: he will be punished for his deeds, perhaps sent home and, out of his anger and resentment, misbehave all the more. "The child," asserts Dr. Kris, "could well be started on the road to more serious difficulties."

On the other hand, an acute sense of not belonging can make a child increasingly withdrawn. "He can retreat into his own world of fantasy, where he will be more at ease," says Dr. Kris. "He will daydream a lot, wander off by himself and perhaps try to run away. And his feeling of not being like the others can persist long after the camp season ends."

In the last few years, summer camps have become an elaborate and specialized big business. Next month, more than 5,000,000 youngsters will enroll in organized summer camps which have an estimated total property value of over $500,000,000.

The American Camping Association says camps are now sprouting so rapidly that it is hard to keep accurate count. A new census is under way, and officials estimate it will show between 16,000 and 18,000 camps—about 5,000 more than in 1951, the last time they were tallied.

There are now camps in every state—including Alaska—ranging from plush $1,000-a-season "country clubs" to fine, free-of-charge agency camps where a child can live like Daniel Boone in the wilderness. In the East, New York and Pennsylvania have the heaviest concentration of camps. California and Washington lead the West.

Camps range in size from an enrollment of eight to 2,500, but the majority accommodate between 85 and 125. Boys far outnumber girls —two to one in some areas—while the majority of campers are between nine and 14. Camps hire 500,000 counselors each summer and 280 colleges now give courses in camping.

By knowing what is available, you can assure your child the best vacation for your money—and also spare him boredom and possible heartache. Here is a rundown on the fascinating varieties of camps which dot the countryside.

Special interest camps

Music camps These are run for the talented child who wants a summer in the outdoors but doesn't want to stop his musical education for eight weeks. Campers practice on their instruments, play in the camp orchestra and go to nearby concerts —but also take part in the usual athletic camping activities.

Sailing camps These are spotted along the coastal sections. Under supervision, the kids sail, race and maintain boats which the camp provides. One camp transports its boys by car from New York to Florida, where they board a steam yacht for a seven-week ocean cruise. Price: $785. Other camps offer shorter trips at lower cost.

Travel camps One Eastern camp packs its boys into station wagons and drives them across the U. S., with a special luggage trailer and chuck wagon bringing up the rear. The caravan stops at state and national parks for mule-pack trips, mountain-climbing and geology excursions. In Washington State, a vessel is waiting for a deep-sea cruise, then the children head home by a different route. Elapsed time: nine weeks. Cost: about $1,000.

On the other hand, there are bicycle trips through picturesque sections of the country, with stop-offs at inexpensive hostels. A four-week bike tour through New England, for instance, would run less than $40 a week. Other camp trips which can make a youngster's eyes glisten: by boat across the Great Lakes; by canoe through inland waterways; by bus and foot through Mexico, by bike and horseback through the Canadian Rockies. There are also riding camps where a kid has his own horse for an entire summer; work camps where youngsters chop trees, plant fields and help build houses; and nature camps where they mark trails, construct wildlife shelters and classify insects.

Coed camps A few years ago, a camp owner would build up a successful boys camp, then start a sister unit nearby.

There are still such brother-sister camps, but the latest idea is to have boys and girls engage in joint activities in *one* camp. As one camping authority suggests: "In the adult world, men and women don't live in separate compounds. Since they must learn to get along with one another, why not start this important training in childhood so that wholesome adjustments . . . may be made early?"

Many directors and parents worry that sex problems may arise among the older groups in coed camps. But such trouble rarely occurs, claims Dr. Harry Edgren of George Williams College, who made a recent study of camping. "In teenage coeducational camps, the normal supervision by fellow campers and staff is much greater than that provided by family or home community," he points out.

Interestingly, boys and girls are better behaved in each other's presence than apart. Dr. Edgren cites one camp director who noted that her young girls were more exhibitionistic on an overnight hike without boys than on one with them.

"Competitive" and "non-competitive" camps

In "competitive" camps there are individual contests for cups and medals, intense group rivalries and full schedules of inter-camp games.

Interestingly, even "competitive" camps have either eliminated or considerably toned down those unique hostilities known as "color wars." For years "color war" was the bang-up climax of each camp season, the owners feeling that they needed an exciting finish to induce kids to return the following year. So the campers were divided into two teams—each named after one of the camp's colors—and for a week would compete for points in all activities from bunk inspection to dramatic shows.

Often feeling ran so high that brothers came to blows and strong friendships were severed. When the "war" ended, battle-weary kids would come trooping back home in various stages of physical and emotional exhaustion.

Today, however, you can find many camps which no longer pit youngsters against one another, choosing to emphasize less competitive aspects of camp life.

"Regimented" and "flexible" camps

Some children like to jump from one activity to the next. Others can't just switch from nature study to archery at the blast of "Uncle Ed's" whistle. So a growing number of camps now give the kids a freer choice of things to do and places to go. These have even eliminated the bugler as a symbol of regimentation!

If you're interested in sending your child to camp, here are some key questions on camp selection—with answers supplied by child guidance authorities and camping experts:

What is the best age to start sending a child to camp?

Most authorities feel children under six generally aren't socially or emotionally ready for "sleepaway" camps. Actually, the "best age" is the time when the child seems ready to break away from home ties for an extended period. For most children this can come between eight and 12.

Advises the American Camping Association: help your youngster get ready by letting him go away from home for brief stays.

Which type of camp should you select?

Match the camp to the child and his needs. Know your child's tastes and capacities. Then get to know the camp—its strengths, weaknesses and aims. Ask yourself: "What does my child need most—security, discipline, group living experience, independence, a special field of activity? Does he require any special consideration because of any physical defect?" Then determine if he will be happier in a general camp or one designed for children with similar aptitudes.

How do you tell a good camp from a poor one?

Ask searching questions, then go up and take a careful look. Satisfy yourself on these vital points, which are included in the standards of the American Camping Association:

Are there hazards at the camp site—unprotected cliffs, swamps or deep, swirling waters?

Is the food kept, cooked and served under sanitary conditions? Are meals intelligently planned with an eye toward maximum nutrition? Is there enough room, light and air in the sleeping quarters? Are the sanitary facilities adequate? Is the water supply tested regularly? Is there adequate medical supervision—a well-equipped infirmary, a nurse in attendance and a doctor readily available?

Are the counselors mature—at least 19 years old and experienced? Is each one responsible for no more than eight children? Does the director have a sound background of good camp experience? Is the camp program varied, well-balanced and flexible? Does the camp seem to be a happy place? Is there a good percentage of old-timers—children who enjoy themselves so much that they return year after year?

How much do camps cost?

Fees in most private camps run between $450 and $750 for an eight-week season, plus about another $100 for extras.

How about camps operated by organizations?

Dozens of agencies operate summer camps where the fees average $3 a day and may be as low as $15 a week. In some, charges are waived entirely. Here is just a partial list of groups which sponsor or operate camps:

Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, Catholic Youth Organization, Community Chests, Councils and Welfare Boards, Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, 4-H Clubs, Girl Scouts, Jewish Welfare Board, Salvation Army and the YMCA and YWCA. Also, church camps are gaining prominence and some cities run camps through their park and recreation commissions.

What about day camps?

The spectacular spurt in day camping is another unique development. These are outfits which pick up children after breakfast during the vacation months and deposit them at home in the late afternoon.

There are thousands of day camps, some with breath-taking facilities. One camp in Long Island operates two separate units on 23 acres, has an enrollment of 1,000 and offers everything from swimming and boating to bowling on rainy days. Day camp fees range from little or nothing for those run by organizations to about $300 for a five-day-a-week, eight-week season.

What about school camps?

School camping is spreading at a phenomenal rate. Next month, for example, the entire sixth grade of a Long Beach, California, school will travel up to Camp Hi Hill in the Angeles National Forest. Close by is Camp Colby, where students from two other school districts will be encamped for a week of nature study and outdoor fun.

With Michigan and California taking the lead, school districts in New York, Ohio, North Carolina, Texas, Illinois and Indiana are now sending youngsters off to camps in late spring or early fall, and many others are planning to follow suit. Educators believe that camping is an invaluable teaching adjunct. Indianapolis students, for instance, studied about soil erosion in textbooks but when they took a camping trip to an eroded area the subject came to life.

This camping experience is provided on school time. A camp period of one week replaces a week of normal classroom work. The camp sites are leased, borrowed or bought by the school districts. Facilities differ, but generally there are dormitories or bungalows, dining halls, recreation rooms, playing fields, libraries and plenty of outdoors. School camp fees run from about $6 to $20 per week.

The wrong camp, like the wrong shoe, won't do much good and can hurt a lot.

Fortunately, many camps are maturing—just like the children they serve. The "strictly fun" atmosphere of some years back has been supplemented by an awareness that the experience can also help a youngster to learn the art of living and prepare him for the complex adult world.

Remarkable Discovery

A CLEVELAND, OHIO, hearing aid dealer was making the final adjustment on the hearing aid of a new customer. The woman was perfectly happy with the style and fit of her new hearing instrument, but kept complaining about noises in her ear. Finally, after adjusting the aid several times and consulting with others in the store, the dealer discovered that for the first time in 20 years the woman was hearing the ticking of the wall clock. —ROBERT GANNON

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The real differences between men and women

by L. W. Robinson

A RECENT CARTOON DEPICTS A MAN fishing from the stern of his cabin cruiser. He has hooked a huge swordfish and is putting forth every ounce of his skill and strength to land the finny giant. Suddenly his wife, who has been sitting in a deck chair, knitting and watching the struggle, says out of nowhere: "You need a haircut."

Though the woman's statement is certainly funny, it also is a barbed comment on how little the sexes really understand each other. A recent survey showed that only one man in 20 and one woman in 12 could state with any precision just what the important mental and emotional differences between men and women are. Yet all of those questioned had been married for at least five years.

This astonishing lack of understanding between the sexes, experts now believe, is a central cause of our soaring divorce rate and of misery even in those marriages which stay together. A group of ten New York psychiatrists recently agreed that "The greatest single need of the modern married couple is a brief but thorough grounding in the basic mental characteristics of the opposite sex."

But today, changes in the sexual, social and economic roles of women have wiped out many guideposts to what was once considered basically masculine or feminine. And many scientists have added to the confusion. One psychological survey, for example, indicates that women are more emotional than men. Another survey, however, shows that the male suicide rate is over three times higher than the female—and it takes plenty of emotion to make an attempt on one's own life.

One study indicates that men are the intellectual achievers, women the appreciative audience. But a survey of IQs throughout the nation illustrates conclusively that female and male adult IQs are just about equal. More men, however, register extremely high—and extremely low—IQs than women do.

The more you look at the facts the more striking are the innumerable differences between the sexes.

Women are more accident-prone than men. They're shorter and have much smaller bones and weaker muscles. However, women can bear physical pain far better than men and are readier to risk their lives for loved ones. They do not pamper themselves nearly as much as men do—nor do they fear death as much.

Psychological differences start early. Dr. Benjamin Spock states that the male love of gadgets and machines can be seen clearly as early as one or two years of age, while girl babies couldn't care less about such matters.

Is man basically more warlike than woman? Yes, says Dr. Spock, and his observation is born out by a survey of 224 primitive tribes. Warfare was found to be almost exclusively a male occupation, while women lent their efforts to over 90 percent of the cooking and most of the clothing manufacture.

Experiments with chimpanzees, the primate closest to man, also showed that female chimps are quite peaceable and love to work with their hands—they can even learn to thread a needle. Male chimpanzees are more aggressive and destructive and hate to work with their hands.

The roster goes on and on: Women dream more than men and more of their dreams are in color. They are more conservative politically, more religious and are much better at long, repetitive tasks. Men are less moody, more prone to ulcers and heart disease, and 82 percent more prone to baldness. They are also more apt to develop antisocial personalities.

Though men and women are equally liable to illness, the American male has a life expectancy of 66 years; the American woman, 72. Men age more slowly than women, however. A male's reproductive abilities continue well into his 60s or 70s; women generally lose their ability to have children in the late 40s or early 50s.

Sexual desire in the male reaches its peak in the late teens, according to the Kinsey report. From then on it goes imperceptibly downhill. The average woman, on the other hand, does not achieve her sexual peak until she is in her 30s—and retains this ability into her 60s.

Nature is more lavish with the male seed than with the female. For every 100 girls born there are 105.5 boys born. But the mortality rate of male infants is 27 percent greater than that of female infants.

And there are many more feebleminded and defective boys born than there are girls.

Can you learn to tell the differences which will help you improve your relationship with the opposite sex? To this question biologists, psychiatrists and psychologists now can give a decisive "yes."

Men and women, they hold, differ in one all-important way. If you grasp this underlying difference you will be able to understand where and why the two sexes are prone to clash. Here, stated simply, is the difference that makes all the difference:

The male, in all known societies, is and always has been basically aggressive. He uses this aggression chiefly to master the world outside of himself, either through his intellect or his physical prowess.

Woman, in direct contrast, is primarily passive and receptive psychologically. Her primary need is to bear children and to create a home for them; all her basic traits are shaped by this drive.

Scientists say that problems stemming from these underlying differences generally develop in these four major areas of living:

Different goals

A man's chief pride in life is in the work at which he makes his living. His home, his wife and his children are important to him, but scientists now find that far less of his ego is invested in them than in his work. If he is deprived of his work, or is a failure in it, he becomes depressed or neurotic. The male ego may survive the loss of wife or children through divorce or even death, but it cannot survive the loss of his daily work.

Woman is not primarily concerned with success in the outside world. Her ego is based on her performance as a wife and mother. Even successful career women who avoid marriage often have a severe sense of underlying failure, of guilt at having neglected this important part of their feminine natures.

These two differing life aims of men and women are possible sources of serious domestic strife.

Women tend to take the male preoccupation with his work as a direct rejection of them and of the home in which they take so much pride. Similarly, some men often resent their wives' intense preoccupation with running a home.

Sexual differences

Women can and sometimes do initiate the sexual act, but generally the male is the aggressor. Men respond sexually to a far greater number of stimuli than do women—to sights, memories, sounds, thoughts, perfumes and words. Women generally respond only to caresses or other forms of direct sexual contact, and become aroused more slowly than men.

Once the male is sexually excited, it is hard to distract him. Women, however, are very easily distracted. A baby's whimper, a random thought about an unpaid bill, the ring of a bell, can bring them back to earth in an instant. Many husbands resent the fact that their wives can be so easily distracted.

They construe it as a criticism of their own prowess rather than recognizing it for what it is: the woman's ever-present concern for her family.

Since male ardor can be stimulated at odd times and for reasons she doesn't understand, a woman often feels that her husband is "impersonal" in his love-making. Many women say of their mates: "As far as he's concerned, I could be anybody at all."

A woman is also apt to sense the potential polygamy lurking just beneath every male surface. This may arouse her deep-seated concern for the safety of her family, and she may become irrationally jealous, causing her husband and herself needless misery.

Social behavior

The average man is more aggressive socially than the average woman. He likes to meet new people and do new things. In a social group, he likes to talk about things which do not concern him directly, such as politics, machinery or science. He will gossip at times—as women do—but small talk soon bores him, for, since his interests lie outside of himself, he is generally not good at it.

Women like tranquility and order in their social life. They tend to be far more shy and withdrawn than men and more satisfied to spend their leisure in the company of their families or of a few old friends.

Conflict arises when husband or wife is insensitive to the basic social needs of the other. As one psychiatrist put it: "The woman who tries to over-domesticate her husband will find him growing resentful and bored. And any real woman will have the same reaction if her husband insists that she develop all of his social tastes."

Mental differences

"Women think intuitively, men think objectively." This statement finds scientists in almost complete agreement. For one thing, women understand other people better than men do. They grasp with surprising clarity just what motivates those around them. Women can soon size up a designing woman, or a playmate who may be bad for her children. And, if her husband will take the time to listen, his wife's insights into his business associates can often be decisively helpful.

The often-noted female capacity for observing detail is an aspect of her intuitiveness. After a party, a woman can rattle off every article of clothing the other women wore and every article of furniture in a room. This may irritate a man; usually, all he can remember is whether he had a good time.

Male thinking is called "objective" because men are interested in detail only if it will help them solve a problem that interests them. This makes them more effective in such "objective" fields as business, science, philosophy, history, law and medicine.

When a man says to his wife, "You think like a woman," or a woman complains that "Men never notice anything," trouble is generally brewing. Over half the divorces today are caused by "mental cruelty" or "incompatibility." In most cases, these words simply mean that neither partner has gone to the trouble of finding out why the other's basic mental characteristics differ from theirs.

Are these differences between the sexes so basic that they cannot be resolved by individual couples?

Quite the contrary, say the scientists. The differences are intended to be complementary, not antagonistic. If men and women can be made to view their differences in this light, respect and cooperation can supplant friction, hostility and boredom.

If you're a woman, how should you view male differences?

Instead of resenting male aggression and the characteristics which spring from it, you must realize that this quality in your mate—more than any other single thing—makes it possible for you to bear and rear your children in security. You must also realize that while men may be polygamous at heart, restless and adventurous, they keep these instinctive drives channeled sufficiently to make the world safe for you and your children.

If you're a man, how should you regard female differences?

You must realize that by their natures women give you the goals worth struggling for in life—love, a home and—through children—psychological and biological immortality. Her mental, emotional, social and sexual traits serve your highest aspirations. To tear down or minimize them is not only shortsighted but self-destructive.

Dietary Dash

MY NEIGHBOR recently became quite concerned about the extra weight she had put on. She stopped in a drugstore and bought a trial-size box of reducing pills to remedy the situation.

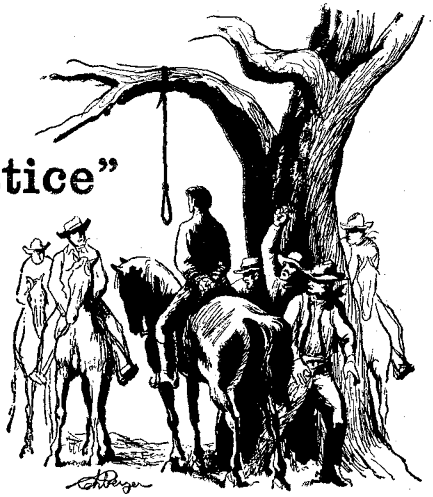
Returning home, she placed her purchase on the kitchen table. A short while later she discovered her two daughters, aged three and five, had found the pills and had eaten them all.

Alarmed, she called the doctor and explained what had happened. He told her not to worry. "They'll be nervous, wide awake and going full steam for a couple of days," he explained. "But the pills won't do the children any real harm."

For two days and nights the children ran, played, jumped, chattered and never let up, meanwhile keeping my friend in a constant trot looking after them.

At the end of their 'wildness' the mother had lost nine pounds!

—MRS. W.A. SEARS



Mother lode "justice"

by Frank L. Remington

Kangaroo courts laughed
at the law in gold
rush days, when a hanging was
a gala RSVP event

DURING THE LAWLESS DAYS of the gold rush in California's Mother Lode country, a young Mexican charged with horse stealing stood before a local "judge." His Honor, so the story goes, had a strong aversion to cigarette smokers and was unduly prejudiced against Mexicans.

"I understand you smoke cigarettes," he said.

"Si, señor," replied the defendant.

"Do you inhale the smoke and blow it out through your nose?"

"Si."

"In view of this evidence," the justice said, solemnly, "I find you guilty of horse stealing. Take the prisoner out and shoot him."

While there was gold to be mined, few prospectors cared to waste time on constituted authority or due process. Often, judge and jury meted out impromptu justice in an improvised court. And since the early mining camps boasted no jails, gallows or other equipment for organized and legal punishments, sentences were usually carried out on the spot.

If subsequent evidence proved the innocence of an already executed prisoner, the revelation hardly troubled the conscience of a forty-niner. Indeed, on one occasion a mob "strung up" an alleged horse thief, then discovered they had executed the wrong man.

"We hanged Jim for stealing a horse," a member of the lynching party informed the victim's widow, "but later we found out he didn't do it. Guess the joke's on us."

Duly appointed or elected judges frequently set up makeshift courts in faro casinos and saloons. "The court is now in session," His Honor would inform the assembled carousers and gamblers. "Deal your games in low voices."

His Honor quite often was somewhat less than impartial, frequently pronouncing rulings to suit his own interests and convenience, without regard for legal precedence. Arraigned on a serious charge, one prisoner steadfastly denied his guilt. Furthermore, he demanded that certain witnesses be called not only to testify to his innocence but to prove that prosecution witnesses had perjured themselves.

The judge promptly castigated the defendant in strong language, concluding, "I won't allow any witnesses in this court to contradict anything sworn to by my friends, the witnesses for the prosecution. I will not betray their trust by allowing testimony that may damage their reputations."

If a culprit were caught red-handed, chances were that a lynch-minded mob formed and dealt with him summarily, without benefit of a hearing. In one case, a miner was stoned to death before he could flee more than a few hundred yards from the corpse of his murder victim.

Flogging rated as fit punishment for minor crimes, with 39 lashes on the bare back the usual sentence, though 100 were sometimes decreed. It required a rugged physique to survive the latter.

One night a card dealer at Sutter Creek knifed a complaining miner. While his victim hovered precariously near death, the gambler was stripped to the waist by the "boys" who administered 75 lashes by a cat-o'-nine-tails. Half dead, the card dealer was hanged the next day when the wounded miner succumbed.

In addition to flogging, an offender sometimes suffered the added punishment of being branded, having his head and eyebrows shaved clean, and one or both of his ears cropped off. A doctor, if one was available, usually performed this final indignity. Then the culprit was driven out of camp with a superfluous warning never to return.

In some mining camps, a hanging was a gala event. On occasion, if time permitted, black-bordered invitations to attend were sent to leading citizens. Often stores closed, mines shut down, and everyone flocked to see the "fun." Sometimes a brass band added excitement to the proceedings.

The execution of "Irish Dick" ranks as one of the Mother Lode's most singular hangings. Reputedly, everyone liked Irish Dick, though his hot temper frequently landed him in trouble. After losing heavily at cards one night in what he suspected was a "rigged" game, Dick shot the offending gambler.

At his trial, jurors reluctantly passed down the death sentence. But because of the prisoner's wide popularity, they allowed him to prepare and carry out his own execution.

At the appointed hour, so the story goes, Dick climbed a tree with a noose hanging about his neck. He calmly secured the other end of the rope to a sturdy limb. Then, at a signal from the sheriff, Dick leaped into eternity, waving a final salute to his friends assembled below.

Custom-climate for your back yard

by Madelyn Carlisle

While others sizzle, you can enjoy a private oasis cooled by low-cost air baffles, sun shields and surfacing materials

"WE WANTED the *steaks* to sizzle—not ourselves and our guests."

That was the plaint of an Illinois family which encountered an unpleasant surprise after moving into a new home. The only section of the yard suitable for their barbecue and "outdoor living room" was just too hot for comfort on warm summer evenings. What was both puzzling and exasperating was that a neighboring yard was invitingly cool. What was the difference? When they learned the answer, the troubled homeowners also learned what to do about the situation.

Before the end of the summer, they had transformed the hot spot into a haven fully ten degrees cooler than surrounding areas of the yard. On a do-it-yourself basis they remodeled the climate of their yard by applying a remarkable new science—micro-climatology, the study of capsule climates.

Researchers driving through Toronto in a car with a thermometer carried 27 inches from the ground and two feet in front of the car found unbelievable differences of as much as 27 degrees at spots a few minutes' drive from each other. American Public Health Association experts making a study of a housing project in New York City learned that on a summer evening the temperature on one street corner was 76 degrees while a spot only two blocks away registered a torrid 89. There may be a dozen different temperature zones right in your own yard. How the thermometer reads will even vary with the height at which you happen to place it.

"We have learned," says Dr. Edwin Biel, a pioneer micro-climatologist at Rutgers University, "that there are fantastic differences between the climate at six feet and that at ground level. On a warm New Jersey day, for instance, the temperature will be as much as ten degrees warmer near the ground, while at night it may be five degrees cooler; the humidity may be 60 percent at six feet, and 95 percent at the ground; the wind may be 30 miles per hour at your head and only two miles per hour at your feet."

"Every change we make upon the

landscape—every house we raise or tree we cut down, each field we plow or street we pave—affects the microclimate," declares James Marston Fitch, Associate Professor of Architecture at Columbia University. The chances are that your home was designed and built by someone who not only failed to utilize the favorable natural aspects of its pocket climate, but actually worsened it by removing nature's air conditioners—the trees that were in his way.

By being a do-it-yourself micro-climatologist, you can make your house cooler in summer and warmer in winter. You can cut your electricity bills for operating air conditioning equipment and knock as much as 20 percent off your fuel bills. Outside, you can get a vastly more comfortable yard and add weeks to your outdoor living season.

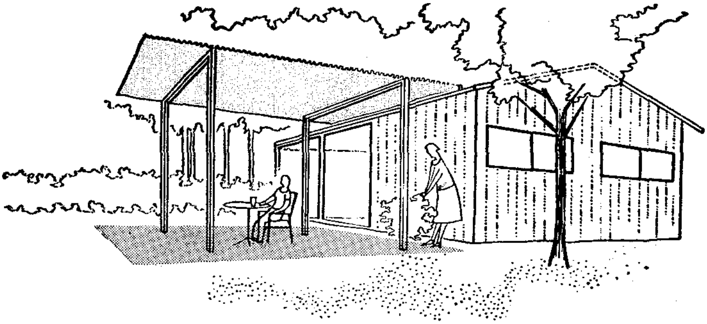
In a limited area like a yard, the principles of micro-climatology may be applied in a simple way—by controlling air movement and the effects of solar radiation and by using three basic tools. These are air baffles, surfacing materials and sun shields. Here's how you use them:

Air baffles: In other words, vertical surfaces such as fences, hedges and walls can control air flow by channeling and modifying air currents. The many air currents in your yard behave much like water, flowing around obstacles, speeding up into whirlpools and rapids and getting sidetracked into stagnant pools. Since cold air is heavier, and therefore flows downhill, these invisible currents are most pronounced on sloping lots. However, even on fairly level properties there are likely to be some cool currents. You can locate them by using a smudge pot. Moved around your yard on a number of days, the smoke will mark the flow of cool air.

The trick is to steer these currents into spots where they'll do some good. Here's how a New Jersey homeowner managed it: He had a small slope behind the house, and by smoke-charting he determined that a cool air current was flowing past the house and out into the street. He figured that by building an L-shaped fence, extending out at right angles from the house, he could trap a pool of cool air where the terrace was located. This called for only 22 feet of fencing and reduced temperatures of the terrace by ten degrees on summer evenings. It pays doubly to create such a cool air pocket against a house wall, particularly under a bedroom window.

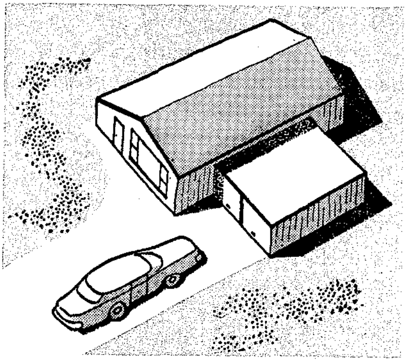
In addition to these gentle air streams, you have that more forceful phase of air flow—the wind—to contend with. In the summer, you want to catch the wind and direct it through your yard. Dr. Helmut Landsberg, a leading American climatologist, says that an expert "could organize any group of buildings so they would not only manipulate the breezes, but would deliberately create them." Since that type of planning has not gone into many existent homes, you'll have to be content with controlling the wind with the aid of fences and hedges.

Wind, of course, is more of a problem in the winter. Even in well-insulated houses, fuel consumption



SUN SHIELDS: By roofing terrace with translucent plastic panel, you can create a shady haven through which currents of air move—even on windless days.

on windy days is often double that for still days of the same temperature. A city or suburban homeowner can hardly expect to get the results obtained in country properties, where windbreaks of large trees commonly cut wind speeds by as much as 50 percent and fuel bills by as much as 30 percent. However, even a low hedge can reduce the movement of cold air along the ground. Vines, growing either on trellises or directly on the house wall, will effectively cut cold-air flow, even though they lose their leaves during the winter.



SURFACING: This family's concrete sidewalk reflects heat into the living room. A better idea is to build paved walk with grass in between.

Sometimes a solid board fence, put up to stop the wind, can cause more trouble than it cures. Instead of blocking the wind, it can create currents and eddies that come blasting over the fence with great force.

An ingenious fence is one made with pivoted vertical slats or boards. Properly slanted in relation to the way the wind is hitting your yard, these louvers enable you to direct the wind in different directions at different times. Such a fence has another advantage. In spring and fall, when for the sake of your plants you don't want to dam up cold air, you can leave the louvers open and the cool air will flow right through them.

Surfacing materials: All surfaces are heat radiators, but some radiate a lot more heat than others. A remodeling job on the climate of your yard calls for a new slant on driveways, terraces and lawns.

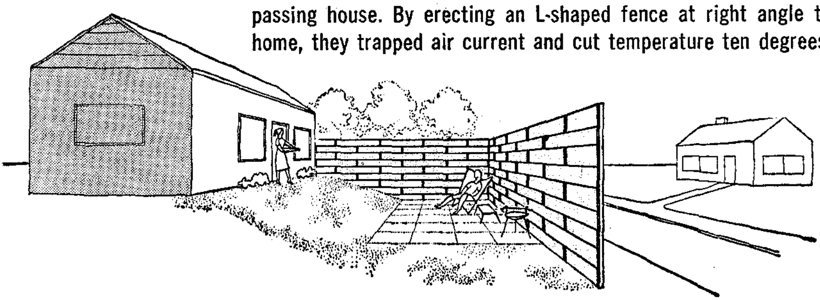
A dark surface will keep on absorbing heat as long as the sun shines on it, then release it at night. Misuse of asphalt in a yard can transform it into a torrid zone for hours after sunset. A light surface won't store up much heat for night radiation, but it will reflect heat as long as it's exposed to the sun. The man who built a wide concrete sidewalk along the sunny side of his house, to connect with the driveway, noticed at once that the living room, which had a big picture window looking out over the new walk, was much warmer than it had been when its vista was an expanse of grass.

Grass is the coolest solid surface, partly because it is moist and operates as an evaporative cooler. A lawn can show a temperature of 80 degrees while a dark-surfaced terrace right next to it measures 120 degrees. Micro-climatologists advise using grass wherever you can. For a driveway, for instance, a paved track with grass in between is better than a solid concrete or asphalt surface. Likewise, terraces and walks will provide you with more comfort if they're made of flagstones or bricks, with grass in between

Sun shields: If you're stuck with a paved drive or terrace near the house, you probably won't want to go to the extreme of tearing it up. Instead, you can construct a "sun shield" by roofing over the paved area. For that matter, you can put up a roof over a lawn area, like the old-fashioned arbor. A roofed-over area is cooler, not only because it is shaded, but because it becomes a sort of wind tunnel through which a current of air moves, even on windless days. One homeowner, who built a 12-foot extension out from his house to cover a terrace, found that the temperature of the terrace was cut an average of 12 degrees on hot days.

Various materials can be used for these shields. Translucent, corrugated plastic panels in gay colors are becoming popular. They're light, inexpensive and can be put up easily on a simple frame. Another favorite material is exterior plywood, although it's heavier. Still another is nature's own covering—vines. Probably the best and least expensive material for flexible climate control is canvas. It can be strung on wires or wooden frames, and moved at will.

In spring and fall, the sun shield can be left open during hours of sunlight and closed as the afternoon wanes, to keep the heat in. A Michigan family happily reports that they



AIR BAFFLES: Family with sloping yard found that cool air was bypassing house. By erecting an L-shaped fence at right angle to home, they trapped air current and cut temperature ten degrees.

have three extra weeks a year of enjoyable outdoor evenings, thanks to the canvas roof over their patio.

Right now, if you want to improve the climate of your yard, you'll *have* to be a do-it-yourself micro-climatologist. There aren't enough men in the field to make it possible for you to acquire the services of one by looking in the yellow pages. But the situation is changing fast. The discoveries of the micro-climate students are already being put to work in industry, agriculture and city planning. Industrial firms are engaging their services in seeking out sites for new plants. A factory location picked by one scientist saved a company a million dollars in air conditioning costs alone. Two brand-new world cities—Chandigarh, India, and Kitimat, British Columbia—had their sites selected and their streets and buildings laid out with the help and advice of micro-climatologists.

In the field of home design, more and more architects are employing the science which Jeffrey Aronin, formerly at McGill University, has nicknamed "airchitecture." The house of tomorrow will be designed for climate control, with the fences, sun-shields and terraces engineered right in.

Shrewd Seer

A FORTUNETELLER once prophesied that a good friend of King Louis XI of France would die on a certain day. The prophesy came true and the superstitious king, thinking the seer had worked some kind of magic that really caused his friend's death, planned to have the fortuneteller himself killed.

When the man was brought before him the king said, "I am told you are very clever but can you tell me what your future is going to be?"

The fortuneteller, suspecting the worst, answered, "Your Majesty, I shall die three days before you do."

From that day on King Louis XI took very good care of the fortuneteller. —LEROY FRANKLIN

IN JULY CORONET

THE PERILS OF "PEP PILLS"
What starts as a harmless "kick" or an energy boost can bring hallucinations, despondency—even death. A shocking report reveals dangers of the misuse of "quick jag" pills containing amphetamine.

HOW TO BUY A SUMMER BARGAIN
July 4 heralds summer sales nationally. You can really save money if you know what you're buying. Read this expert advice about "best-buys" on diverse products from air conditioners to silk stockings.

Want to know your credit limits,
the thrifty way to vacation, how to cut
your mailing costs? Here are
the money-saving answers by an expert

money-wise

by Sidney Margolius

JOB TRAINING: learn while you earn

Under the fast-spreading Tuition Refund Plan, employers refund part (and sometimes all) of the cost of a vocational course you take on your own time. The course must be approved by your department head or personnel director.

Generally, under this plan employers pay back to you 50 to 100 percent of your tuition costs and fees, including books and supplies. Some companies base refunds on grades: "B" students get 100 percent; "A" students receive as much as 125 percent. If your employer doesn't yet have the refund plan, you can get a free leaflet, showing how to set it up, from the National Home Study Council, Washington 5, D. C.

CREDIT: how good a risk are you?

Made wary by the 1957-58 recession, potential creditors are now screening applicants more thoroughly and rejecting more applications than during the 1955-57 installment binge, according to merchants' associations in large industrial cities such as Detroit and Chicago.

Stores and banks have their own confidential yardsticks for deciding how much credit to give you. Some sample limits: conservative stores allow you to charge up to 15 percent of your annual income; stores specializing in installment selling, often 15 to 20 percent of your annual income; auto finance companies, monthly payments limited to not more than one-fourth of your monthly income; credit-card clubs usually require a fairly high minimum annual income.

If you ever bought on time, the credit bureau in your city or town probably has your record on file. The moment you apply for a charge account or credit, the clerk takes your request to the credit manager, and the latter phones the credit bureau for its report.

Factors that may hurt your credit include: living in a "bad-risk" neighborhood; heavy installment debts; frequent changes of residence; lack of continuous employment.

INVESTMENTS: women at work

A group of Chicago women formed an investment club, studied the stock market with the help of an analyst and cleared $3,000 in one year. Already, there are about 500 all-female investment clubs, and over 1,300 more in which men and women participate. The average women's club has about 15 members with each chipping in about $16 a month. They vote on which issues to buy, do their own research or seek the guidance of an investment analyst or broker's representative. In general, clubs have several advantages over individual investors:

(1) They can diversify their investments much more than the small investor can. (2) The club idea encourages more thorough study of investments. (3) It's easier for a group with a larger stake to secure competent professional advice than an individual with limited funds.

So rapidly have investment clubs spread that they now have their own association—the National Association of Investment Clubs, 1246 National Bank Building, Detroit 26, Michigan. This group, and most brokerage houses, can supply information on forming and operating a club.

VACATIONS: camping cuts the cost

An increasing number of its members, the American Automobile Association reports, are turning to camping. The object is to have more fun for less money. For camping saves the 22 percent of your travel budget that you would otherwise spend for lodging. It also can help save on the 28 percent generally spent for food.

But you can dissipate the potential savings by buying too elaborate equipment, or too much. If you bought all 35 possible items for a family camping outfit, including an aluminum car-top boat ($375) your tab could run as high as $980.

Prices of equipment vary from as little as $35 for a used tent at surplus-equipment dealers, to as much as $160 for the same size in special lightweight sheeting with extra windows and double-zippered net front, at the more luxurious camping outfitters. Here are typical costs for a basic camping outfit for a family of four, if you buy only the essential items:

Station-wagon tent, (about 9x9 ft.)	$125.00
Four air mattresses at $15	60.00
Two-burner gasoline stove	18.00
GI gas can	6.00
Four-party nesting cook outfit	12.00
	$221.00

The station-wagon tent is especially designed for auto-camping. It is closed at the back and open at the front, with a canopy over the cooking area. Because it can be used with as few as two vertical and one horizontal poles, it is easy to set up and dismantle and requires a minimum of car space. Made of lightweight, waterproof poplin, a station-wagon tent sleeps four in sleeping bags or three on cots; weighs about 30 pounds with aluminum poles. Price above includes side curtains, the preferred nylon screening and sewed-in floor.

A smaller alternative is the explorer's tent, peaked at front, low at back. It can sleep three, even four if two are youngsters; weighs 12 to 20 pounds and is especially suited to overnight camping. Cost: about $75-$100 in lightweight sheeting, including zipper front and ground cloth. More campers now use air mattresses to save car space, although folding cots cost less ($10).

A lamb's wool sleeping robe or bag, (about $34), will protect you down to freezing temperatures, and is usable in summer too. But for mild climates, some campers simply fold and sew an ordinary large blanket at the bottom and part way up the open side.

WASH AND WEAR: whys and wherefores

Easy-to-launder clothes requiring little or no ironing can be a blessing. But the rub comes in the fact that—as the public has found out—not all wash-and-wear garments react the same in washing machines and dryers. What makes the difference? The answer is that there are two major categories of wash-and-wear material: (1) a blend of a natural fiber such as cotton or wool and a synthetic fiber like Dacron or Arnel; and (2) all cotton treated with chemical resins, which help the fabric to dry faster and wrinkle less.

The resin-treated cottons generally cost less than the blended fabrics, but some lose their finish, turn yellow when bleached and may even develop holes when ironed because the bleach has been retained in the fabric. So, in buying resin-treated clothes, especially white ones, be certain the label and the store assure that the finish is long-lasting and won't retain chlorine.

MAILING MATTERS: post haste with less waste

With postage rates up and further increases threatened, even personal mailing has become a noticeable expense. You can sometimes cut costs by using other than first-class mail. For example:

Third-class mail costs three cents for up to two ounces and a cent-and-a-half for each additional ounce, as compared to four cents per ounce for first-class. All printed matter, books, catalogues, seeds, announcements and greeting cards can be mailed third-class. Uncle Sam now permits you to write your name on a greeting card. But if you add other handwritten matter, the letter must go first-class. Third-class mail no longer need be marked "may be opened for inspection," but envelopes under 5x11½ still must be left unsealed. Just under 16 ounces is the maximum for third-class mail; 16 or over, is fourth-class (parcel post).

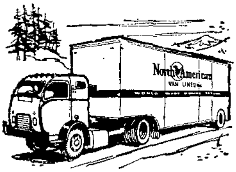
Parcel Post is generally cheaper than express (for smaller parcels) because private express agencies have a minimum rate. Now you can even attach a letter to a package, and pay first-class only on the letter. Formerly you had to pay first-class on the whole package if it contained a letter.

Second-class transient rate is usable for mailing a publication such as a newspaper, magazine or similar printed matter. The rate is two cents for the first two ounces, one cent for each additional ounce.

Books may be mailed at the fourth-class rate of nine cents for the first pound, five cents for each additional pound. Books under a pound go third-class.

Air mail postcards now save two cents on the present air mail letter rate of seven cents an ounce. For other than air mail, first-class postcards go for a penny less than first-class letters.

KID-GLOVE* CARE



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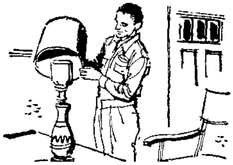
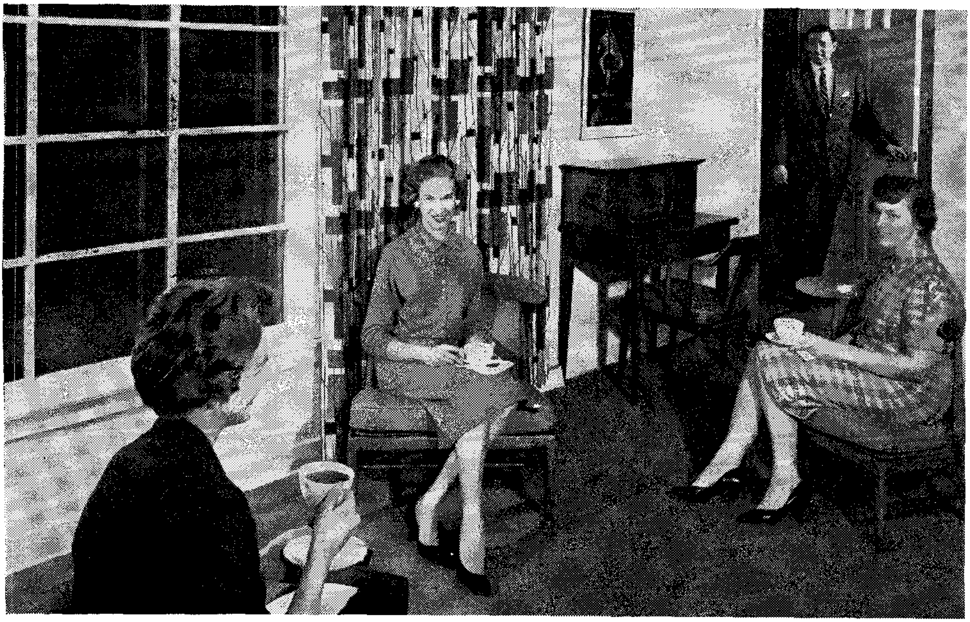


FURNITURE ALL IN PLACE



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Relax, Son—

New "mercy bandages" won't pull the scab off

From hospital research comes a plastic-coated dressing that never, never hurts when you take it off

TELFA® Sterile Pad, the mercy dressing for large wounds

Putting gauze directly on a wound is now, happily, a thing of the past. Now there's TELFA—the new sterile pad that can't stick to wounds.

Originally developed for hospital use, TELFA is a highly absorbent dressing covered with an almost invisibly thin plastic film.

Tiny holes in the film permit drainage, but no threads become rooted in tender, healing skin. No risk of tearing the scab when TELFA comes off. And best of all, *no pain.*

Now this very same TELFA dressing is available for home use . . . for the kindest care possible.

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NEW! won't stick to wounds

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this isn't ordinary gauze!

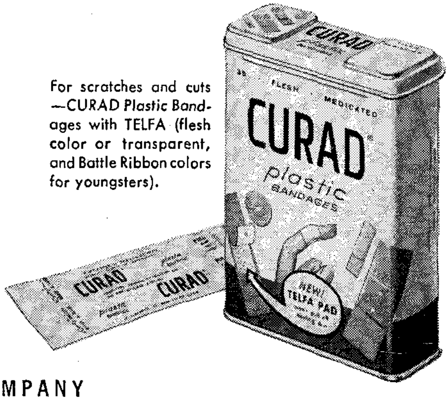
CURAD® with TELFA Pad, the mercy bandage for cuts and scratches

Remember when you've had to pull a bandage off your child, and the gauze took the scab with it? Your child need never feel that pain again.

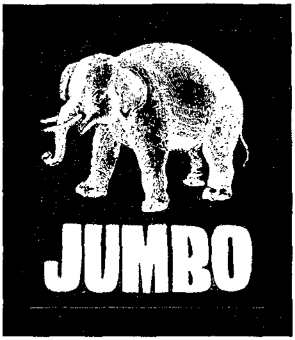
New CURAD Adhesive Bandages with TELFA will not, can not, stick to the wound. Instead of using ordinary gauze, CURAD has the new plastic-coated TELFA Pad.

It does everything an adhesive bandage is expected to do. Except tear off the scab. So the next time your child gets cut or scratched—remember, CURAD comes off as gently as it goes on.

For scratches and cuts —CURAD Plastic Bandages with TELFA (flesh color or transparent, and Battle Ribbon colors for youngsters).



DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY



Epitaph for an elephant

by Justin F. Denzel

This colossal, comical, lovable creature made Barnum weep and captured the heart of two continents

He was 11 feet, six inches tall and he weighed six-and-one-half tons. His legs were five feet in circumference. He consumed a barrel of potatoes, 15 loaves of bread, up to four quarts of onions and an occasional keg of beer each day for dinner. His name was Jumbo and he was the best-known elephant that ever lived.

Jumbo was only three-and-one-half feet high when a party of Arabs captured him in Ethiopia in 1861 and peddled him to a Bavarian animal collector, who in turn sold him to the botanical gardens in Paris. Then the Royal Zoological Society of London traded a rhinoceros for him and brought Jumbo to a new home there, the Zoological Gardens.

At about the age of seven his appetite suddenly increased. He ate over 200 pounds of hay each day. He loved apples and the children of London fed him tons of bonbons. Year after year he walked about the Zoological Gardens carrying loads of happy children. He seemed to enjoy kneeling ponderously to allow the youngsters to climb aboard.

P. T. Barnum, the great American showman, saw him many times and would have been glad to pay a high price for him. But the elephant was not for sale.

Jumbo's keeper, Matthew Scott, was the one man the big elephant loved and trusted. "Scotty," with his handle-bar mustache and his bowler hat, lived alone in a room at the zoo, sharing even his whisky and his chewing tobacco with Jumbo.

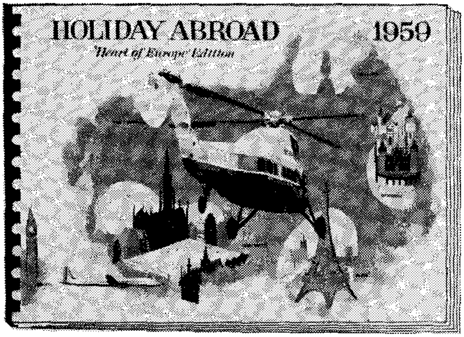
Then, in 1882, Barnum heard rumors that Jumbo was becoming unmanageable and given to fits of temper. Quickly he instructed his agents in England: "Offer $10,000 for Jumbo." The answer was astonishingly prompt. "Offer accepted."

A few days later, when London newspapers announced the sale, thousands of protest letters began to pour in, many in childish scrawls, begging that Jumbo be kept in England. Even Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, both of whom had ridden on Jumbo's back, raised their voices in Jumbo's behalf.

A large fund was raised to buy

(cont'd on p. 74)

STOP ALL YOUR VACATION PLANS



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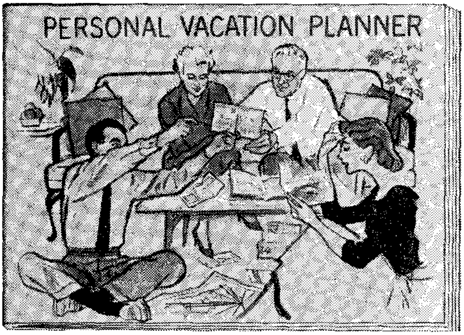

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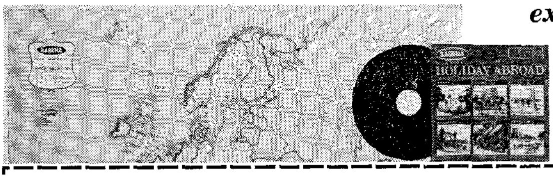

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Musical Record! R C A 45 rpm record with musical highlights of Europe!

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(*cont'd from page 72*)

Jumbo back, but Barnum refused. Jumbo's worth had increased beyond monetary value. The Atlantic cable burned with charges and countercharges, and *The New York Herald,* with tongue in cheek, stated that war was imminent. The publicity was beyond Barnum's wildest dreams.

As a last resort, the English sought to obtain an injunction against the sale, but when the courts ruled in Barnum's favor, thousands of Britons flocked to get a last look at the famous elephant. The line stretched for almost half a mile and the zoo took in over $50,000.

Stores were selling Jumbo cigars, hats, cravats and Jumbo jewelry, while restaurants featured Jumbo soups, salads, pies and ice cream.

Carpenters busily constructed Jumbo's traveling crate, reinforcing it with iron brackets against the might of the famous pachyderm.

But when Jumbo saw the cage, he lay down and refused to get up.

Frantically, Barnum's agents cabled home, "Jumbo will not stir. What shall we do?"

"Let him lie there as long as he wants to," Barnum cabled back. "The publicity is worth it."

Finally, using Scotty as bait, Jumbo was coaxed into the cage. It was early in the morning when they started the long journey to the docks, yet thousands of people lined the streets, leaned out of windows, climbed up into the yardarms of ships and perched on roof tops to get a last look at the mighty Jumbo as he was trundled aboard the freighter *Assyrian Monarch.*

When Jumbo arrived in New York on the morning of April 9, 1882, a large welcoming committee, headed by the 71-year-old Barnum, met him at the dock. "Dear old Jumbo!" Barnum exclaimed, tears in his eyes.

Pulled by a team of 22 horses and led by a brass band and a bevy of dancers, Jumbo, in his cage, moved up Broadway to the old Madison Square Garden, site of the Barnum and Bailey Circus.

Within ten days, Jumbo—billed as "The Only Mastodon on Earth"—earned more than his purchase price and the cost of his transportation, said to have been $20,000. In the first month alone he brought in over $300,000.

After his New York debut, Jumbo began an eagerly awaited tour of the country, with the faithful Scotty, traveling in a private railroad car. The keeper slept in a small berth just above Jumbo's head, and the big elephant would constantly pull the covers off him.

"Give me back that blanket, you blighter," Scotty could be heard bellowing night after night.

For three years Jumbo toured the U.S. and Canada.

Then, on the night of September 15, 1885, the circus was loading at a railroad siding near St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada. Scotty was leading 24-year-old Jumbo along the tracks when a freight train came roaring down on them. For a moment man and beast stood in shocked surprise. In the narrow defile there was no place for Jumbo to escape. Scotty slapped him on the rump, shouting, "Run, Jumbo, run!" The

(*cont'd on page 76*)

Diet and your heart

Does what you eat affect your heart? An eminent heart specialist lists these factors as liable to predispose you to heart trouble:

1. *Heredity*
2. *Overweight and a diet over-rich in cholesterol*
3. *High cholesterol level in the blood*
4. *High blood pressure*
5. *Physical inertia*

Of course, you can't change heredity. But four out of five of these elements *can* be controlled—numbers two and three, usually *by diet*. And diet also plays an important role in the treatment of high blood pressure.

If you have a healthy heart, you can help keep it that way by eating properly. Your doctor can suggest a diet for you to follow, depending on your particular needs.

If you have a heart condition, probably your doctor has mapped out a dietary program to help you prevent further trouble. Perhaps he has recommended a low-fat or low cholesterol diet. If you're overweight, he probably has advised a modified, low-fat diet as the best way to cut calories.

Heart specialists agree on one point for most cardiacs: you should control your weight in order to lighten the work of your heart.

Your doctor also knows that a happy frame of mind is important to your general well-being. He wants you to enjoy as many of the good things of life as possible, including the pleasures of the table.

That's why so many physicians favor the use of delicious, cholesterol-free D-Zerta Gelatin. Made entirely without sugar, D-Zerta has only 12 calories a serving. It comes in six fresh-tasting flavors for satisfying desserts and between-meal snacks. Combines well with fruits or vegetables for refreshingly different entrees and salads.

Ask your doctor about D-Zerta Gelatin. He'll recommend it . . . and D-Zerta Pudding, too. D-Zerta is made by General Foods, makers of Jello-O Desserts. It's available at grocery stores everywhere.

(Advertisement)

(cont'd from page 74)

big beast lumbered down the tracks in terror.

In the glare of his headlight the engineer saw the frightened animal. Desperately he threw on the brakes. But it was too late. The train crashed headlong into the six-ton elephant.

Jumbo's head was smashed between two cars, his skull fractured, and he lay shuddering and gasping for breath. A few minutes later he died while Scotty stood by, crying like a baby.

The next day, every major newspaper carried the sad news.

Barnum ordered the great beast mounted. When they cut Jumbo open they found hundreds of English pennies, a half crown, pieces of wire, trinkets, a bunch of keys and a policeman's whistle. Later, Barnum presented the stuffed hide of the animal to Tufts College near Boston, where it may be seen to this day. The giant skeleton is now on display at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

The elephant's devoted keeper, Matthew Scott, remained in America. He could often be found at the Barnum Museum at Tufts, standing in front of the mounted Jumbo, patting the lifeless hulk, talking to it as if it were still alive. Like millions of people in England and America, he never forgot Jumbo, who was more than just an animal; he was the marvel of an era. ♛

Matchless Motorists

A STATE TROOPER stopped a speeder in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and asked him why he was displaying on his windshield the campaign stickers of two rival candidates for municipal judge. Replied the citizen: "With my traffic record, I can't afford to be wrong!"

—HAROLD HELFER

TWO MOTORISTS were faced with an insurmountable problem on U. S. Highway 101 near Depoe Bay, Oregon. A snow slide blocked the road and there was no possible way to pass. Both men were anxious to get to their destination and in desperation found a solution. Since each motorist was on the opposite side of the slide, they exchanged cars and identification, turned around, and drove on to their destination without too much time lost.

—NAOMI RUBY

A MISSOURI TRUCK DRIVER had a good reason for waiting until a group of men helped put his overturned car trailer back on the highway before telling them of its cargo.

It contained a 20-foot python en route to a circus.

—H. V. WALTERS

Now! Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problems

Tested by doctors . . . trusted by women

1. Germicidal protection!

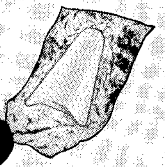
Norforms are *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant protection!

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenience!

These small vaginal suppositories are so easy and convenient. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. Greaseless and keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.



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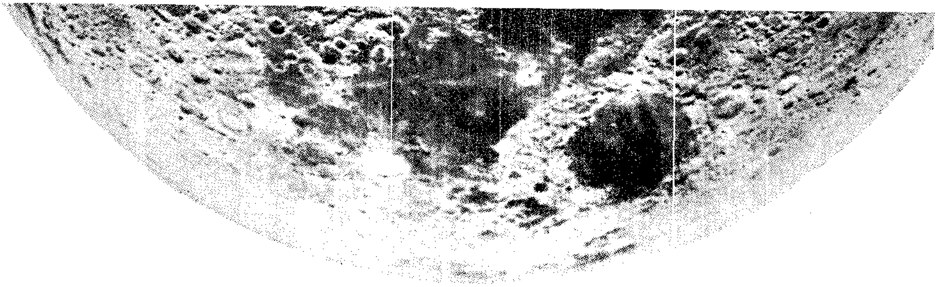
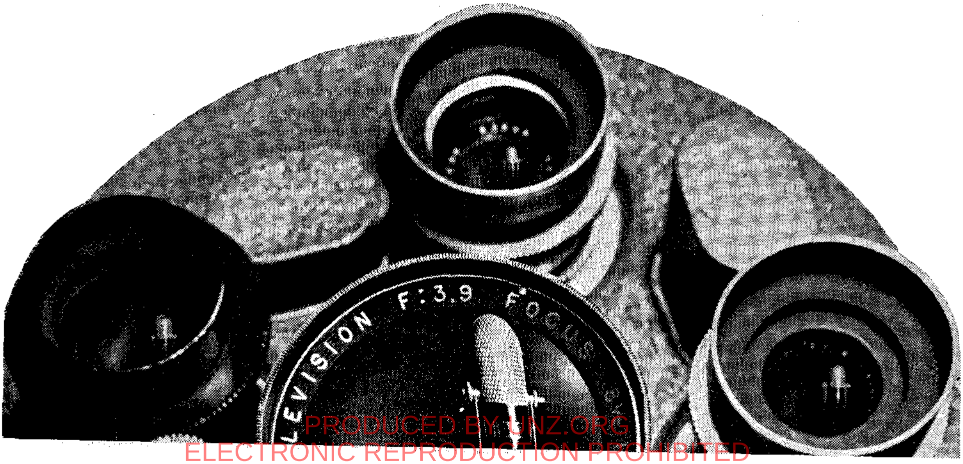


Broadcasting has never had so many opportunities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to do so much

Given the eyes and ears of 175,000,000 people in every walk of life . . . the eagerness of minds through every pulsing second of each day . . . where are the limits to opportunity?

There are no limits.

Broadcasting has already made our children familiar with the images of Khrushchev, Von Braun, John XXIII, DeGaulle, Castro, Mikoyan, the dynamic meaning of the United Nations, London, Paris, Washington, Moscow, the mechanics of the atom, the music of Pat Boone and Bernstein.

For ninety minutes, 1,253,000 people sat spellbound in one community – San Francisco – watching a heart operation on an eleven-year-old boy. Through broadcasting millions know the look and sound of Hamlet and Billy Graham. An educational program goes on the air at dawn – and stores sell out of books it discusses.

Now cancer, heart disease, mental illness . . . frontiers from neutrons to galaxies . . . the ever-changing cross-currents of human relations here and abroad challenge us to serve our fellow men – with program material more gripping than we could ever invent.

In our cameras and microphones we have the living documentation of our times . . . the most direct and powerful means of illuminating, selling, entertaining, inspiring our youths, our homes, our communities.

That's why the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company believes that television and radio alone among communication media have such a magnificent potential to serve the American people.

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America's leadership depends on first rate schools

If their dream to dam Bering Strait
becomes a reality, Reds could
turn the Arctic wastes into a land of
plenty—and turn the whole
world of geopolitics topsy-turvy

Russia's fantastic weather plan

by Dr. Serge L. Levitsky

A FANTASTIC PLAN that would radically change a large part of the world's weather has been proposed by Soviet scientists. Their idea is to free the northern portions of Europe, Asia and North America from the icy grip of the Arctic-bred storms—an earth-shaking venture for which they want the help of other nations, particularly the U. S.

Key to the project, which reads like something out of science fiction, is a dam of colossal proportions to be built across the Bering Strait, the narrow body of water which separates Siberia from Alaska.

Inside this giant, bridge-like structure, atomic-powered pumps would draw millions of gallons of warm Pacific Ocean water into the Arctic Ocean. This would create a warm current in the direction of the polar icecap somewhat similar to the manner in which the Gulf Stream flows through the North Atlantic.

The principal result of this mammoth engineering project would be, say the Russians, the changing of the now "impossible" climate of Siberia and the northwest Canadian territory to the temperate weather enjoyed in Germany, for example.

Imagine the effects of this weather magic! Millions and millions of acres of frozen tundra and barren Arctic lands would become suitable for farming or cattle-raising. The northern area of the Pacific Ocean would be freed of ice and freezing water currents which now hamper the shipping lanes between Asia and America.

The introduction of the new warm-water current would eliminate the treacherous Kamchatka Current and bring the previously isolated Sea of Okhotsk into the sphere of the Pacific shipping area.

Moreover, the new current would have its greatest effect in the area around the Arctic Circle which has been called "the weather workshop of the world." As the warm Pacific current flows on its new course northward, the water temperature of the Arctic Ocean will rise from its normally frigid levels.

The principal effect of this change, say Soviet weather experts, would be the elimination of the conditions that now cause huge masses of cold air to form around the polar region and come sweeping down each winter to plague most of North America, as well as parts of Asia and Europe.

This breaking up of the "anticyclone forces," as they are called, would do away with the sub-zero storms that cause untold amounts of damage and discomfort each year.

Here in the U. S., the effects of such a weather change, should the project ever go through, would be unusual, to say the very least.

Montana, Minnesota, northern Michigan as well as Maine, Wisconsin and other states whose citizens are accustomed to leading a rugged existence during the "hard" part of the winter, could enjoy moderate temperatures with a climate not unlike that of southern France.

Ohio, Indiana and other Midwestern states could rival Florida for comfortable wintertime living. How this "warming up" process would affect business, population changes and even politics can only be left to the imagination.

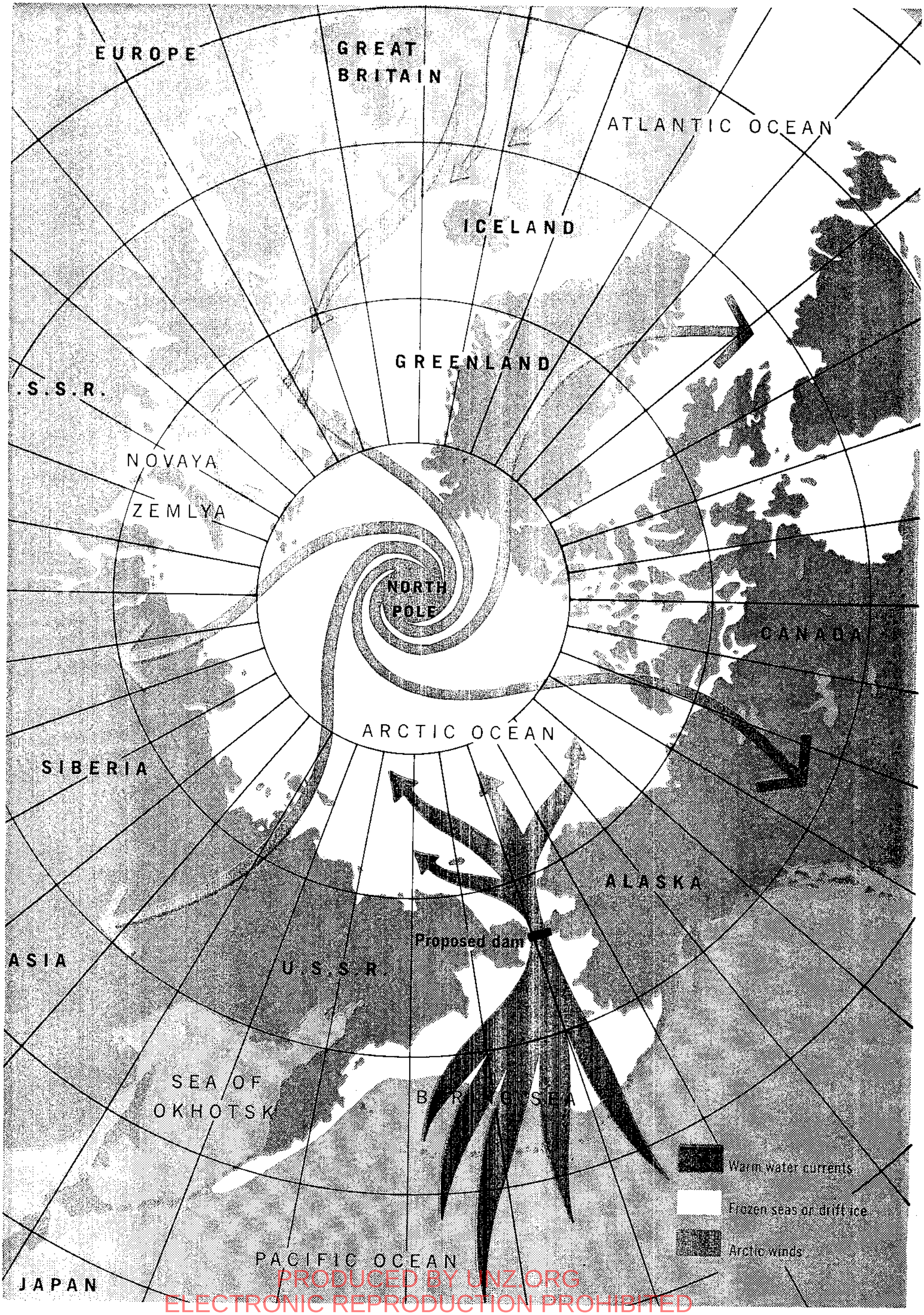
This is no impulsive, harebrained scheme. The idea for a Bering dam-bridge was first proposed in the Soviet Union in 1921. That year Lenin instructed a noted academician, Gleb Krshishanovsky, to begin drawing plans for the structure.

The plans also include tracks for high-speed electric trains which would run across the dam. This railway scheme would theoretically make it possible to go from London to Miami Beach the long way around, by way of Paris, Moscow, Anchorage and Washington, without changing trains.

A major advocate of the Bering dam project—leading Soviet engineer Arkady Markin—has been urging international cooperation on the billion-dollar job in newspapers, leading Russian technical journals and in a recently published book, *Soviet Electric Power*.

The Bering dam, says Markin, must be of gigantic size—3.4 square kilometers (36,597,158 square feet) in cross section. Such a structure is not outside the realm of possibility. The Bering Strait is, at most places, only about 150 feet deep. If built at the narrowest point along the Strait, the dam-bridge would have to be 55 miles wide. If ever completed, the Bering Strait dam would be even bigger than our Grand Coulee Dam in Washington State, biggest of its kind.

The atomic-driven pumps would deliver into the Arctic Ocean warm waters from the Pacific Ocean, whose heating power would be two or three times greater than that which could be generated by all of the world's known reserves of oil, ac-


EUROPE
GREAT BRITAIN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
ICELAND
GREENLAND
.S.S.R.
NOVAYA ZEMLYA
NORTH POLE
CANADA
ARCTIC OCEAN
SIBERIA
ALASKA
Proposed dam
ASIA
U.S.S.R.
SEA OF OKHOTSK
BERING SEA
PACIFIC OCEAN
JAPAN
Warm water currents
Frozen seas or drift ice
Arctic winds

cording to Markin's calculations.

The workings of this monster "heating" plan become obvious when you look at a map of the Northern Hemisphere. You will see that Novaya Zemlya, islands to the north of European Russia between latitudes 70°N and 80°N, divert the warm Atlantic currents from the shores of Asia. The farther this stream recedes from the coastline, the deeper and more extreme the permanently frozen area becomes. Here the warm Atlantic stream, having merged with the Arctic's freezing currents, loses itself in the icy depths and ceases to exert any influence on the climate of Asia.

Add to this the unfortunate fact that Europe, Asia and North America have long coastlines on the Arctic Ocean, with inconveniently located mountain ranges forming a barrier to the warming influence of southern waters, and one sees how these areas are exposed to frigid Arctic blasts.

All of this may sound like a modern-day Jules Verne novel, but all the Soviet proposals are capable of fulfillment right now with existing materials and equipment. The Reds' plan to change a large part of the world's weather is certainly no more fantastic than the original Sputnik.

Here in this country, we are talking about the *date* when an earthman will walk on the moon—having long since passed the point of discussing whether such an interplanetary excursion would be possible. We have atomic-powered submarines cruising beneath the polar icecap, radios and telephone lines run by sun power and, undoubtedly, there are even more advanced gadgets still under a veil of secrecy.

For the Communist scientists, weather changing has a high priority. Recent intelligence reports received in this country say that Soviet meteorologists are busily engaged in trying to create artificial weather conditions by various means —including nuclear bombardment and cloud seeding.

Indicative of the importance that the Kremlin attaches to these programs is news that hypersensitive electronic calculators, originally designed for use in diagnosing heart ailments, (a favorite Russian research project) have been transferred to special locations in the Ukraine where they are being used, reportedly very successfully, in helping to forecast weather conditions for weeks ahead.

So far, there has been no official word in this country on the Soviet invitation to join in the Bering dam venture. International observers who have studied the Russian proposal are quick to point out that there is much more to the scheme than merely making the inhabitants of North America, Asia and Europe more comfortable in the wintertime.

One big result of this weather change-over, not emphasized by the Communists, would be the creation

Bering Strait dam project (left), Reds say, would temper northern climates by pumping warm Pacific waters (red, lower) into Arctic Ocean to prevent formation of storm-causing cold air masses (blue). Novaya Zemlya Islands (top) block warming effect of Atlantic.

of a warm-water port—something sought by Russia for several decades. To have such an ice-free shipping point would be of tremendous value to the Soviet Union for commercial as well as military purposes.

In addition to the economic and sociological factors to be considered in an undertaking of this magnitude, there is a serious geopolitical aspect. Just who would control the operation of this giant dam?

Think how the misuse of this tremendous power could affect the world! In the hands of men with dreams of world conquest, the Bering Strait project could be used as a club to beat other nations, even whole continents, into submission.

This is just another example of the far-ranging efforts that are being expended by the Soviet leaders in their drive to win the top spot in the world of science as well as in other fields. Even if the Bering Strait dam never gets beyond the talking stage, it will still have achieved one of the Reds' main purposes: another propaganda coup for the Communist regime.

Deft Definitions

HANGOVER: When the brew of the night meets the cold of the day.
—*The Lion*

EGOTIST: One who likes mirrors, but can't understand what others see in them.
—HAROLD COFFIN

COLLECTION: A church function in which many take no more than a passing interest.
—HOWIE LASSETER

GOOD HUSBAND: One who feels in his pockets every time he passes a mail box.
—*General Features Corporation*

SMALL TOWN: A place where, if you see a girl dining with a man old enough to be her father, he is.
—SHELLY BLOCK

FOOT-LOOSE: A bachelor with holes in his socks.
—VESTA M. KELLY

AVERAGE VILLAGE: A place where people know the reason before a man can explain.
—DAN BENNETT

SPRING HOUSE CLEANING: When the tinsel and needles from the Christmas tree are finally removed from under the edges of the living room rug.
—DOT KNIGHT

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Eating your way around the world could be fun. But spelling the famed dishes of each country might be difficult. Guest Quizmaster Merv Griffin—m.c. of ABC-TV's "Play Your Hunch" (Mondays through Fridays, 12:30-1 p.m., EST)—invites you to choose the correct spelling of the cosmopolitan specialties below. (Check proper menus on page 159.)

"cook's tour"

1. (a) hor d'oeuvres (b) hor d'euvres (c) hors d'oeuvres
2. (a) spagetti (b) spaghetti (c) sphagetti
3. (a) crepe susettes (b) crêpes suzette (c) crepes susette
4. (a) egg foo yung (b) egg foo young (c) egg feu yungg
5. (a) avocadoes (b) avocados (c) avacadoes
6. *(a) vichisoisse (b) vichysoise (c) vichyssoise*
7. (a) chow mien (b) chow mein (c) chow meine
8. (a) omelette (b) omelet (c) omellette
9. (a) sukyaki (b) soukiyaki (c) sukiyaki
10. (a) mangoes (b) manggos (c) mangots
11. *(a) enchilladas (b) enchelladas (c) enchiladas*
12. (a) Weiner shnitzel (b) wiener shnitzel (c) Wiener schnitzel
13. (a) chilli con carne (b) chille con carne (c) chili con carne
14. (a) artischoke (b) artishoke (c) artichoke
15. (a) goulasch (b) goulash (c) goulach
16. *(a) lasagna (b) lasaña (c) lasagnia*
17. (a) pommegranate (b) pomegranete (c) pomegranate
18. (a) veal alla parmigiana (b) veal ala parmegian (c) veal alla parmigian
19. (a) parfait (b) parffait (c) parfete
20. (a) consumme (b) consommé (c) consome
21. *(a) marrinated herring (b) marinnated herring (c) marinated herring*
22. (a) cantoloup (b) cantalope (c) cantaloupe
23. (a) beef strogonov (b) beef stroganof (c) beef Stroganoff
24. (a) crootons (b) croutons (c) croutonns
25. (a) trufles (b) truffels (c) truffles
26. *(a) charlotte ruse (b) charllote russ (c) charlotte russe*
27. (a) chutney (b) chutny (c) chutnay
28. (a) minestrone (b) ministrone (c) menistrone
29. (a) shallotts (b) shallots (c) shalots
30. (a) soufle (b) soufflé (c) souflle
31. *(a) expreso (b) espresso (c) expresso*
32. (a) veal scalopine (b) veal scalopini (c) veal scaloppine

"No 'bargain-basement

by JACK CUSHMAN Principal, West School, Glencoe, Illinois

This community willingly paid for a modern, costly

I'M THE PRINCIPAL of one of those new million-dollar schools you hear so much about—and I'm proud of it! What educator wouldn't be? Our ultra-modern facilities enable us to operate an attractive school—and, I believe, an excellent one.

A great pleasure of mine is to take visitors through our school. It's fun to see the appreciation that registers on most of their faces. After all, if a person overcame the handicap of attending an antiquated school, it must be startling to walk into a glass, stone and oak-paneled grammar school library with thousands of books and a specially designed reading terrace.

I must confess that we do make it easy for children to read. Naturally, there are some critics who yearn for "the good old days" when Abe Lincoln squinted to read by candlelight. They are the ones who write letters to the editor urging taxpayers to cut down the cost of education. Admittedly, our taxpayers spent thousands of dollars to provide us with this library. But fortunately, the people in our community believe that few things are more important than learning to read a book.

While we welcome visitors, there is no hurry if you can't make it soon. You will be able to enjoy our building's functional beauty 20 years from now. A combination of high-class (and yes, initially high-priced) equipment, plus the loving care rendered by appreciative custodians,

Glencoe financed school (below) by voting 8 to 1 for local bond issue. "Our modern facilities

education' for us!'"

new school — and now finds itself far richer for it

children and teachers, will keep it young, warm and friendly.

Happily, our school is the kind of place to which Mama likes to bring Grandma and Grandpa. They nearly always say the same thing to me: "This is sure different from the school that we went to." And then, significantly: "We wonder if the children really realize what a wonderful opportunity they have in going to a school like this?"

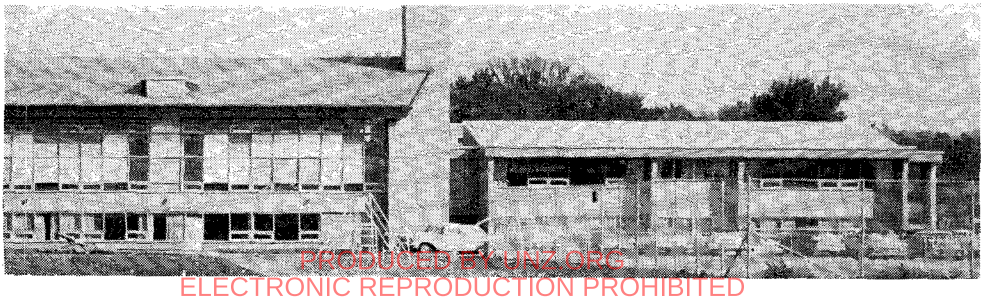
The answer is yes, the children *do* realize it. After one first-grade boy returned from his first day in school, his mother asked him, "How did you like school, Mike?"

"I liked it," the child said, "because the school is happy." Mike's mother assumed that he meant that the children and teachers were happy. He did mean that, but what he really meant was that the *building itself* was happy. I would like to see any advertising man beat that testimonial!

We make every effort to see that our pupils understand that what they are getting is above par for the course. But the children know before we tell them. Many have attended schools outside our community that have reeked with the infamous odor of so many public schools —perspiration and peanut butter.

It's quite possible that some of our Grandmas and Grandpas have left thinking, "What was good enough for us should be good enough for our grandchildren." Then, getting into

enable us to run an attractive school—and an excellent one," declares Principal Cushman.



their modern automobiles, they drive over modern, clover-leaf highways to their modern, gadget-equipped homes to watch a few hours of television to take their minds off the ruination of their grandchildren. As for myself, I don't believe in the old saw, "The more unpleasant you can make learning, the better it will be."

Now let me take you on a tour of our school to show you some of the wonderful facilities which contribute toward what Perkins and Will, the architects who designed our building, call an "Environment for Learning."

Even the toilet habits of our younger pupils have been considered. Toilets have been placed in each primary classroom—lavatories with tile floors, tile walls and sinks with hot and cold running water. There has been no stinting on room size, either. Each classroom has about 1,000 square feet of floor space. And our school is free of stale smells, thanks to a ventilating system that compares favorably with the type found in our local movie theater.

We also have wide corridors. But alas, even our broad corridors appear narrow when there are 325 children walking through them.

And no teacher in our school has to sneak off to the boiler room for a cigarette. We have an honest-to-goodness, well-planned lounge where teachers can relax for a few minutes and return to their classes ready to do an even better job. And our kitchen and cafeteria, which do double duty at P.T.A. and other community functions, make our hour-and-a-half lunch period a nourishing as well as restful part of the day.

Our art room, boasting 2,000 square feet of floor space, has a kiln, sinks, display areas, work areas, storage areas, hand tools, power tools and plenty of light.

Our combination music room, assembly room, projection room, playroom and little theater has a stage, storage areas and lighting facilities that leave little to be desired. To hear our school orchestra, composed of children ten, 11 and 12 years old, give a concert should be enough to convince anyone that this room serves a useful purpose.

In my office, our more conservative side is revealed. Two of the walls are concrete block, but one is oak-paneled to offset the "jail-house atmosphere." And better still, I have a picture window, complete with fiberglas drapes. Just something to make the principal feel important? No, sir. Every room in the building has the same type of fiberglas drapes hanging over its picture windows.

And Dad can rest assured that his children have a light, airy, beautiful gymnasium that is totally unlike musty, cave-like, old gyms. And he will find, too, that our gym is always available to him if he wants some evening or week-end exercise. We also have eight acres of valuable land for only two purposes: play and beauty. No gravel play areas—our children play on lush grass and well-planned hard-top areas.

Before you begin to believe that everyone in our community worships at the shrine of the public school, let me say that we do have dissident voices. After all, the bond issue that made this building possible *only* passed by a ratio of 8 to 1.

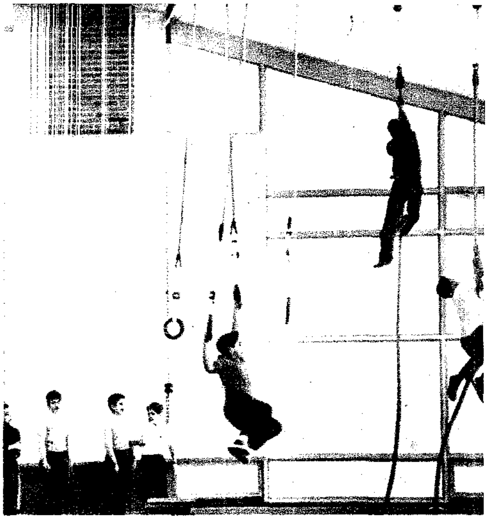
One of the "doubters" wondered if we hadn't gone overboard on the building, but when I asked him what he would have omitted he was hard put to answer.

Our bond issue also provided $425,000 to remodel and add to one of our community's other school buildings, located on 17 acres of beautifully landscaped park area. This land was set aside when the school was planned over 30 years ago; my community has recognized the importance of education for a long time.

Of course, oak paneling and beautiful landscaping don't guarantee quality education. Let me point out, however, a few unique facets of our school system. To my knowledge, we are the only school system in the entire country in which teachers must spend a minimum of five weeks each summer engaged in educational pursuits. At this time, *all* new teachers *must* be in Glencoe for orientation and in-service work. About one third to one half of our experienced staff members are here to work with these new people and to receive in-service training themselves.

How can we get school teachers to make this summer sacrifice? Having an excellent school building is just part of the story. Education is not only respected in our town; it is backed up with cash. Glencoe knows what it takes to get quality schools and it doesn't flinch or fumble when it comes time to pick up the tab.

A recent tax referendum, passed overwhelmingly, provided for a local tax—to the limit of state law—for teacher salary increases. Leadership has come from members of our Board of Education. Our Superintendent, Paul Misner, has been in Glencoe for 25 years. He is considered an authority in national and international educational circles. For a superintendent of a suburban community with 10,000 inhabitants, this is no small feat.


"Our gym is light and airy—unlike the musty caves many schools still have," says Cushman.

By this time you may feel I'm just bragging about my school and my community. My real purpose, however, is to contradict some of those misguided "saviors" of the taxpayer's dollar. I mean the critics who cannot understand why people who like modern, attractive surroundings when they read a book, play bridge or powder their nose, should possibly give the same or more consideration to the environment in which their children are educated.

It is my hope that some of these

"penny-wise, pound-foolish" people will, by their very shortsightedness, light a fuse under communities which wouldn't recognize a school unless it were a 50-year-old firetrap, redolent with that well-known perspiration and peanut butter odor. Certainly, all U. S. communities can't be expected to invest a million dollars in a school for 325 children. But until they are willing to at least match the facilities of the local bar and grill, they will get no sympathy from me.

I am only suggesting that whenever the rest of the country feels it is necessary to accept a Spartan standard of living, our children and their teachers will be ready to go along. But since our country is the world's wealthiest, people who scoff at modern schools should re-examine their own standards. Let them direct their energies toward getting rid of firetraps and encouraging the building of schools that reflect a community's pride in its children and in their education. ♛

A note from the Editors

Glencoe, Illinois, has a long history of building good schools. But in many U.S. communities a battle rages. "Bargain-Basement Education Is No Bargain," by Martin L. Gross, which appeared in the October, 1958, issue of CORONET, focused attention on the issues in this vital struggle. One of the most provocative articles this magazine has ever published, it has drawn a flood of comment and requests for reprints. Thus far, more than 575,000 copies have been distributed in over 685 towns. Reprints can still be obtained by writing to Coronet Reprints, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Prices, postpaid to one address: 10—$.30; 50—$1.25; 100—$2.25; 500—$10; 1,000—$17.

For Value Received

ON A REMOTE ROAD south of Nogales, Mexico, my wife and I stopped to talk to an old Indian and his small son. They were on their way to market, carrying large pottery jars on their backs. When I asked the price of the lovely pottery, the elder replied that it was 50 centavos each. My wife told him she would take all he had.

"No! No!" the old Indian said. Even when I raised the price to three pesos each, he refused to sell.

After some argument, the old Indian explained, "*Senora*, in my town no one can read or write; there is no electricity, so there can be no radios. Someone must go to Nogales every week to get the news of the world, and without pottery we cannot get a place in the market to sell. So we cannot sell you all the pottery jars, for they are a means to our end.

"*Senora,* we would be disgraced," he went on, "if we should return home with nothing but money."

—ERNEST BLEVINS (*Catholic Digest*)

Comedienne Ann Sothern's passion for perfection and shrewd business sense have made her rich and successful—but impoverished her private life

A belle named Sothern

by Richard G. Hubler

It's almost easier nowadays to chart the course of a space satellite than to trace the path of a star in the complex $4 billion universe of show business. But in this meteoric world, shrewd Ann Sothern—a bona fide star of stage, screen and TV—whirls around in a carefully-planned, demanding and profitable orbit.

A plump, energetic, nearsighted little blonde who admits to being 47 years old, she is queen of five corporations: a television firm, a music publishing house, a cattle ranch, a movie company and a sewing center. Her gross income totals more than

$300,000 a year. These achievements—plus two inches in *Who's Who in America*—make her publicly proud and privately unhappy.

"I'm forever fighting the feeling of being boss," Ann says mournfully. "It's a horrible position for a woman—to be in competition with men." She finds it hard to sleep at night, works a hectic 14-hour day, and ruefully declares that she has had "no romance for the last ten years."

"I suppose we are put on this earth to fulfill what we are supposed to do," she says. "But if I had chosen what I wanted to do—and not what God wanted me to do—I would never have been an actress. I would have been a wife with a home. Maybe a diplomat's wife—I love meeting and talking to people."

No one is more conscious of the nuances of the feminine mind—as exemplified by her two major television series, *Private Secretary* and *The Ann Sothern Show,* which are seen by about 30,000,000 viewers. "I get nearly 1,500 letters a week," Ann confides. "About 80 percent come from women. I try to please them.

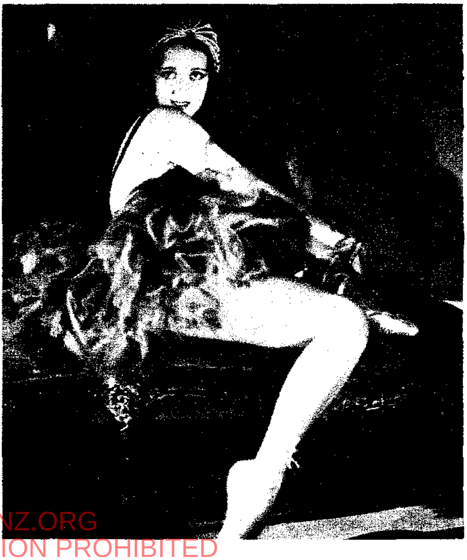
"First, my hats. I have them made especially for each show, a little crazy and daring. I take the same care with my hairdo—always a little extreme but in good taste and sophisticated. But I also try to be warm. Women don't see competition in me; they see a friend. I always make sure my scripts are written so the woman manages to tell off the big, hulking male at the finish. A happy female ending, you might say."

The strain of attempting to retain her femininity while exploiting it as a big business has taken its toll. Originally a slim, five-foot-two, outgoing girl with inexhaustible energy and health, Ann has been stricken by an illness that has lasted for years. She now fights her 135-pound weight constantly and hoards her strength to get through a movie or a TV series. She also sacrificed two marriages to her dynamic drive.

"It's tough to say," says one producer who has known Ann for nearly 15 years, "but neither of her husbands could stand her passion for perfection."

Sometimes this perfectionist drive is also taken out on her co-workers. Once she insisted that a young man who was training for the priesthood be cast in a key acting role. He was a very inept performer, so Ann decided to teach him the craft. In a week he had absorbed the equivalent of six months tutoring in drama

Invading Hollywood in 1933, Ann was thrown into "nearly every B picture you could find."



and gave a creditable performance. Soon thereafter, however, he collapsed and returned to the seminary for a rest.

Ever since she came to Hollywood in 1933, Ann has been best known for her screen portrayal of Maisie, a worldly blonde with a heart of gold. Ten *Maisie* movies, each made for less than $500,000, invariably grossed nearly three times that much.

"Come to think of it," Ann says, "the character of Susan Camille McNamara that I played in *Private Secretary* on TV was only a more refined Maisie. And to push my luck, the character I'm playing now, Katy O'Connor, the assistant manager of a New York hotel, is just a refinement of Susan."

Ann is not just a one-type actress, however. She had a leading part in the classic movie, *Letter To Three Wives,* that won two Academy Awards in 1949. "She was so good," marvels a friend, "that we forgot she was acting."

At the age of 19, Ann was the star of two successful Broadway musicals. And about ten years later, she starred in such movie hits as *Panama Hattie, As Thousands Cheer,* and *Lady Be Good.*

"If you want to classify Ann at all," says Jack Chertok, who made 104 half-hour shows with her as the producer of *Private Secretary,* "you have to say that she is the most expert comedienne in the business."

If ever anyone was born with theater in her blood, it was Ann Sothern—born Harriette Arline Lake on January 22, 1912, in Valley City, North Dakota. "I've never seen the town," she says. "I was born there, then my mother and father moved on." Her mother was Annette Yde, a Danish operatic singer; her father was Walter J. Lake, an itinerant thespian. She has two sisters, Marion and Bonnie. "Marion is the only one who stayed married," Ann says wryly. "That was the talent we all should have had. Mother divorced dad in 1927, and Bonnie divorced her husband in 1956." Marion is now Ann's personal secretary.

The family lived in Minneapolis, Minnesota, through her high school years. "I don't know how I managed to grow up," Ann says. "I must have been made of asbestos and rubber." At the age of six, she suffered serious burns when her nightgown caught fire, and several years later she was run over by an automobile as she shoved another child out of the way.

"I never knew any kind of fear," Ann recalls. "I used to spend my summers swimming and boating at a lake, falling off roofs and acting like a female cowboy."

Despite this, she managed to learn to play the piano well enough to be playing Bach and Beethoven by the time she was 11, and also showed a knack for composing music. She won first prize for three consecutive years for her original compositions. She was graduated from Minneapolis Central High School.

Her father had settled in Seattle after the divorce and Ann went there for a visit. Out in the Northwest, she attended the University of Washington for one term. "I got good marks in everything but math," she remembers. Even today she does not trust her own accounting and employs a squadron of six tax accountants and lawyers—"my economic artillery," she calls them.

In 1930, she and her mother moved to California. She studied voice for two years and then went to New York with her mother to audition for the lead in a musical called *America's Sweetheart*. She got the job—at $500 a week.

The musical ran for a season and then she went into the lead of *Everybody's Welcome*. Subsequently, while in Chicago as the road company lead of *Of Thee I Sing*, Ann met a tall, dashing band leader named Roger Pryor. They were married in 1936.

Meanwhile Ann had transplanted her talents to Hollywood. Her first of more than 40 pictures was one called *Let's Fall In Love*. "I was in every 'B' picture you could find," she says pensively. "I was drenched with water so often that I could have swam the English Channel without feeling it."

Ann toiled at the RKO, Columbia, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios most of the time. At RKO she met another unhappy comedienne—Lucille Ball. "We used to cry on each other's shoulder," Ann says. "I said I got all the parts that Katy Hepburn didn't want and Lucille would say that she got all the ones *I* didn't want."

Ann's career blossomed. But her marriage declined. She and Pryor obtained an amicable divorce in 1942. The next year Ann married actor Robert Sterling, who was younger than she. Not long afterward, Sterling enlisted to fight in World War II. They were divorced in 1949. But this time there was a major compensation for Ann. "From him I had my divine issue, my daughter Trish." The baby, christened Patricia Ann Sterling, was born on December 10, 1944.

About the time she was divorced, Ann came down with infectious hepatitis, caused by impure serum shots, and it pushed her into a decline from which she has not yet completely recovered. "I used to throw myself into everything," she says. "Now, if I do, I throw myself over the edge."

For the next two years, Ann lay ill in a hospital bed, often so acutely sensitive to light and pressure that the room had to be blacked out and the weight of a sheet on her body was agony. (She has gone through two operations since.) Her illness cost her approximately $200,000 and ended her nonchalant attitude toward life. In 1952, she became a Roman Catholic. "My best friends today are Jesuit priests," she says.

Ann's illness was the first genuine setback to her professional career. But, undaunted, she tackled television. Her entrance into TV was the inspiration of Ned Marin, an agent friend. He sold the idea to TV producer Jack Chertok, who then worked with Ann from 1945 to 1949.

"Ann has no weakness as an actress," says Chertok. "She instantly knows what's good for her."

Because of Ann's poor health, Chertok was forced to shoot only one TV show a week, an alarmingly slow pace. While he was wrestling with this problem, he received a request for his star to do another TV show. When he refused, Ann terminated their agreement, which at that time was giving her 42 percent of the take.

All this happened, most of Ann's friends agree, because of her weakened physical condition. After her bout with hepatitis, her self-confidence as a performer was severely shaken. Characteristically, she chose the most difficult job she could imagine: a starring part with Robert Cummings in a New York stage play, *Faithfully Yours.* "It was terrible for me even to force myself to leave the house, much less get out of town," she says. "I discovered I had dregs of neuroses in me. Even today I'll walk up six flights of stairs before I'll get into an elevator alone."

It was agony to force herself onstage for her first entrance—but after that her old spirit asserted itself. "From then on," she says, "I knew I could do anything." Just to be sure, she signed to do a night club act. From 1954 to 1956 she spent five nights a week dancing, singing and telling stories to audiences from Las Vegas to Washington, D. C.

Anyone working closely with Ann is likely to believe that her determined cheerfulness is a façade. She gives the impression that she is constantly fighting a dark angel. She dislikes being alone or cooped up; she needs people and gaiety and conversation and poker games. Her own response to her black moods is philosophical: "I've had very little control over what has happened to my life." It always makes her gloomy when she is not in charge—from a birthday party to a feature movie—and her physical reserves simply cannot be stretched too far. She now uses up sleepless hours figuring out

At 47, Ann says she's a "tired old lady" who's had no romance since divorce from Robert Sterling (below, left) in 1949. She lives with daughter Trish, 15, in a Bel Air mansion (right).

how to hoard her energy. "I'm expendable," she says, "but not until I want to be."

Today she devotes her time to *The Ann Sothern Show* (32 a year) and continues to collect for *Private Secretary.* Her father, now 72, is the active head of her A Bar S Cattle Company, 83 miles out of Wendell, Idaho. She sold 1,250 head of Hereford breeding stock in May, 1958, and is now restocking with Black Angus. "Dad is a rich man in his own right," she says. "He runs my spread just for kicks. We made $50,000 capital gain on a $50,000 investment."

Since 1956 she has owned a sewing center in Ketchum, Idaho, into which she has sunk about $45,000. "I lost $800 the first year and about $1,500 the second," she says. And her A Bar S Music Publishing Company, set up on $5,000, has put out three tunes—*Katy* (by Ann and sister Bonnie), *Thanks for Everything* (by Ann), and *Another Year,* composed by a friend. She has also put out an album of 13 tunes, mostly old favorites sung in a husky contralto. As for hobbies, she says gravely: "Mine is exactly what a comedienne should have. I love to read the inscriptions on the headstones on Early American graves."

A good deal of Ann's energy is channeled into being chaperone for her daughter. She has redone in the English style what she calls her "stinking, lousy, expensive mansion" in Bel Air, California, which includes a pool, barbecue, and a soda fountain for Trish. "Trish is my job at home," she says earnestly.

Trish wants to be an actress and Ann encourages her. "The only thing we disagree on is changing her name. I changed mine four times: Lake to Sothern to Pryor to Sterling—and finally to Anna Maria when I was christened a Catholic. But what's wrong with Trish Sothern for a star's name?"

Yet even watching her pretty daughter grow up does not always succeed in lifting Ann's melancholy spirits. "I guess you can call me a tired old lady," she says. "No glamor, no romance. I don't think or read much, what with the trauma of TV. I need more recreation, to see more people." Then she smiles the Sothern smile. "But I guess I'll be happy if my life is used up in work."

Or Else!

A HUMOROUS STORY of strained relations is told about Joseph Addison, English author and statesman. A friend, to whom he had lent money, found it impossible to talk with him on equal terms. Instead, the friend yielded tamely to whatever his creditor had to say. One day, exasperated by the man's agreeing with him on some controversial subject, Addison exclaimed, "Either contradict me, sir, or pay me my money!"

—CLARISSA LORENZ *Your Life*

The commuter train
hurtled off the bridge.
A moment later
"I was at the bottom of
Newark Bay—
in a steel coffin"

Terror on the 9:28

by Merritt B. Jones
as told to Ellen Grevé

On September 15, 1958, the weather was balmy, the sun was shining and all seemed right with the world. It was just another day to me, except that my summer vacation was over and it was time to return to my classes at New York University, where I am chairman of the Department of Speech.

As usual, my wife Mary drove me to the Central Railroad of New Jersey station in Matawan with our Great Dane, Brynner, monopolizing the back seat.

On time, the 9:28 roared into the station—two Diesel engines and five commuter coaches. I climbed aboard the first coach and took a seat about ten feet from the front of the car. There's one advantage to this train, I thought—there are always plenty of seats when they open up the "deadhead," or extra coach.

There were several people in the back seats of the coach. I recognized one as a fairly regular commuter on that train, whom I always thought of as "Red."

As the train left Matawan, I poked idly through my brief case. Inside were papers, books—and two dozen big, ripe tomatoes, fresh from our garden; I planned to give them to my urban colleagues.

I unfolded my morning newspaper. The trip from Matawan to Jersey City takes about 45 minutes. The train stops at Elizabethport, crosses Newark Bay, stops at Bayonne, then pulls into Jersey City, where the passengers transfer to a ferryboat for lower Manhattan. As we pulled into Elizabethport, I glanced at my watch. It was about five minutes to ten. We were on time.

I put aside my newspaper and took out a book, *Fads and Fallacies* *in the Name of Science,* by Martin Gardner. I was in the middle of an amusing chapter dealing with dianetics as we approached the bridge crossing Newark Bay, a mile-and-a-half span with a drawbridge that can be raised to allow ships to pass.

Suddenly, I snapped my book shut and looked out the window. We were going unusually fast for the bridge approach. I estimated that we were traveling about 60 miles per hour. (Investigation later showed we were going more than 40.)

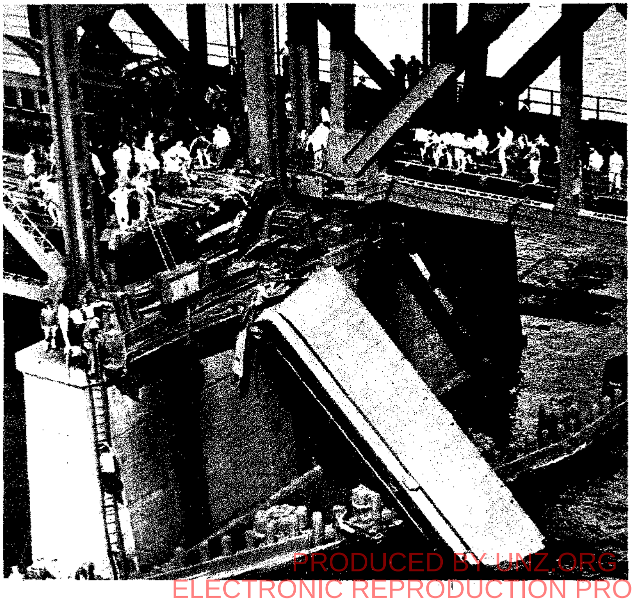
We're really rolling, I thought. Must be making up time. But we had been on time at Elizabethport! We were on the bridge proper now—and still the Diesels thundered on faster and faster. What was wrong with that fellow up there? I almost asked out loud. He must be asleep.

Then it happened. The train, or at least the first coach, jumped the tracks and raced crazily over the ties. Then the Diesel engine directly in front of me tilted downward and I saw the concrete bridge supports loom up like cliffs.

My God, I thought, we've gone over the edge of the bridge! Then came a terrific, ear-splitting concussion as the two engines, followed by my coach, hurtled 40 feet through the air and hit the water. The force of the impact hurled me bodily into the steel paneled door at the front of the coach, which filled almost instantly with surging, oily water.

There I was, at the bottom of Newark Bay in a steel coffin, battered by a whirlpool of seats, shattered glass, panels of steel and other debris. At this moment, my mental reaction—surprisingly—was merely one of annoyance at the engineer for being so careless.

My physical reaction was more



As the third car dangled precariously over the bridge, passengers had to clamber up the steep slope to safety. Two and a half hours later the car plunged beneath the water. The train disaster killed 48.

realistic: to get myself out of there as fast as possible. I took off my suit jacket, loosened my tie and kicked off my loafers, which, I remembered ruefully, had only been purchased the previous Saturday.

I was swimming or floundering in a black maelstrom of water and wreckage, yet my mind lingered not so much on my predicament as on what my death would mean to others. I wondered what would happen to Mary. Would there be enough insurance coverage to take care of her? My house was certainly not in order. There were many things yet to do in life. Many places to visit, so much to do. No soul-shaking revelations came to me as I contemplated death. I just felt unutterably sad.

I had no idea in which part of the coach I was, and it was impossible to see anything. But I swam upward instinctively—through a jagged hole in the roof of the coach, I think—fending off timbers and wreckage, forcing myself up and up.

At one point, I wanted desperately to open my mouth and swallow. But I knew that would be the end of me. I began to feel I didn't have a chance anyway. What a stupid, senseless way to die—at the bottom of a dirty, oily bay!

Then I saw a greyness above me. It seemed miles away, but I renewed my efforts. Never before in my life had I fought so hard. Gradually, the greyness turned lighter and lighter until suddenly I surfaced and gulped in great draughts of life-giving air. Thank God, I was going to live!

I had surfaced about midway between the bridge supports. Looking back toward the west piling, I saw one railroad coach dangling from the abutment with the front third under water. (I was told later that the last two coaches did not go off the bridge; the first two, however, and the two Diesels, were submerged in 40 feet of water.) At that moment, the disaster area seemed peaceful, as though time had stopped. Then I became aware of sirens screaming and, above the din, I could hear a few weak cries for help from the dangling coach. A lady's hat, decorated with flowers, floated by.

Then I saw Red, my fellow passenger. He was about 15 feet from me, apparently seriously hurt from a deep cut in his forehead, for he was having a difficult time staying afloat. Float he did, however, but the strong tide flowing into the bay carried him away from me.

I decided to swim for the eastern piling. Although I am a strong swimmer, I soon noticed that the tide was going to carry me past the piling. Changing course, I made for the middle of the bridge support.

By this time, some men who had climbed down from the tracks to the eastern piling were shouting encouragement, and as I passed them they threw me a rope and pulled me up on the wooden structure of the bridge support. I was shaky and weak and couldn't talk, yet I was aware that I had no shoes, no suit coat, no tie and only half a shirt. For a moment I had forgotten why I was wearing only my trousers. I was bleeding profusely from a dozen cuts and abrasions.

The disaster area now swarmed

with small craft, one of which my rescuers hailed. While we waited for the boat, I dazedly watched the activity about us. In the water nearby there were several people swimming and crying for help—and some who would never swim or cry out again. Others clutched the pilings that had been knocked over. Many more clung to the upper part of the tilting coach.

Finally, a boat came up alongside and I was taken aboard with another victim of the tragedy. We headed for the Bayonne docks. From there we were rushed to the Bayonne Hospital by police car.

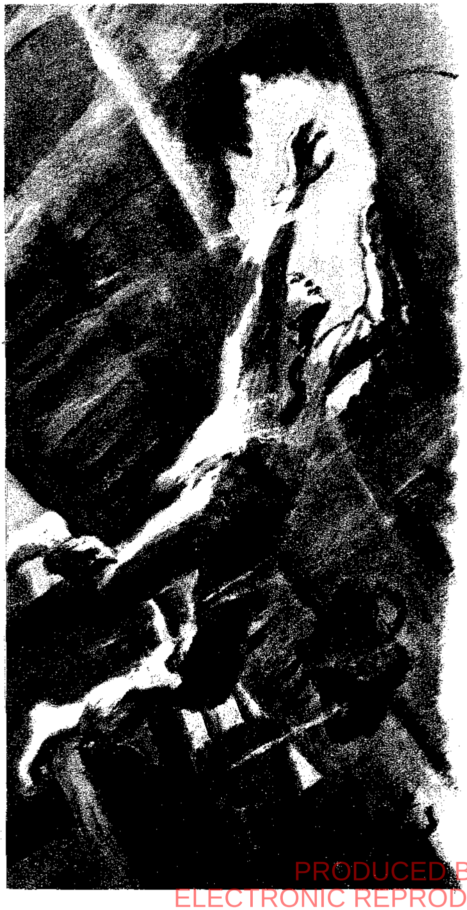
It was 10:30 A.M. when we arrived—the first survivors to be received at the hospital. Many more were to come, including Red, who had been picked up by a boat.

I was treated for shock, had several stitches taken in my scalp, shoulder and hand, then returned to the emergency ward set aside for the wreck victims. There were about ten or 12 survivors there—some of them critically injured. An elderly gentleman next to me did not know what had happened or where he was—and since he had lost his hearing aid he was unable to understand what was being said to him.

Throughout the morning, harrowing stories circulated around the ward. Because most of the people in the second coach had perished, the bulk of the stories came from survivors of the third coach. Most of them had been thrown to the front of the car—the submerged end. Many passengers gallantly tried to help each other, offering their hands and pulling those less fortunate up the 80-degree incline of the coach. One old man, after surfacing, clung to a piling and refused help until others in the water had been rescued.

One man in our ward told how he found himself up to his chin in water. Then he found a window and broke it—he didn't remember how—but delayed going through the window, fearing that the undercurrent would suck him down. He saw his wallet

"What a stupid way to die!" I thought as I swam upward through a hole in the roof.



float by, grabbed it—"I don't know why," he said, "it only had ten lousy dollars in it!"—stuffed it back in his pocket and buttoned up his coat before swimming out the window.

Another man, about 70 years old and a survivor of the 1951 Woodbridge, New Jersey, train disaster which killed 84, told how he chinned himself on the luggage rack, then worked himself, hand over hand, from seat to seat, up the sharply-angled coach to the bridge abutment. He proudly told reporters later that because he was a good swimmer he never even got his hair wet.

One of the most pitiful stories, related to us by a nurse, was about a Venezuelan passenger who had been treated for minor cuts and bruises. His wife had been pinned beneath the body of a drowned person, and he had tried vainly to free her. But as he kept swimming back down into the submerged part of the coach to reach her, she slipped farther and farther from his grasp. Finally, realizing that he might die if he did not get out immediately, he swam out to safety. He was positive, however, that his wife would free herself and swim out. But she never did.

Later on, we learned that approximately 90 passengers were aboard the doomed train, and that 48 had perished. Why the train plunged over an open bridge is still a mystery. At first, it was said the engineer had died of a heart attack. But an autopsy later revealed that he died of drowning. What the fireman was doing at the time of the accident will never be known. His body was found floating in the bay a few days later. The locomotive was not equipped with a "dead man's" safety device that automatically stops it if the engineer or fireman cannot, and the train had rocketed through three trackside warning signs.

A few days later, I signed myself out of the hospital, against the advice of attending physicians. But I felt the hospital needed all the space it could get. I went back to work about ten days after the train disaster. And I took the 9:28 once again. I was still bandaged, had a lame back and didn't object to curious stares at my black eye. My brief case had been recovered and the papers were still legible. But the two dozen tomatoes had disappeared forever. ♛

Keep in Step

WHEN JOHN PHILIP SOUSA became conductor of the Marine band in 1880, he made an immediate hit with President Rutherford B. Hayes.

At White House receptions, it had been the custom for the band to play lively tunes as the guests were entering and then switch to slower tempo music as they filed past the President. Sousa reversed this. As a result, the handshaking was speeded up considerably, and he became the favorite of a grateful President.

—E.E. EDGAR

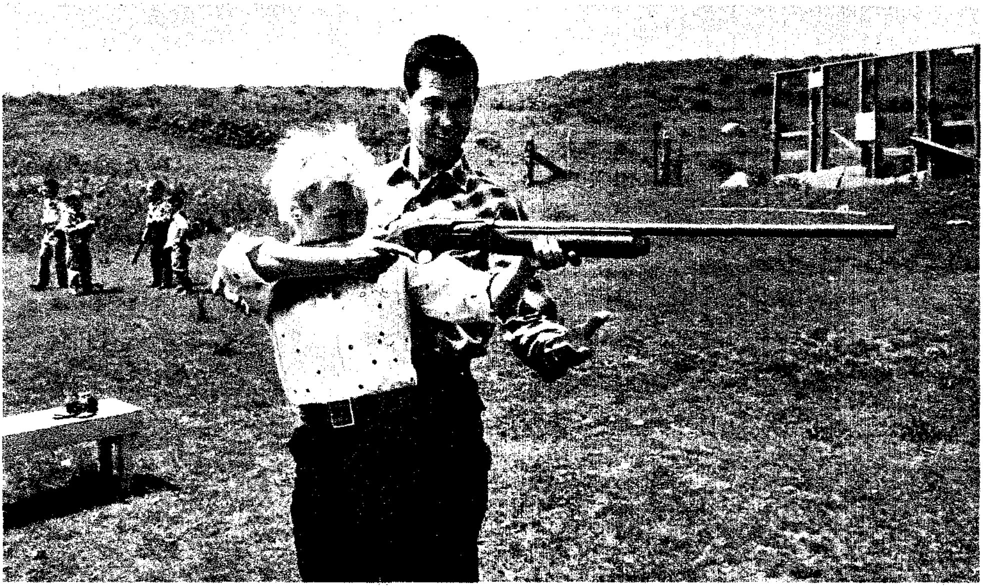
Cattle ranch for commuters

Television star Johnny Carson and his family "go East" for a unique, exciting "Western" vacation

Text by Richard Kaplan   Photographs by Larry Fried

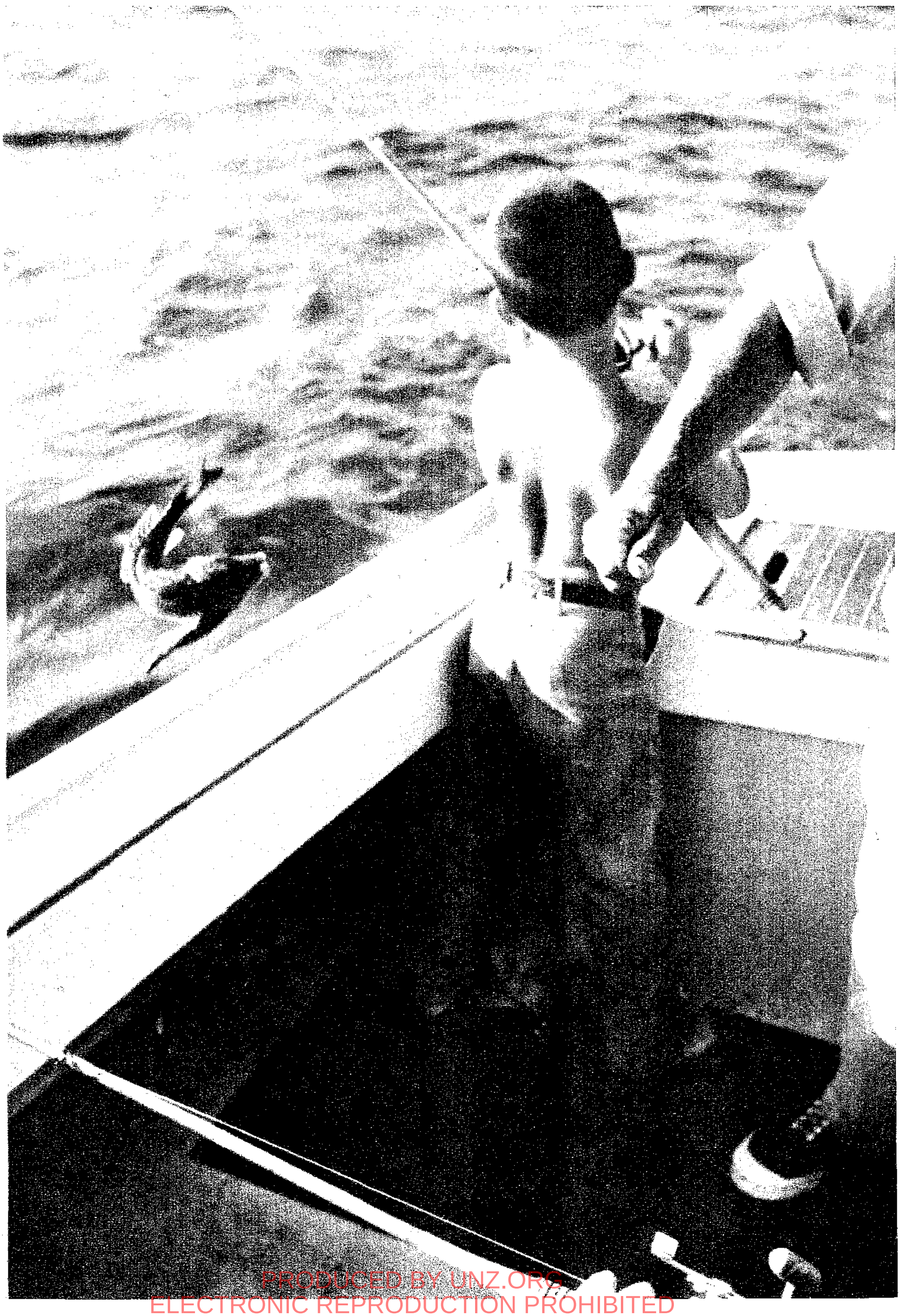
ON LONG ISLAND'S wind-swept Montauk Point, where pirates once roamed, the colorful, 1,500-acre Deep Hollow cattle ranch typifies the many convenient, Western-style resorts now enjoying renewed popularity throughout the U. S. Here, as pictures on the following pages show, visitors like TV comedian Johnny Carson and family can take a scenic surf-and-saddle vacation only 118 miles from the hurly-burly of New York City.

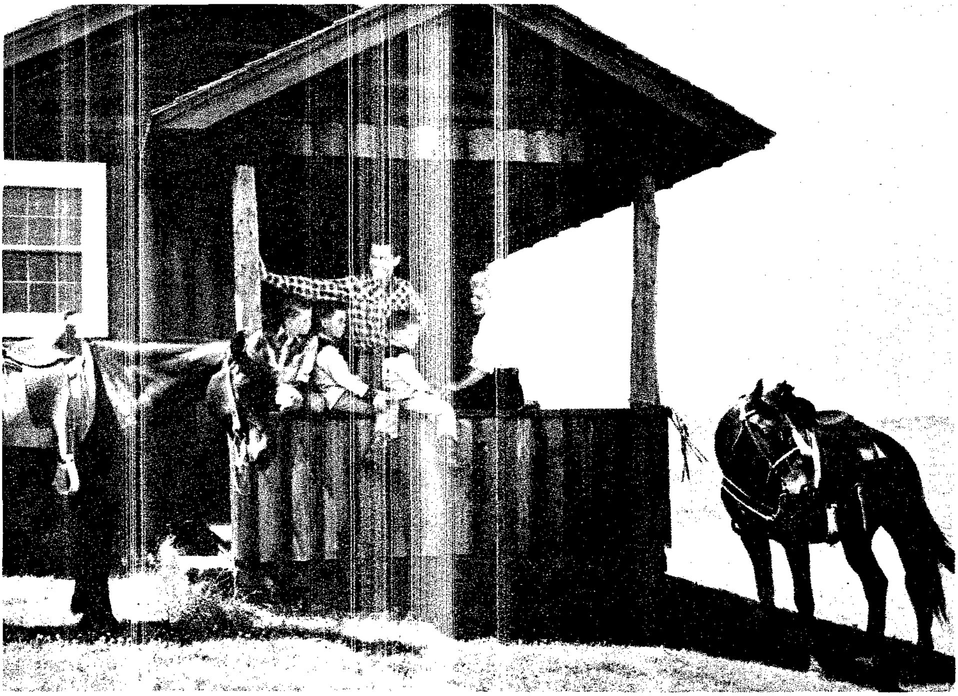
A crack skeet-shooter, Carson lets Jody try out powerful 12-gauge shotgun. The recoil almost knocked her down.



"It's just like home, except for all that ocean," grinned Nebraska-bred Carson when he, wife Jody and their three sons—Kit, 8, Ricky, 6, and Cory, 5—arrived at Deep Hollow. The family flew to the ranch right after Carson's afternoon ABC-TV quiz show, "Who Do You Trust?" To their delight, the boys were allowed to "pilot" the twin-engine plane for a few minutes. Before landing, they donned cowboy suits and toy six-guns and were excitedly "drawing" on imaginary badmen.

Fishing from chartered cruiser, Kit hauls in catch.

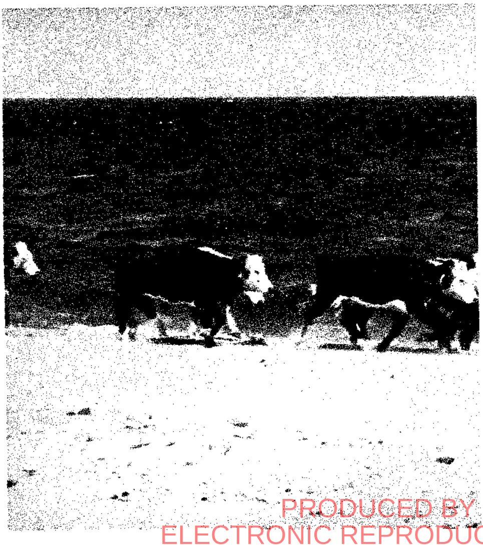




This trim log cabin was Carson family's home at Deep Hollow. Ranch has facilities to accommodate 65 guests.

Johnny joins unique oceanside cattle drive. "When a wave breaks," he says, "the steers shy away like scared kids."

At Deep Hollow, ranching is a full-time business. Rising at 7 A.M., the Carsons watched cowboys ride herd on owner Jack Dickinson's 80 choice rodeo and riding horses and 200 beef cattle. Deep Hollow was used as a ranch as far back as 1661, and rocky Montauk Point, now guarded by a famous lighthouse, was once the scene of shipwrecks and pirate raids.



Cory weeps after seeing a horse being shod. "Don't the nails hurt?" he asked his mother.

Sons romp in surf (left), leaving Carson and Jody to keep eye on boots. Deep Hollow ranch overlooks the Atlantic.

Cowboy "bulldogs" steer (above) as Carsons cheer from safe side of corral fence. Ranch breaks and trains horses.

At sunset (above), family takes last look at ranch before leaving—but not before Cory says good-by to new friend.

The Carsons' stay at Deep Hollow was their first vacation in a long while. "Every time we planned one," explained Johnny, "I had to fill in for some other TV performer." At the ranch, he and Jody managed to forget show business completely. Evenings they strolled down to the 212-year-old main house to play poker with fellow guests. One night, the boys begged Carson to build a fire in the hearth of their cabin. But by the time he gathered the wood, all three little cowboys were fast asleep. "They didn't even ask for a bedtime story," said Jody. "We ought to come out here more often." ♛

Our specially selected spacemen

by Martin Caidin

Chosen for their courage, scientific know-how and discipline, these U. S. pilots will make man's first flight into the unknown in a weird craft rocketing five times the speed of sound

NOTHING LIKE THE BLACK, wedged-shaped machine with its stubby wings and fins has ever existed before. In the early dawn at California's Edwards Air Force Base, the X-15—our first spaceship—gleams beneath batteries of floodlights. Every technician and engineer present for the ground test of the world's most powerful rocket motor, which will propel the manned spaceship (actually a hybrid airplane and ballistic missile), is under cover, protected by thick steel and concrete.

Suddenly, from deep within the combustion chamber at the end of the seven-and-one-half-ton, 50-foot X-15, a giant streamer of fire belches forth, studded with diamond-shaped shock waves. The flame howls and shrieks. Then, abruptly, it vanishes and a booming echo resounds across the blazing Mojave Desert and distant gorges and peaks.

Engineers hurry from their blockhouses to examine the precious airplane, which crackles as its superheated metal cools. And one engineer mutters with awe: "Did you ever see anything like *that*?"

Behind him, four other men walk casually to the X-15. They say nothing, but they, too, are impressed. The four—U. S. Air Force Major Robert M. White and Captain Robert A. Rushworth, Scott Crossfield of North American Aviation Co., and Joseph A. Walker of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration—are test pilots. Here, at Edwards Air Force Base they stand on the edge of tomorrow. Any day now, these four pioneers will fly this black

X-15, or its two sister ships, into outer space.

That same pillar of flame, supercharged with gaseous energy of more than 5,000 degrees, will take them almost straight up, at between 3,000 and 4,000 miles per hour, as high as 100 miles above the surface of the earth. This is higher than the perigee, or point of low orbit, of unmanned satellites now circling our planet. And if everything functions properly, the X-15 will bring them back alive.

Into the X-15 program, which has produced three embryonic spaceships, the U. S. has poured more than $123,000,000, bringing the value of each X-15 to more than $40,000,000. For before we can hope to send manned spaceships into orbit about the earth we must first investigate the fringe of space.

It will not be an easy task. During each 20-minute flight into space, the X-15 and its pilot must gather reams of data on flight conditions, the reactions of pilots to terrible stresses, how to survive leaving and returning to the earth's atmosphere, and other vital factors. Every time the X-15 roars skyward more than 1,000 questions will be asked electronically.

High above the earth, on the edge of space, the atmosphere is so thin that without elaborate protection a man will die within seconds. The sun burns with an intolerable intensity. Even sound disappears. Cosmic radiation sweeps through steel and human bone and tissue as if they were paper. So thin is the air that the wings of an airplane will no longer support its weight; unless it moves with tremendous speed, it will fall out of control at thousands of miles per hour. The speed necessary for flight so high above the earth makes that thin air come alive. It is filled with shock waves and walls of fire that can destroy the most powerful aircraft ever built.

Today, the plan is to fly the X-15 through this perilous region at over 3,600 miles an hour—more than five times the speed of sound. The men who will perform this feat are highly qualified graduate engineers. All are superb pilots. Crossfield, for example, was the first man to fly at more than twice the speed of sound.

The test pilots at the Air Force Flight Test Center have a Latin

Wearing "full-pressure" space suit, Air Force Major Robert White will fly historic mission.

motto by which they fly and live: *Ad Inexplorata*—Toward the Unknown. In the last year of test operations, exploring the unknown has killed five fliers.

"We have a job to do, and airplanes to fly," shrugs one pilot. "Most of our flights aren't spectacular. The character with helmet and goggles who flew by the seat of his pants belongs to history. The first requirement for any test pilot is self-discipline. Then comes engineering knowledge. He must want to accept the tedious work that constitutes so much of test flying. And then, if he's a top-notch pilot, the Air Force may consider him for the job."

The pilots—all volunteers—are amused when they are pictured as ice-eyed daredevils. One morning one of them came in with a copy of a magazine that had a story about Major White pasted all over its pages. They tacked up the pages on the bulletin board, and for weeks afterward White winced as everyone greeted him with the cry of "What's doing, 'Danger Ranger?' "

Scott Crossfield explains that the X-15 "is not an airplane that requires a superman with super-training to fly it. Any competent fighter or test pilot can do it." But Crossfield is also quick to point out, "The planes we fly really require finesse. Either you're in charge—or the plane is."

Two million man-hours of engineering effort have gone into planning the X-15's survival during its flight into and back from outer space. But since the engineers cannot redesign the human body, there exists the danger that the X-15 pilot may be subjected to stresses beyond endurance. Which is why every man who straps into the X-15 cockpit will be an electronic receiving station designed to provide key data on exactly what happens to him in space.

The full-pressure suits worn by the X-15 pilots have 24 electrical contact points to provide flight surgeons with running information on temperature, heartbeat and heart action. To protect the pilot, the suit is pressurized with gaseous nitrogen. Between the nitrogen-filled suit and the 100 percent oxygen in the pilot's helmet is a rubber seal at the neck. Higher pressure in the helmet keeps the nitrogen from seeping into it and contaminating the pilot's oxygen. The silvered outer surface of the suit is designed especially to protect the pilot against heat. It would keep its wearer alive on the moon.

Every flight of the X-15—even a simple "dry run," made with empty fuel tanks—will be an ordeal for the test pilot.

On a typical test flight, Scott Crossfield (who has been putting the "black beauty" spaceship through its initial paces) plunges vertically at an initial speed of about 100 miles per hour, moving forward at nearly 300 miles per hour, and thus attaining a gliding speed over the ground of 400 miles per hour.

One minute after take-off he is at a predetermined spot 20,000 feet over Edwards Air Force Base. From here he makes a giant circle and lands—still without power—at better than 200 miles per hour on California's Roger Dry Lake. (If you want to parallel this feat in your car, simply accelerate to 100 miles per hour and head for a brick wall. Then slam on your brakes so that when the car stops it is exactly two feet from the wall!)

Yet when all the testing and planning is done, everything narrows down to the man in the cockpit. There is only one way to test the X-15 adequately—a man must take it into space and bring it back.

A moment after dropping into space, the X-15's pilot will open the throttle on his rocket motor, unleashing 50,000 pounds of thrust. Balanced on a blinding stream of fire longer than the X-15, he will zoom away from the earth at many times the speed of sound. As speed increases, shock waves—those deadly reefs of high supersonic and hypersonic flight—tear at the X-15's wings and fuselage and, more important, clamp the pilot in a giant vise, squeezing him tighter and tighter, making his flesh sag, forcing his heart to labor against the weight of his blood. But though his organs may distend and his arms become weighty steel bars, the X-15 pilot must keep control of his aircraft.

Think of the X-15 as a giant fish swimming along the bottom of a great ocean of air. The fish swims faster and faster, driving itself at a furious pace. Suddenly it arcs upward, lashing the water with its tail. Abruptly, though it has spent all its energy, it glides upward and, suddenly, bursts out into the air. It soars up, over, then plunges back down into the water.

This is the mission of the X-15: to gather speed for the final rush, then leap briefly from the ocean of air in which we live. The X-15 is not intended to go into orbit; to do so it would have to achieve a speed of 18,000 miles an hour. However, the Air Force has considered attaching the craft to a rocket—at a later date—and sending it into orbit with a man aboard.

MAJOR WHITE, selected originally by the Air Force as the number two man, or "backup," on the X-15 program, moved into the lead position when a routine mission in an F-104 killed Captain Iven C. Kincheloe, Jr., who was slated to make the first hop into space. In 1956, Kincheloe took the Bell X-2 to a record height of 126,000 feet—where 99 percent of the earth's atmosphere was below him.

But White has inherited more than Kincheloe's job; he has taken over the late space pioneer's ancient, blue-painted Model-A Ford. There's an unwritten rule at Edwards that the pilot holding down the lead slot on the rocket plane drives the Ford.

The popular impression of the modern test pilot is that of a young, steel-nerved daredevil who rushes through life with contempt for tomorrow. In Major White's case, this couldn't be further from the truth. He is 34, a veteran of P-51 missions in Europe during World War II, an ex-prisoner of war and the father of two children. He is a graduate of New York University with a degree in electrical engineering.

Since January, 1955, Major White has been on permanent assignment to the Air Force Flight Test Center.

His backup, Captain Rushworth, 34, is an alumnus of the University of Maine with degrees in mechanical and aeronautical engineering. He flew 178 combat missions in Asia, and in 1957 went on active duty as a test pilot, assigned to the Flight Center's Manned Spacecraft Section.

Scott Crossfield of North American is 36. To a large extent he was responsible for the existence of the X-15, having been on its design team from the start. He lives with his wife and five children in a modest home in suburban Los Angeles, and speaks so softly you must lean forward to hear his words. His record in the air is unusual. Since his first airplane ride at the age of six, and during all his years of test flying, he's never had to use his parachute.

Joseph A. Walker, at 37, is the chief test pilot of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. He's the only man on the X-15 team who came close to being killed by a rocket plane. He was sitting strapped in the cockpit of the old X-1A—as it was slung beneath a bomber—when the X-1A exploded. In a few frantic moments, the bomber crew hauled him up, jettisoned the X-1A and watched it disintegrate.

All these men have received intensive special training for their missions. They are in superb physical condition, and regularly put themselves to the test in the grueling centrifuge at Johnsville, Pennsylvania. The centrifuge is a machine that whirls them around at increasingly greater speeds, with acceleration so severe that a 200-pound pilot weighs more than 2,000 pounds!

While making almost 300 trips in the centrifuge, with its built-in X-15 cockpit, the pilots must react keenly and decisively. A computer throws emergency situations at them again and again—though their brains are grey from lack of blood, their arms and legs feel like lumps of lead, their hearts hammer and their necks threaten to collapse.

But centrifuges are no replacement for the real thing. The moment that the fuel is exhausted in White's wild upward rush in the X-15, he will receive the first stunning impact of space flight. One second, under power, he will be mashed backward into his seat, his body excruciatingly heavy. Then the power will stop. In that instant, White will seem to be flung forward into zero gravity. All his senses will tell him he is falling, without support. This sense of falling can render a man helpless.

Here is where intelligence, training and experience pay off. In space, White must perform what no man has ever done before. Under sustained zero gravity, he must substitute artificial reactions to compensate for lack of gravity.

Many things may go wrong. Smothering heat may overcome the refrigerating capacity of the X-15 and the pilot may be suffocated in his pressure suit. Should he overcontrol the plane's nose and wingtip rocket controls, he may easily fling the X-15 entirely out of control. The result: gyrating flight, end over end, rolling, pitching and yawing. The

Air Force has equipped the X-15 with every known device to safeguard the pilot in such an emergency. Unprotected, he could suffer agonizing pain. The uncontrolled gyrations could build up tremendous internal pressures, distending his internal organs. In the crazy roller coaster from high plus-gravities to high minus-gravities, a man's blood, heavy as mercury, might wreak havoc within his body. In seconds, he could suffer ruptured blood vessels, flayed skin, temporary blindness and broken bones.

That's why the Air Force is taking no chances with X-15, why it tests and studies and tests some more. They mean to get their spacemen home safely.

Meanwhile, the men at Edwards prepare feverishly for the day when a giant B-52 will rise to 38,000 feet, with the X-15 tucked beneath the bomber's wing. Sealed in the X-15 will be Bob White, waiting for his fateful, maximum altitude flight to begin. Suddenly, the count-down; then the command, "Drop!"

A switch closes; a sudden, violent gush of flame; a lance of fire, bending, arcing; shock diamonds lashing the air—and the X-15 is on its way. Up there, Major Robert M. White, U.S.A.F., will be witness to a sight no man in history has ever beheld.

Driving Dilemma

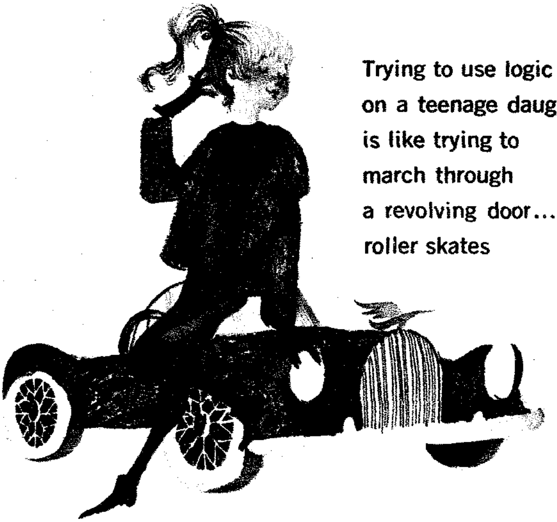
A FRIEND OF MINE, hitchhiking in the French Alps, was offered a lift by an Englishman in a little Volkswagen. On those narrow winding roads two ordinary-sized cars can barely pass each other; and when the huge Alpine buses come barreling by, all cars pull to a stop at the side of the road. Only too aware of this, my friend asked his companion whether his midget car was often forced off the road.

"Do not worry," said the driver, "I have solved the problem."

Just then they approached a sharp, steep bend. The driver pressed his horn button. A bellow came from under the hood that seemed to shake the little car apart, and the echo reverberated from the mountain sides. When they rounded the bend, a Mercedes, a lumber truck, a Renault, and a Citroën were hugging the rocks on the side of the road like frightened beetles.

"Guten Tag," the host shouted matter of factly, with a wave of his hand. Turning to his still stunned passenger he said, "I have had no trouble at all since I bought one of those horns they used on the 20-ton buses."

—A. BROOKS OWEN



Trying to use logic on a teenage daughter is like trying to march through a revolving door...on roller skates

"Tell me, pretty maiden..."

by Robert Fontaine

SOMEWHERE IN THIS WORLD there must be someone who knows how to handle teenage girls. There must be someone, at least, who can understand the logic of maybe *one* teenage girl, my Ferna.

As far as authorities on teenage behavior go, they are divided into two classes:

(a) Those who insist a good whack over the head does the trick.

(b) Those who, on the contrary, are in favor of love, love, love under all circumstances.

Frankly I have never hit a woman except in self-defense. I have never hit a child, either, except in self-defense. Naturally I would not hit an adolescent daughter *even* in self-defense because this particular daughter is on a tough rowing crew, captain of the field hockey team and an inch taller than I am in my elevator shoes.

As for love, I am a~~bout~~ out of love as well as patience. I don't mean I'm out of the endearing, heart-warming, deeply rooted love I feel for Ferna. I mean I'm out of the everyday, forgiving everything, oh-she's-just-a-kid type of love.

For example, Ferna wants a car. She wants a foreign sports car. She needs a car like I need a balsa raft. When I ask her what for she needs a car, she flickers her long eyelashes and says, "Oh, to bomb around and howl." I don't know what that means but it seems to me one can bomb around and howl on foot.

"Why a foreign car?"

"Prestige."

Seventeen years old and she needs prestige!

She worked out a deal with a freewheeling salesman. She gets this four-year-old Zoup for $600. It has two horns which give it the most prestige. Ferna has saved up $200 that she could make a down payment with—only, "That's to go to Bermuda." Prestige again, I guess.

Since she has no income, I asked how she was going to get money to pay the installments on the loan she intended to make. "Borrow it," she said nonchalantly.

I try to explain the deal to Ferna. "If you borrow money at five percent and then borrow money at six percent to pay what you borrowed originally, then you will have to go ahead and borrow *more* and so on. Pretty soon the interest will be more than the principal and the principal will still be due."

"But I'll have the car to bomb around in, won't I?"

"Look," I point out, "you have got this car and you are bombing around and howling. You owe the month's installment of $50 plus interest, plus more interest. You haven't got it. The men come and take the car. Then where are you?"

"I'm no worse off than I was before," she replied.

I don't go much further because I know I would lose. I get very tangled up in these things because I'm so logical and farseeing. Ferna is not. It makes explaining difficult.

There's the trip-to-Europe business. No girl, according to Ferna, can hold her head high today unless she has been to Europe for a few months. You go to France, if possible. France is the mother of culture. "It's part of a girl's education," is the way Ferna sees it. "You boat over and fly back. You live, actually *live* three months with a French family in a *bistro*. You speak nothing but French."

"You don't even know a *bistro* is a bar," I tell her.

"A *pension*, then."

"I can understand. When I was young we worked our way to Europe on a banana boat. It took three months but we were tanned and rugged."

"Banana boats don't go to Europe," Ferna reminds me.

I glare. "They did then. It so happens, they did then!"

"It's really not an expense. I'd have to be polished somewhere in my junior year."

"They polish good in the U. S. Very good. Some of the best polishing is done right in New England."

Ferna sighs at my lack of being *au courant* (hep). "America cannot give a girl that *je ne comprends pas* that Paris can. The clothes alone!" Besides, and this is Ferna's telling blow, "Everybody *else* goes."

"Everybody else does *not* go," I counter. "Nancy Supernault is not going. Nancy Supernault and Grace Flink and Barbara Van Hooben and . . ."

"I mean everybody. I don't mean *them*."

Trying to contain myself I hold

firmly to a newel post, and change the subject to the matter of working during vacations. It isn't being done by Ferna's contemporaries. I explain that working for what you want is the tried and true American way. Ferna smiles wistfully. "Boys, yes. Not girls. Boys bring the feathers, girls build the nest." I could see I was about to lay an egg again.

"Girls, too," I go on blindly. "Girls work on vacation everywhere. When your mother was a girl she dipped doughnuts for long hours during her vacation and earned enough to take a trip to Washington and meet her Senator."

"I *met* my Senator at a cocktail party already. He has blue eyes and rumpled hair and he's either for or against higher tariff."

I turn away, head down.

Is there some solution? I mean I hate to hit anyone. I really do. Especially anyone young and pretty. There must be a simpler and kinder way. I'm only trying to help her.

I get no help from Ferna's mother, believe me. Her mother says, "You are trying to handle a female with masculine logic. All females know masculine logic is silly. Take the basic sort of masculine logical proposition: All horses are animals. Right away a woman would see the defect. This might be a sea horse and not an animal but a fish.

"Or take the male law that it is wrong to get up from a poker table when you're winning," she goes on. "You're bound to lose that way. A woman wouldn't get up unless she *was* winning. And a woman wouldn't even *play* unless the jokers, deuces and one-eyed jacks were wild because otherwise it takes forever to get four aces. See?"

I don't. But I think I give up!

Heard any good stories lately?

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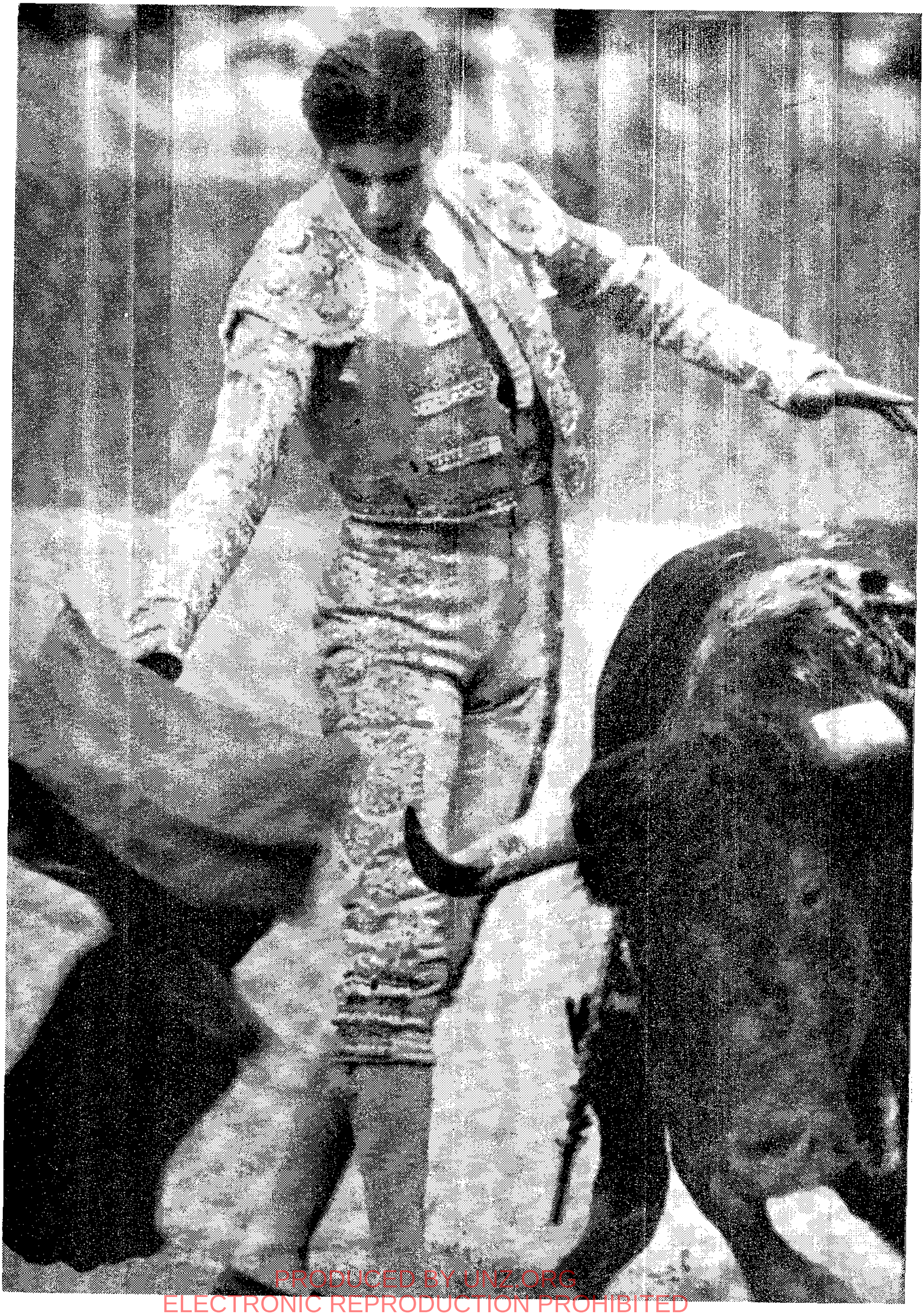
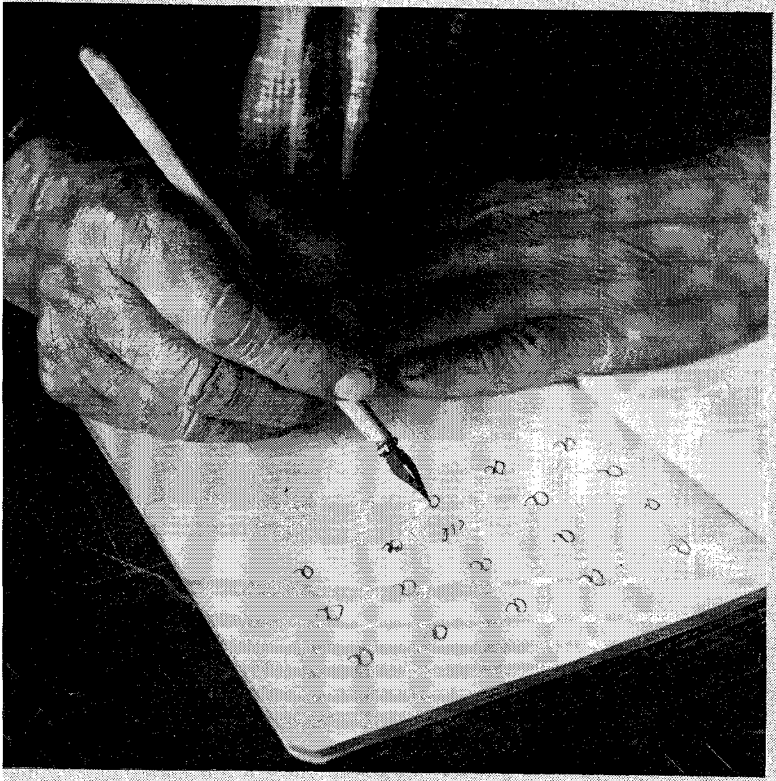


The face of courage

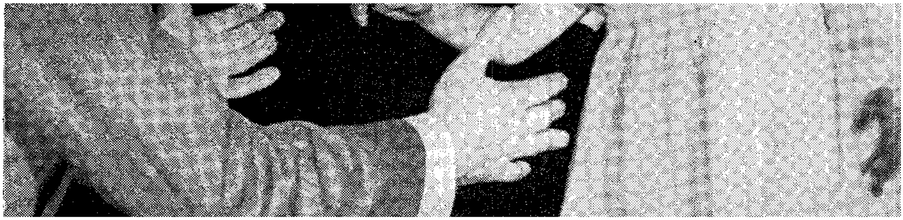
Text by Ben Merson

To know fear—yet to be brave—is the measure of courage; to be brave, without misgiving, is the stature of a fool. So wise men have proclaimed through the ages. For the conquest of hidden fear and self-doubt is the mightiest conquest of all; and, as the following pictures show, it serves to sheath the spirit of man in armor that can make him invincible.

Like ancient Menelaus, this Greek immigrant
sets his hand to bold adventure in the sunset of his
days. Withered and wrinkled—but undaunted—
he embraces new ways, a new life, a new language.

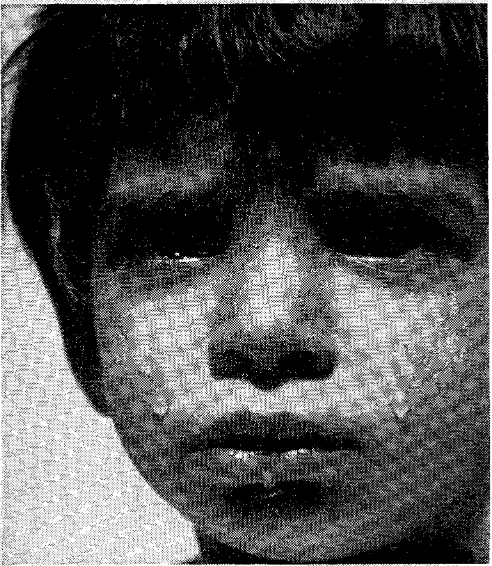


To walk again, without polio braces, has been the enduring dream of her life. Now the nightmare of uncertainty is passed. She knows she will do it. Tense, trembling she takes her first step...



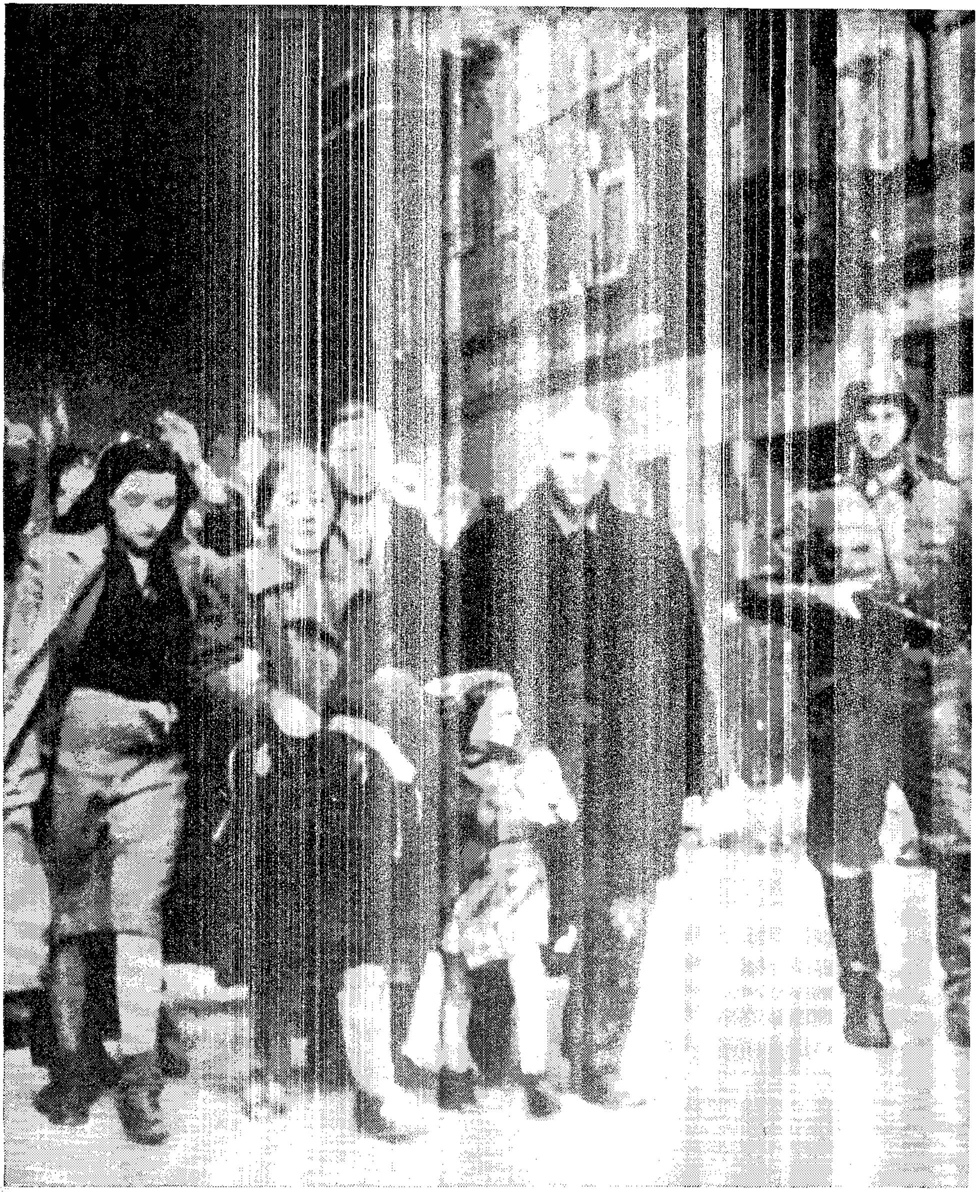
For a moment the guns are silent;
and overwhelmed by the face of death, he finds
strength in the arms of a comrade. But
this makes him no less the man. For when the battle
rages anew, he will not avert his eyes.

He's hungry, ill-fed and maimed.
But the spirit of this little
Moroccan boy remains whole, as he
symbolically kicks back
at fate—and a bouncing ball.



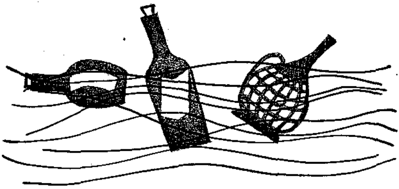
Suddenly, as if for the first time,
he sees the adult world for what
it really is; and his childish terrors
dissolve in a flood of tears.

For 42 days the Nazi juggernaut has hammered at the walls of the Warsaw ghetto. And for 42 days the Jewish defenders have fought back, armed with sticks, stones and a few pitiful weapons. Now almost all



have perished, and the conqueror has his prize—
a handful of men, women and children. Unbowed, they march
off to their deaths, while behind them—
like their courage—the ghetto flames to the skies. ♛

They send
messages of hope,
despair,
laughter and
romance drifting
on the
world's waters



Bottles in the briny

by Ken Ferguson

Don't ignore that half-buried bottle on the beach. It could contain a message that might help solve a mystery of the sea, win you a wife or husband, save a shipwrecked sailor or make you rich.

One winter day in 1955, Aarke Wiking of Göteburg, Sweden, tossed a bottle off his ship into the Mediterranean. The bottle contained a note which asked "all girls aged 16 to 20" if they wanted to marry a "handsome, blond Swede." Last May, Sebastiano Puzzo, factory worker and father of many girls, found the sealed bottle on a lonely Sicilian beach. Smashing it open, he saw the Swedish sailor's message, had it translated and promptly sent him a picture of his 18-year-old daughter, Paolina. She soon started corresponding with the 24-year-old sailor, and married him not long ago in Syracuse, Sicily.

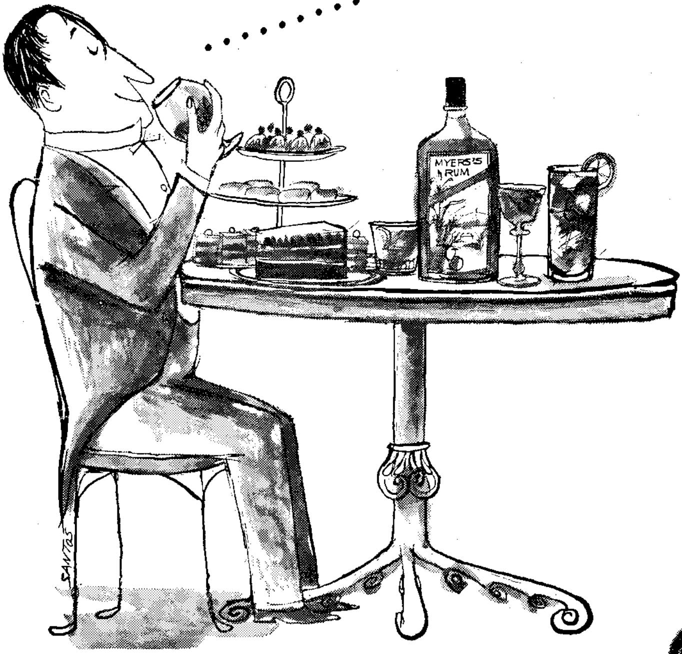
A farm boy in the Azores discovered a sealed bottle containing a note which promised to pay the finder $1,000—if the note were forwarded to a New York address. The boy duly collected his reward from a radio-program sponsor who had cast the bottle into New York harbor as a publicity stunt. Such "money-bottles" are often tossed into the sea by wealthy cruise passengers.

Recently a scrawled S.O.S. sealed in a bottle, supposedly signed by two shipwrecked German pilots 15 years ago, washed up on the island of Majorca. Written on the back of an instruction that told how to inflate a life raft, the message said: "August 1943, shipwrecked south of Espíritu Santo Island, S.O.S. Heil Hitler." It carried two signatures—of men who were never found.

Twenty-five years ago, Doyle Branscum sealed a picture of himself in a basketball uniform inside a bottle and tossed it into a river in Arkansas. Last winter the bottle washed up on a beach near Largo, Florida. Bill Headstream of Largo found the photo and, using the return address on the back, mailed it to Branscum. Headstream and Branscum were boyhood friends when Headstream lived in Arkansas. They hadn't heard from each other until the bottle incident.

Some years ago, a Soviet fisherman plucked a small watertight container from sea ice in the Russian Arctic. Inside was a note, written

Not Rum, sir, Myers Rum!


MYERS'S RUM
SANTOS

There's a touch of genius in **myers.** This matchless mellow rum endows a drink with all the tantalizing warmth of Jamaica sunshine. It lifts any juice or mixer to sheer rhapsody. Flavor foods with it, too. You'll achieve an epic grandeur in sauces, roasts, pastries. Always, always insist on nothing less than inspired **myers jamaica rum.**

IMPORTED
MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
FRED L. MYERS & SON

IMPORTED FROM JAMAICA. MYERS'S RUM. 97 PROOF. FOR FREE BOOKLET ON THE NEWEST IN RUM DRINKERY AND COOKERY WRITE: GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, 375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, DEPT. C-13 in Norwegian and English, which read: "Five ponies and 150 dogs remaining. Desire hay, fish and 30 sledges. Must return early in August. Baffled."

The message had been released by the polar explorer, Evelyn Baldwin, and had drifted in the Arctic Ocean for 45 years. (The expedition came through safely anyway, and Baldwin died a natural death in 1933.)

Scientists for many years have been using bottle-mail to study ocean currents and winds. Such studies enabled Benjamin Franklin to chart the Gulf Stream.

Perhaps the busiest bottle-mailers are members of the U. S. Navy Hydrographic Office, Washington, D. C. Each year, they throw thousands of corked bottles, containing forms printed in eight languages, including Esperanto, into waters around the world. Finders are asked to take or mail the enclosed forms to any U. S. consul for forwarding to Washington, where the information is used to study ocean currents.

Some time ago one such bottle was dropped into the Indian Ocean. It was subsequently picked up off the coast of British Somaliland by a Moslem named Mohammed Mustapha. Unable to read any of the printed languages, he jumped on his camel and raced to the nearest British agent, who filled out the form and mailed it to Washington.

About two months later, the native rushed back to the agent's office waving a large pilot chart of his native waters and a letter from the hydrographer thanking him for his services. The chart, Mohammed insisted, was a draft on the U. S. Government, and he demanded to know why the local bank would not cash it.

Bottle messages are also used to help spread the word of God. A West Coast preacher collects empty liquor bottles. After cleaning them, he inserts sermons and sets them adrift on the seas.

There are, of course, the bottle-message practical jokers. Once in a while bottle-mail washes up a message such as "Ship sinking! Help!" These are readily recognized as hoaxes because the alleged ship's given position usually plots atop a mountain or miles inland.

Beer bottles, ketchup bottles, whisky bottles, champagne bottles, Chianti bottles—all kinds of bottles are bobbing up and down on the waters of the world. What messages do they contain? S.O.S.? Lonely-hearts? Money-mail? Not even the winds and the ocean waves know the answers.

Adding Insult to Injury

IN SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, a gunman robbed a motorist, but when he tried to get away, his car stalled. He offered to return part of the money if the victim would help get the car started.

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

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HUMAN COMEDY

A young New York City couple had always made much of the fact that their first-born was going to be a boy.

When the baby came, it was, of course, a girl.

Mother and Dad were delighted, but there was the embarrassing problem of sending out the birth announcement. They knew their acquaintances were still aware of their boast and so couldn't ignore it. They finally settled the problem by sending out a card that read, "We have skirted the issue." —HANNA KUCZWARA

During the annual physical examinations given by the school for the kindergarten class, I was asked to be present during the examination of my five-year-old daughter, Karen. I rushed over to the school office on the appointed day and hour just in time to meet Karen nonchalantly walking out of the office. Upon seeing me she said, "You're too late, Mommy—they've already operated." —MRS. L. LACKEY

Years ago, I completed the first eight grades in a parochial school, and the nuns, as instructors, were usually not too strict. But in the eighth grade we had an extraordinarily strict nun as our teacher.

One rainy day, we stayed in the classroom for recess, but Sister had gone out for some reason. When the bell rang for the end of recess she returned, and found written on the blackboard, "Sister is a mule."

Not saying a word, she took a piece of chalk, added *"driver"* to the phrase and proceeded with the next instruction session. —RALPH C. CUDDEBACK

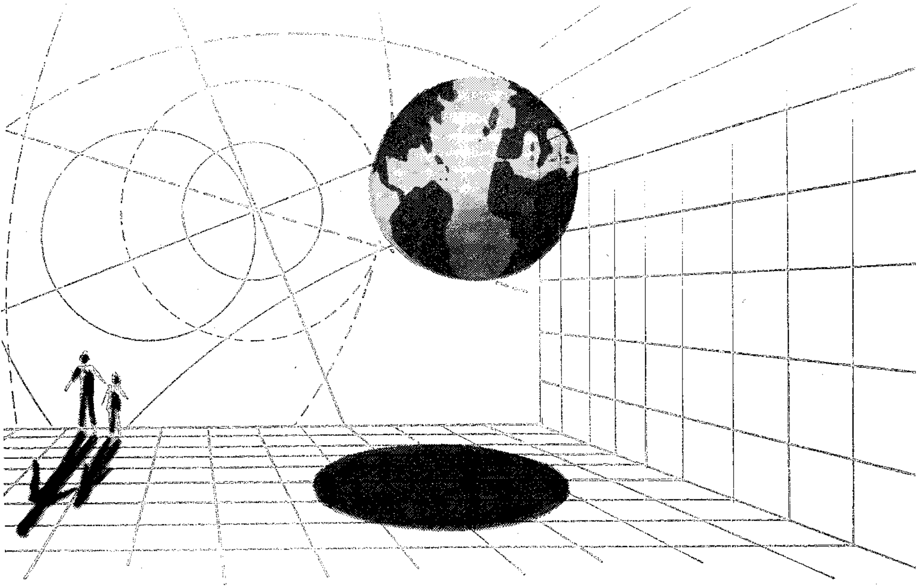
I hadn't been working at the bank very long when a woman came to my window and said that her son in the service had asked her to get him a D N income tax blank.

Looking through the papers I told her I couldn't find any of the blanks she wanted and perhaps she was mistaken.

"Oh no!" she said, "I'll show you."

She opened her bag and gave me a letter, pointing to a postscript. I read—"and go to the bank and get me one of those D—N income tax blanks." —CLIFFORD HOUSER

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



Coronet Films for better teaching of

SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS

Coronet Films is world-renowned for its contributions to the better teaching of science through the use of carefully planned 16mm sound motion pictures. Now, with the help of the National Defense Education Act of 1958, schools have a fine opportunity to establish a balanced program of Coronet Science and Mathematics films for all grade levels.

These outstanding science films are designed to extend the teacher's effectiveness by clarifying difficult-to-teach scientific concepts. *They are constructive teaching aids, not substitutes for good teaching.* They are not intended to take the place of the teacher. Rather, these films have been planned for those areas of teaching where audio visual materials are necessary. Most important, their flexible use in the classroom permits the teacher to preserve an irreplaceable personal relationship with the students.

The following pages indicate some of the constructive ways Coronet science films will help teachers. Listed also are 270 fine Coronet films for science and mathematics with suggestions as to how these films may be acquired under provisions of the National Defense Education Act of 1958.

CORONET FILMS

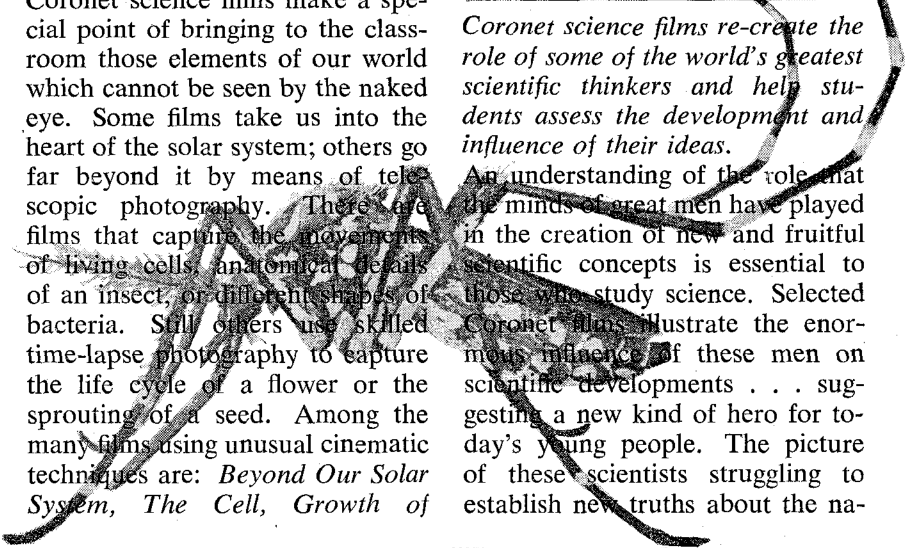
20 Years of Progress Producing the Finest in Educational Films

Coronet Building
Chicago 1, Illinois

From microscope to telescope

Coronet science films enlarge the smallest objects and bring close those far away—from life in a single cell to the distant reaches of the universe.

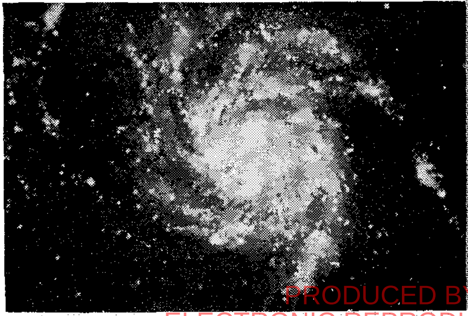
One of the challenges of modern science teaching is to help students understand things they cannot normally see. Experience has shown that young people grasp a concept more readily if they can see the object they're studying. Certain Coronet science films make a special point of bringing to the classroom those elements of our world which cannot be seen by the naked eye. Some films take us into the heart of the solar system; others go far beyond it by means of telescopic photography. There are films that capture the movements of living cells, anatomical details of an insect, or different shapes of bacteria. Still others use skilled time-lapse photography to capture the life cycle of a flower or the sprouting of a seed. Among the many films using unusual cinematic techniques are: *Beyond Our Solar System, The Cell, Growth of Flowers, The Sun and How It Affects Us, Simple Plants: Bacteria, Development of a Chick Embryo,* and *Life in a Drop of Water.*



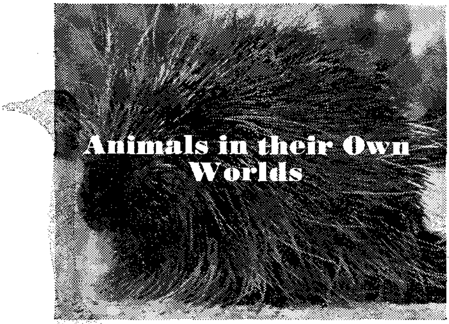
Minds of Great Scientists

Coronet science films re-create the role of some of the world's greatest scientific thinkers and help students assess the development and influence of their ideas.

An understanding of the role that the minds of great men have played in the creation of new and fruitful scientific concepts is essential to those who study science. Selected Coronet films illustrate the enormous influence of these men on scientific developments . . . suggesting a new kind of hero for today's young people. The picture of these scientists struggling to establish new truths about the na-



ture of the world stands as a constant symbol of the enormous potential of the human mind. Such new films as *Aristotle and the Scientific Method* and *Galileo* reflect this exciting historical approach.



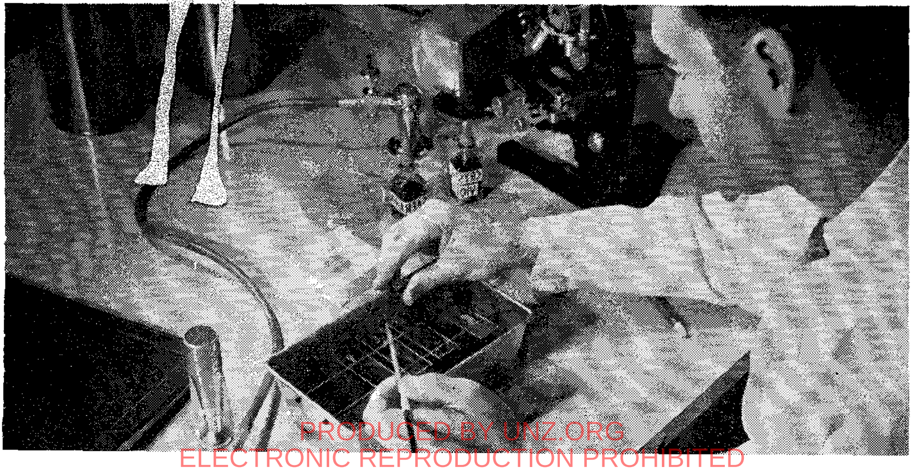
Animals in their Own Worlds

Coronet science films capture fascinating, wild and unusual animals in their natural habitats and bring them to children who might never see them otherwise.

The introduction of the young child to the world of science often comes through the study of animals—their habits and characteristics. Animals have always fascinated children, and when teachers show films about them, they can turn this interest to good advantage by suggesting methods by which children can learn more about things around us. A porcupine, an ostrich, a fawn, a raccoon, a coyote—children rarely see these animals except in zoos. Among many others, they are the subjects of selected Coronet science films—films which encourage children to look and listen and then read further . . . thus developing proper science and language skills.

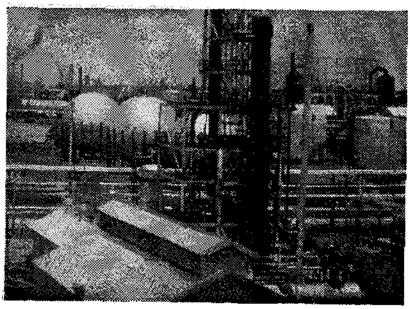
Difficult Experiments on Film

Laboratory experiments performed in Coronet films have many advantages—they are safe and always successful . . . they can be repeated easily . . . and they require no expensive apparatus or lengthy preparation.



Many schools are limited in the amount of expensive equipment they can obtain for experiments and in the time available to perform difficult demonstrations. Both problems are readily and easily solved by using Coronet films of experiments performed by experts in some of the best-equipped laboratories in the world. Typical of the hundreds of experiments in selected Coronet films are the Ostwald process, melting of sodium chloride, and hemolysis of blood. All of the Coronet Chemistry films and many of those in Biology and Physics include equally important demonstrations and experiments.

How Science Helps Industry



Coronet science films demonstrate the practical applications of scientific principles to everyday life—in the home, in industry, and in modern communication.

Modern technology has put many scientific discoveries to work for us. Newly established principles have had far reaching effects on the daily lives of all peoples. The applications of science which have made our own industrial system possible and aided its rapid growth are important, not only to us but also to others throughout the world. Our young people must be well-informed about the scientific developments which have made these industries possible. Such films as *Paper and Pulp Making, Communication in the Modern World, Inventions in America's Growth, Transportation in the Modern World,* and *Television: How It Works!* exemplify effective Coronet films which relate the purely scientific to industrial and domestic applications.

Provisions of the National Defense Education Act of 1958 relating to the purchase of films for science and mathematics

A major section of the National Defense Education Act of 1958 provides for the acquisition of educational films to help strengthen instruction in science and mathematics. It is the intent of the Act to help schools purchase these "new tools of learning" in recognition of the enormous potential value of instructional films in the classroom. The procedure by which your school or school system may benefit under the Act is established in your state plan, as prepared by the head of the public school system of your state and approved by the U. S. Commissioner of Education.

When a state plan has been approved, federal funds may be matched by city, county, or other local public school systems. The amount of money available for matching to purchase films will vary in accordance with established priorities, but films have been given high priority in most states.

The teachers of science and mathematics are the key to the procurement of audio-visual materials under state plans. No action will take place until they and their supervisors prepare local projects to improve science instruction, including the use of teaching films, and submit them for approval. The superintendent or principal should be consulted about funds available under the plan and the proper procedure to be followed in making requests for Coronet Instructional Films.

Coronet Films will be pleased to assist in making selections for purchase or to answer any questions. Simply write to:

CORONET FILMS
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Coronet Films for the Improvement of

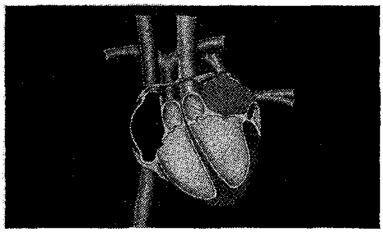
Films for Primary Grades (1-3)

Arithmetic

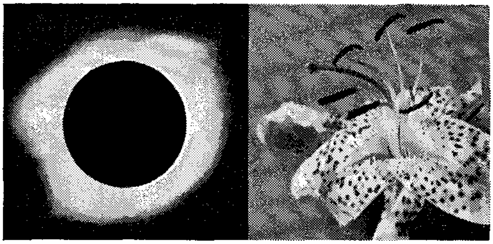
ADDITION IS EASY
THE CALENDAR: DAYS, WEEKS, MONTHS
LET'S COUNT
LET'S MEASURE: INCHES, FEET, AND YARDS
LET'S MEASURE: OUNCES, POUNDS, AND TONS
LET'S MEASURE: PINTS, QUARTS, AND GALLONS
MAKING CHANGE FOR A DOLLAR
SUBTRACTION IS EASY
WHAT TIME IS IT?

Science

ANIMALS AND THEIR FOODS
ANIMALS AND THEIR HOMES
AUTUMN IS AN ADVENTURE
THE BIG SUN AND OUR EARTH
BIRDS OF OUR STORYBOOKS
*BLOW, WIND, BLOW!
BROWN BEARS GO FISHING
BUSHY, THE SQUIRREL
FARMYARD BABIES
FLIPPER, THE SEAL
FLUFFY, THE OSTRICH
FRISKY, THE CALF
HOW ANIMALS HELP US (Observing Things About Us)
HOW ANIMALS LIVE IN WINTER
HOW BIRDS HELP US
HOW INSECTS HELP US
HOW MACHINES AND TOOLS HELP US
HOW PLANTS HELP US (Observing Things About Us)
HOW TREES HELP US
HOW WATER HELPS US



HOW WEATHER HELPS US
LANDS AND WATERS OF OUR EARTH
LET'S VISIT A POULTRY FARM
LIVING AND NON-LIVING THINGS
MOTHER HEN'S FAMILY (The Wonder of Birth)
MR. AND MRS. ROBIN'S FAMILY
OUR ANIMAL NEIGHBORS
PRICKLY, THE PORCUPINE
THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR
SEEDS GROW INTO PLANTS
SHAGGY, THE COYOTE
SPARKY, THE COLT
SPOTTY: STORY OF A FAWN
SPOTTY THE FAWN IN WINTER
SPRING IS AN ADVENTURE
SUMMER IS AN ADVENTURE
*TOMMY'S HEALTHY TEETH
WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE (Observing Things About Us)
WE EXPLORE THE BEACH



WE EXPLORE THE WOODLAND
WHAT DO WE SEE IN THE SKY?
WHAT THE FROST DOES
THE WIDE, WIDE SEA
WINTER IS AN ADVENTURE
WOOLLY, THE LAMB
ZOO BABIES (Observing Things About Us)

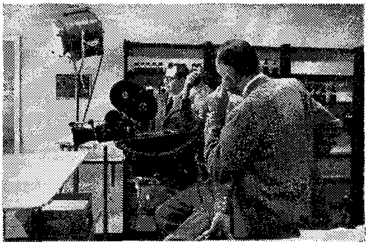
Films for Intermediate Grades (4-6)

Arithmetic

DECIMALS ARE EASY
DIVISION IS EASY
**FRED MEETS A BANK
MEASUREMENT
MULTIPLICATION IS EASY
THE STORY OF OUR MONEY SYSTEM
STORY OF OUR NUMBER SYSTEM
STORY OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES
WE DISCOVER FRACTIONS

Science

ADAPTATIONS OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS
AIR ALL ABOUT US (Exploring Science)
AMPHIBIANS
ANIMALS WITH BACKBONES
ARCTIC BORDERLANDS IN WINTER
AUDUBON AND THE BIRDS OF AMERICA
THE BEAR AND ITS RELATIVES
BEYOND OUR SOLAR SYSTEM
BIRDS IN WINTER
BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE (New)
BIRDS OF THE DOORYARD (New)
BIRDS OF THE INLAND WATERWAYS
BIRDS OF THE MARSHES
BIRDS OF THE WOODLANDS
THE BOBOLINK AND THE BLUE JAY
BUTTERFLY BOTANISTS
THE BUTTERFLY (Life Cycle of an Insect)
CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE THROUGH FORM AND COLOR MATCHING
CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE THROUGH PATTERN MATCHING
*THE COLORADO RIVER
COMMUNICATION IN THE MODERN WORLD
THE COW AND ITS RELATIVES
THE DEER AND ITS RELATIVES
DENTAL HEALTH: HOW AND WHY
ELECTRICITY ALL ABOUT US (Exploring Science)
ENERGY IN OUR RIVERS
ENGINES AND HOW THEY WORK
FIVE COLORFUL BIRDS (New)
*FOODS THAT BUILD GOOD HEALTH
FORESTS AND CONSERVATION
FOSSILS: CLUES TO PREHISTORIC TIMES
A FROG'S LIFE



GARDEN PLANTS AND HOW THEY GROW (Exploring Science)
THE GRASSHOPPER: A TYPICAL INSECT
GROWING UP (Preadolescence)
GROWTH OF FLOWERS (New)
HEALTH HEROES: THE BATTLE AGAINST DISEASE
HEALTHY FEET
HEALTHY SKIN
HEAR BETTER: HEALTHY EARS
THE HONEYBEE: A SOCIAL INSECT
HOW MAN MADE DAY
HOW WEATHER IS FORECAST
INVENTIONS IN AMERICA'S GROWTH (1750-1850)
INVENTIONS IN AMERICA'S GROWTH (1850-1910)
LEARNING ABOUT OUR BODIES
*LIFE IN COLD LANDS (Eskimo Village)
*LIFE IN HOT, DRY LANDS (California)
*LIFE IN HOT, WET LANDS (The Congo Basin)
*LIFE IN LOWLANDS (The Netherlands)
*LIFE IN MEDITERRANEAN LANDS (California)
*LIFE IN MOUNTAINS (Switzerland)
*LIFE IN NORTHERN LANDS (Norway)
*LIFE IN THE ALPS (Austria)
*LIFE IN THE CENTRAL VALLEY OF CALIFORNIA
*LIFE IN THE NILE VALLEY
*LIFE OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE (Africa)
*LIFE OF NOMAD PEOPLE (Desert Dwellers)
LIGHT ALL ABOUT US (Exploring Science)
MAGNETISM
MAKING A BALANCED AQUARIUM
MAMMALS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE
MAMMALS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
MAMMALS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS
MAPS ARE FUN
THE MEANING OF CONSERVATION
*THE MIGHTY COLUMBIA RIVER
THE MOON AND HOW IT AFFECTS US
NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE PACIFIC COAST
OUR BIG ROUND WORLD (Concepts of Geography)
OUR COMMON FUELS
OUR SENSES: WHAT THEY DO FOR US
PAPER AND PULP MAKING
*PAPER MAKING
PARTNERSHIPS AMONG PLANTS AND ANIMALS
PIGS AND ELEPHANTS
THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD
REPTILES AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS
*RIVERS OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE
THE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING BIRD
SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION
SCIENCE AND WOOD UTILIZATION
*SEAPORTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST
SEASONAL CHANGES IN TREES
SEE BETTER: HEALTHY EYES
SIMPLE CHANGES IN MATTER
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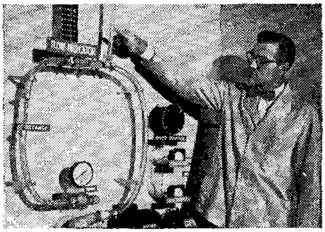

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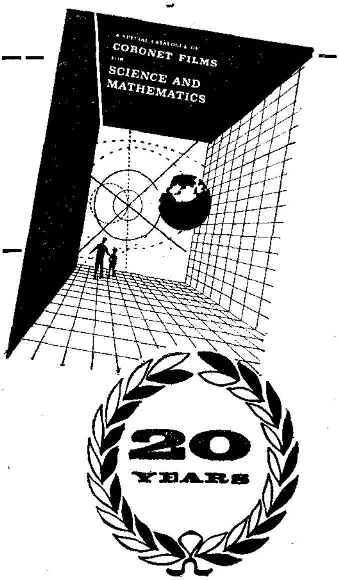

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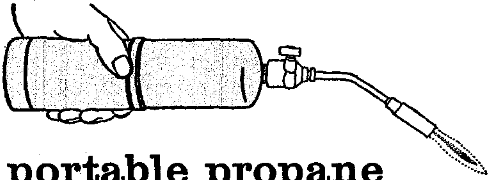
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Norman Carlisle



The marvel of portable propane

This bottled-gas genie
serves many new, unique and
practical uses, from
cooking to camping, tinkering
to refrigeration

BRING ON THE BAKED ALASKA!" The cry had been a standing joke in a Connecticut family ever since the unhappy day when the ice cream melted before the meringue browned. The tearful housewife had vowed she'd never try another baked Alaska. Yet not long afterward she announced she'd changed her mind. Right at the table she spread the meringue over the ice cream; and then while her family looked on in astonishment, she whipped out a small gas-burning torch she'd borrowed from her husband's workshop. In ten seconds, the gadget's blue flame turned the meringue a rich golden brown.

A report of this highly feminine approach to their product did not surprise the manufacturers of the little torch. They have already listed over 100 uses for it. And the torch itself is only one of the many inventions made possible by the discovery of a way to put the petroleum gas known as propane into handy, milk-bottle-sized cylinders. Propane-powered stoves, grills and lanterns are now on the market, heralding other uses bound to put propane into the lives of millions of homeowners, boatmen, campers and picnickers.

The success story of these unique cans of power is a testament to the teaming up of scientific inquiry and business enterprise. Thirty-five years ago refiners didn't know what to do with some of the gas by-products of petroleum refining. To be sure, they burned with a bright flame—with two-and-a-half times the heat content of natural gas—but didn't lend themselves to transportation by gas transmission lines. So the industry literally threw them away, letting them escape into the air.

Oil company researchers knew that most of these waste gases turned liquid when compressed. The researchers began to develop methods to transport the gases as liquids in tanks—for use as fuel in factories. Then someone asked why couldn't the gases be put into smaller tanks for use in homes beyond gas mains. Delivered as liquids, they would turn to gas again—the moment pressure was reduced and they were admitted to the gas-burning appliance.

The idea worked so well that selling propane and butane gases that had once been thrown away became big business. Propane and butane are used for cooking, heating, and refrigeration in hundreds of thousands of homes and factories, where they do anything that natural gas can do. In its liquid form propane (the gas most commonly used) represents a concentration of power so great that a 1,000-gallon storage tank, which would hold only enough natural gas to cook family meals for a week, holds enough propane to provide cooking gas for the same family for *ten years.*

Shortly after World War II, a young businessman named Sidney Reich took over the Otto Bernz Company, makers of blowtorches and other apparatus for plumbers. He asked company engineers if the blowtorch, which had always been gasoline operated, couldn't be made to use propane? The answer was discouraging. Sure, there would be advantages—no priming, no pumping, no filling with liquid fuel. But where would you get the propane for the torch? The stuff had to be kept under pressure of at least 125 pounds to the square inch, and the smallest tank anyone had made was the "gas bottle" used for house trailers. Reich snapped back, "If there isn't a tank of the right size, let's make one."

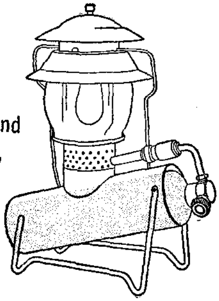
After four years of research, the cylinder was perfected—a disposable one designed to be thrown away when empty. It was lightweight; even full of propane it weighed only about two pounds. Hooked onto a blowtorch, it would provide hours of furious 2,300-degree heat. It worked so well that Reich asked another question: Why should it be limited to a torch for plumbers? The do-it-yourself boom was just getting under way; any home craftsman would have plenty of use for a torch like this. It would be just the thing for soldering, burning off paint, softening floor tiles for laying and all kinds of metal craft.

Once the engineers had turned out such a torch the ideas kept coming. Why stop with torches? How about a portable propane-burning camp stove, using the same cylinder? And a lantern? And, for that matter, a refrigerator?

Immediately the question of safety came up. After all, here was a powerful, highly inflammable gas under great pressure. Could you turn it over to just anybody to use? Amazingly the engineers had designed the container with a safety valve that just couldn't leak. Fire? You could toss a full cylinder right into the flames and nothing happened; a valve opened and let the gas out slowly. Dropping? They dropped containers from five-story buildings. The gas stayed in. Even the Post Office authorities, sticklers about not handling anything remotely explosive or inflammable, pronounced the cylinder so safe it could be sent through the mails.

With millions of Americans taking to the outdoors as never before, the magic cylinders that make propane portable have come along at just the right time. Take the boom in charcoal cookery. Thinking about it stimulated the imagination of Milo Webster, chief engineer of the Otto Bernz Company. Could they make a burner of the type used in their portable stove do what charcoal did—without the charcoal? Even Webster's best friends laughed at that. "You're crazy if you think a steak cooked over a gas flame is going to be as good as one broiled over charcoal," one told him.

Undaunted, Webster went to work. He knew that what was thought of as the "charcoal flavor" was a product chiefly of the way the heat was delivered to the food. You had to have a source of high-intensity, low-flame, radiant heat. How about a metal plate between the propane burner and the food? Webster tried that, but it didn't work. Then he came up with the idea of using a ceramic plate, perforated with thousands of tiny holes. It worked marvelously well.



Powered by two-pound cylinder of propane, this lantern burns brighter than a 100-watt bulb.

The holes let the heat through, yet were small enough to prevent the dripping fat from reaching the burners below. It was, instead, burned up on the plate. Webster assembled a group of charcoal food fans and served steaks, some cooked over charcoal, some on his handsome new charcoal-less grill. The diners couldn't tell the difference.

The amazing grill, now in mass production, promises a revolution of its own in outdoor cookery—and indoor cookery too, for it can be brought right into the house for use in a fireplace, or in a kitchen with an exhaust fan. It puts the whole range of charcoal cookery on a high speed basis, for the cooking done on the propane grill is fast. You can have a steak, well done, in four minutes. Hamburgers, rare but well charred, are ready in one minute to a side; well done in two. A skinless frankfurter is grilled to a turn in one minute on a side.

Customers of drive-in theaters last fall and winter got a surprising sample of the versatility of packaged propane. The drive-ins stayed open—and did a thriving business—in spite of cold weather because they kept the cars of their patrons comfortably warm with portable "catalytic heaters." Built into each unit is a catalyst, in this case small pieces of platinum which are dispersed in an asbestos holder. When the platinum is heated with a torch, a strange reaction takes place. The propane combines with oxygen in the presence of the catalyst, magically releasing energy and creating heat. There is no open flame at all!

This remarkable heater operates at less cost than an electric one, and its portability opens up all sorts of possibilities. It makes an excellent extra heater for automobiles, cottages, tents and trailers. For proof of what their new propane heaters can do outdoors, the engineers point to what happened last year on a cold midwinter day in Manhattan, when visitors at a restaurant on East 60th Street got a strange invitation from the proprietor.

"How would you like to have your meal in the garden?" he suggested.

Stepping out, the guests found it comfortably warmed to room temperature by a battery of the flameless propane heaters. (The type of heater used in restaurants differs from the drive-in type in that brief contact with electricity from outlets heats the platinum and sets off the heat-producing reaction.)

The accomplishments of portable propane don't stop with heat, as you're likely to find out in the near future if you stop by a hardware store to inspect what appears to be an ordinary portable ice box. Look inside, however, and you'll find that it's actually a complete portable refrigerator—a miniature of home models. The mechanism is so tiny that the whole unit weighs only 24 pounds, with the single gas cylinder that operates it. It has 144 cubic inches of storage space and holds 36 pounds of food. The cylinder of gas will run the refrigerator from 35 to 40 hours.

Some of the most dazzling prospects for the future lie in a development which, while still in the laboratories, may soon be in everyday use. The engineers are equipping the marvelous two-pound cylinders with a tiny motor—the size of a four-inch cube. The researchers figure it will perform an amazing variety of tasks. It'll run a lightweight hedge trimmer, a lawn mower, a paint sprayer, an emergency pump that will whisk water out of your basement if the electric power fails, a power drill and saw for use at spots outdoors, remote from electric outlets.

"Those are just a few things we've thought up so far," says Sidney Reich. "I'll be surprised if we don't find at least 100 other jobs we can do with portable propane." ♛

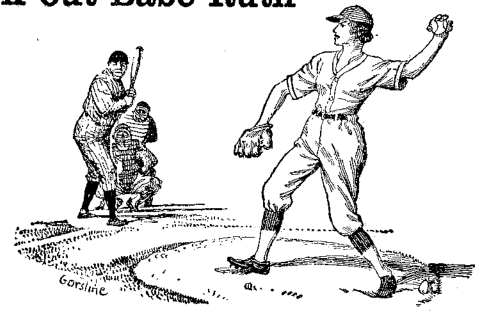
Editorially Speaking

AN ARTICLE in a medical digest, discussing why doctors refer to themselves as "we," attributed this statement to Benjamin Frankin: "The editorial 'we' traditionally and historically is reserved for the exclusive use of heads of state, editors and people with tapeworms."

—ANDREW BOGEN

The girl who struck out Babe Ruth

by Jack Orr



THE YEAR 1931 was perhaps no dizzier than any other year in that wild era of U.S. history. It was the year flagpole-sitting and the marathon dance craze were introduced—and it was also the year Babe Ruth was struck out by a pert, snip-nosed, pretty young girl of 17.

Joe Engel, a clever minor league showman, had become owner of the Chattanooga Lookouts. A week before the Yankees were to play an exhibition game in Chattanooga, Engel announced that he had signed Virnie Beatrice "Jackie" Mitchell, 17, a left-handed girl pitcher, whose ambition was to strike out the Babe.

A sports writer who hustled out to Jackie Mitchell's house found a shy schoolgirl with blue-gray eyes, flat brown hair and a boyish figure. She threw unusually hard for a woman, but her fast ball didn't look as if it could break a pane of glass.

When the big day arrived, more than 3,000 fans turned out. Clyde Barfoot started pitching for the Lookouts while Jackie warmed up on the side lines, dressed in a costume specially created for her by A. G. Spalding & Bros.

Earle Combs, leading off, cracked a double off the wall. Lyn Lary singled him home. And up stepped the Babe. At a signal, Jackie walked to the mound, and the Babe gallantly tipped his cap. She wound up as if she were turning a coffee grinder and pitched. The Babe swung gloriously—and missed by a foot. The next two pitches were wide, and Ruth had the umpire throw in another ball. The Babe swung again and missed. On the next pitch, he let the ball go by. The umpire said, "Strike three!" and the Babe went back to the bench, shaking his head.

Gehrig came next and took three mighty swings and sat down. Lazzeri swung and missed one pitch, fouled another and eventually drew a walk. At this point, Jackie was taken out of the game—to roaring applause.

There were wide repercussions. *The New York Times* asked, "Whither baseball?" "Maybe her curves were too much for them," suggested a Cincinnati newspaper. "Or was it just the spring?"

Jackie never pitched again professionally. She pitched exhibition games, billed as "the girl who struck out Ruth," and then disappeared. Recently, someone discovered her working at a diaper service where she still was telling the story of her moment of triumph over the great Babe Ruth.

Millionaire murderer
John Colt was to be married and
hanged on the same day.
But, just minutes from the gallows,
he escaped by brazenly
committing the
"perfect crime." Or did he?

The Mystery of Honeymoon Cell

by George Scullin

SOME YEARS AGO New York Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine dealt brusquely with the subject of perfect crimes. "We have no record of any, and I have never heard of any elsewhere," he said. "That's what makes them perfect." But the Commissioner was overlooking the John Colt case.

For sheer horror, bizarre settings, odd characters and breathless timing, the Colt case developed in real life like a masterpiece from the pen of Edgar Allan Poe.

In 1841 John Colt was a member of one of New York's millionaire families. His brother Samuel was an anti-social eccentric who spent all his time trying to develop a revolving bullet chamber for pistols. John, on the other hand, was the darling of society. At 22 he was tall, handsome, well-educated, an excellent dancer and a master of the poetic phrase. He was also a writer of sorts. His friends included such literary lions of the day as Poe, James Fenimore Cooper, John Howard Payne, George Palmer Putnam, Lewis Clark and Charles Dana.

The strange story began when the Colt family hired a beautiful seamstress named Caroline Henshaw. When young John's eye fell on her, things happened fast. Caroline was summarily sent packing, and John was given his choice of losing her or his inheritance.

To his mother's dismay, John chose to follow Caroline. They found lodgings in the boarding house of a free-thinking Mrs. Pickett at 71 Greenwich Street. It was an ideal arrangement. Caroline sewed. John wrote. She supported them both.

Unfortunately, John was short on literary ability. Editors were fond of him personally but they found his writing inept. Finally Publisher George Palmer Putnam offered him some advice: "Write what you know about," he urged. "You have a good business education, and I need a textbook on accounting."

The idea of wasting his talents on a manual for bookkeepers struck John as outrageous. But as the nights passed, with Caroline ruining her eyes sewing by candlelight, he finally agreed. "But I'll not go to Putnam," he told his brother. "I'll publish my book myself, and keep *all* the profit."

Sam Colt, pleased with the aggressive spirit his pampered brother was developing, agreed to finance the new publishing company. John found an office above an apothecary shop at Broadway and Chambers Street, across from City Hall Park. For his printer he chose the well-known Samuel Adams whose shop did special work for the city along with the printing of books, pamphlets, and periodicals for a number of religious and missionary societies. By the middle of August, 1841, John was flooding Adams' shop with pages of copy concerning the latest auditing techniques.

On September 17, somewhere between three and four in the afternoon, Adams called to collect a printing bill. Colt produced figures to prove that no such bill was due.

Adams was unmoved. "You may be an expert at keeping your own books," he said, "but you aren't an expert at keeping mine."

For 30 minutes the argument raged. Adams lowered his bill to $71.15. John admitted to an error of $55.80. There matters stood when the first blow was struck.

The only account of the fight is to be found in John's confession. "The words 'you lie' were passed, and several slight blows. . . . We grappled with each other, and I was shoved against the wall, with my side next to the table. There was a hammer on the table, which I then immediately seized hold of and instantly struck him over the head. At the time I only remember his twisting my neckerchief so tight that it seemed to me as if I had lost all power of reason. . . ."

When John did recover his reason, he saw Adams sprawled on the floor in front of him, bleeding so profusely that he feared the blood would seep through the floor to the crowded apothecary shop below. "I tried to stop it by tying my handkerchief around his neck tight," he said in his confession. "This appeared to do no good. I then looked about the room for a piece of twine which I tied tight around his neck."

Adams never regained consciousness and what might have been an assault case became murder.

Colt spied a packing case in his office. Into it he stuffed the body, lashing it in a doubled-up position. From the Washington Street Market he brought in pails of salt and lime which he packed around the body with the idea of preserving it like so much salted beef. His plan was to ship the incriminating crate aboard the vessel *Dalmatia,* bound for New Orleans the next day.

Then everything went wrong. A drayman delivered the crate to the *Dalmatia* on time, but at the last minute the ship's departure was delayed for a week. Next the crisp fall air gave way to a spell of unseasonable heat, and the crate was exposed to temperatures far beyond the preservative capacities of the salt and lime. And finally, Mayor Robert Morris, who also served as Chief of Police, became personally interested in the disappearance of his friend and city printer, Sam Adams. When rewards were offered for information as to Adams' whereabouts, the drayman reported taking a strange crate to the *Dalmatia.* After the crew broke open the packing case and discovered its secret, Mayor Morris went to examine the body.

Identification was not easy. The combination of heat, salt, and lime had obliterated any recognizable features of the corpse. Yet the Mayor suspected that his search had ended. "The fingers of both hands," he testified, "were black from his work with printer's ink."

The rest was elementary. Mayor Morris retraced Adams' steps that fatal September day. In the freshly scrubbed office of young John Colt, suspicious stains were found in the floor cracks; John's confession soon followed.

John's trial was one of the most widely publicized in criminal history. Finally, Judge Kent gave the verdict: "You will hang by the neck until dead. . . ." The execution was set for 4 P.M., November 18, 1842.

But the bungled crime was to set the stage for a perfect crime.

THE INSTANT John's doom was sealed, all was forgiven by his family, and no expense was spared to ease his stay in the Tombs prison. After a champagne session with his old friend Colt in Cell One, Death Row, Charles Dana reported in the *Tribune*: "A pretty set of swinging shelves suspended on silken cords bears the latest novel, the freshest magazine. Pictures transform the dull wall with gorgeous color. A rare Kidderminster rug conceals the cold stones. Colt, in an elegant dressing gown, lolls in a patent leather chair, smoking a Havana. His luncheon (brought in from Delmonico's) consists of quail, game pâtés, reed birds, vegetables, coffee and cognac."

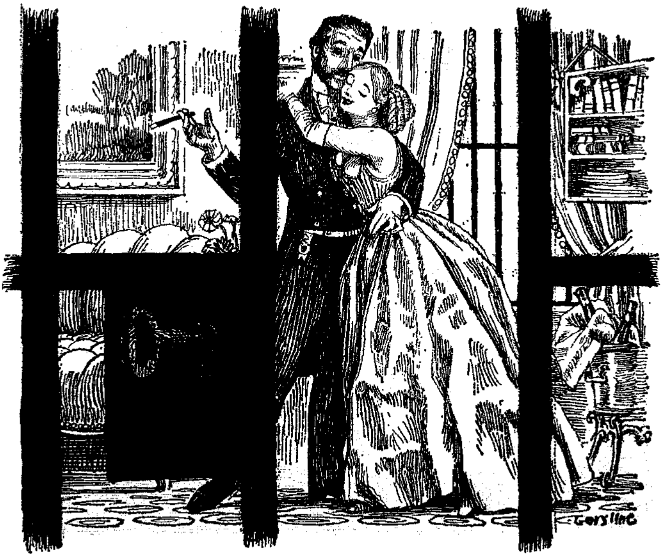
Caroline, forgiven at last by the Colts, was a daily visitor. And daily they spent a few hours in private behind silk curtains drawn over the steel-barred door. Noticed by all was John's increasing cheerfulness as the day of his execution approached. Said one fellow prisoner to a reporter, "He looks like a man about to be freed instead of hung."

On November 16, two days before he was to mount the gallows, a cheerful John Colt summoned Sheriff Monmouth Hart to his cell. "I would like to marry Miss Caroline Henshaw on the morning of the 18th," he said. "No special privileges. My cell will do."

Sheriff Hart was deeply touched. There was no rule against marriages in Death Row. In fact, they were frequently held to legalize certain matters previously neglected, and the Sheriff gave his consent gladly.

The newspapers went wild in dealing with the proposed nuptials-gallows ceremony. By dawn of the 18th, Centre Street in front of the Tombs was jammed with thousands of thrill-seekers.

Caroline arrived at about 11:30 A.M. Her carriage, curtained against the blustery weather, was left on a quiet side street. Swiftly, she entered the rear door of the Tombs. The guests assembled for this strange wedding included Sam Colt, John



In Colt's plush cell, he and Caroline celebrated their wedding, seemingly oblivious to the shadow of the noose.

Howard Payne, Judge Merritt, and Sheriff Hart.

During the wedding ceremony the carpenters, assembling the gallows in the courtyard below, politely suspended their hammering, a fact that was relayed by a guard to the crowd outside, and received with a moan. Another moan accompanied the news, "They're married."

The mob pressed closer to the door from which the bulletins were being issued. "The guests have gone." "There are silk curtains across the cell door." "They've ordered champagne." From deep inside the Tombs came an audible thump. "They're testing the gallows!"

According to Sheriff Hart's account, at about 1 P.M. he went in person to notify the bride that her honeymoon—and marriage—had reached its inevitable end. He then escorted Caroline, "smiling bravely," to the rear door, and she stepped out into an empty side street.

At 3:30 P.M. he instructed Rev. Anton, who had officiated at the wedding, to prepare the condemned man for his last moments on earth.

At that moment the tinder-dry wooden cupola atop the adjacent Hall of Justice burst into flame. Just how this wooden pagoda, detached from the rest of the solid stone building, could catch fire was never investigated.

By 3:33 P.M. the smoke had penetrated the interior of the Tombs, and the prisoners were in a panic. Shrieking and pounding their cell doors with buckets, the convicts created such pandemonium that some guards fled out of the building. Others stumbled around in confusion and two fainted and were carried out.

Out of this turmoil, at 3:35 P.M., staggered Rev. Anton. To the distraught Sheriff Hart he screamed, "Mr. Colt is dead! He has a dagger in his heart! I saw it!"

Instead of going to the cell at once, the Sheriff rushed around to search for the doctor whose duty it would be to pronounce Colt dead. At 7 P.M. a hastily-summoned coroner's jury officially announced that John had cheated the gallows by suicide, and released the body to an undertaker. There was, of course, no public funeral.

Only the newspapers were indignant. "From whence came the knife?" demanded the *Herald*, pointing an accusing finger at every member of the wedding. The *Tribune* screamed that there could be no peace until the Mayor, the Governor, and the President of the United States had investigated every angle of the dramatic suicide.

But no one thought to ask, "From whence came the corpse?" Was it the body of John Colt, or a substitute?

That is still the perfect part of the crime.

George Walling, appointed Chief of Police shortly thereafter, wrote, "I have heard it declared over and over again by those in a position to know, that Colt did not commit suicide, that the body found in his cell when the Tombs caught fire was only a body prepared for that purpose, and that Colt escaped in the confusion."

Others noted the liberal tips that might have influenced the good will of several key guards, and pointed out that with fainting guards being carried out, the same bearers could easily bring in a prepared corpse.

But the story has a sequel. In 1850, Edgar Allan Poe received an unsigned manuscript from Texas written in the unmistakable hand of John Colt. When he reported this to Editor Clark of *The Knickerbocker* magazine he found that Clark, too, had been receiving similar copy. They agreed that was Colt's way of letting them know he was alive and still trying for literary success.

Then in 1852 Samuel Everett, one of Colt's close friends, was riding through the Santa Clara Valley in California. At a fine-looking *hacienda,* he suddenly found himself face to face with the perfect image of John Colt.

"John!" exclaimed Everett.

"To you, *mi amigo,* I am Don Carlos Juan Brewster," the man replied. "My house is yours."

According to Everett, Caroline was also in the house, looking as lovely as ever.

Many students of the Colt crime, however, consider Everett's story as apocryphal. They insist that John actually committed suicide with a dagger supplied by Caroline. The weight of evidence is on the side of this theory. But in the words of Commissioner Valentine, "That's what makes it a perfect crime—nobody is sure that in this case a crime was committed!"

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At the Moody Bible
Institute in Chicago,
"Soldiers of
God" are trained for
every front—
from the asphalt
jungles to
the steaming tropics

"West Point" of the Gospel

by Alfred Balk

DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA, a South Rhodesian set out on a hike. For nine months, 20-year-old H. Stephen Sitole walked over 2,000 heat-tortured miles, often with little food, and for five days with no water. Then, reaching the port of Cape Town, he worked for seven years as a messenger.

Finally, the young African got a job as ship's crewman, sailed to the U.S. and arrived at his long-envisioned destination—Chicago's Moody Bible Institute, often referred to as the "West Point of Christian Service." Today, having received special training for a special job, Sitole oversees 20 mission churches in Africa.

A "concrete campus" of 13 buildings, set in what is now a semi-blighted neighborhood a dozen blocks north of Chicago's Loop, the Institute would scarcely seem to be the fountainhead of a far-reaching "Religious Point Four" program, of film production which in one field rivals Hollywood, or of a bush-flying school second to none.

But Moody is all this and more. It is, for example, the nation's leading single producer of missionaries—some 4,000 to date—or one of every ten American Protestant missionaries. Also, its 60,000 alumni, including 5,000 pastors, are active in every section of the U.S., serving as directors of slum and skid row rescue missions; presidents and teachers of religious schools and colleges; and heads of such religious endeavors as the Rural Bible Crusade, the Winona Lake Bible Conference and the Youth for Christ movement. "Moody," says a prominent Methodist official, "is the most amazing school of its kind in the world."

What makes it so amazing?

For one thing, fundamentalist religious groups do not usually have access to the same expert financing and executive skills as large denominational organizations. But Moody—founded by businessman Dwight L. Moody, who became the 19th Century's most famed evangelist—does have. Cyrus McCormick, Jr., was a charter trustee, and the Institute's board always has read like a page from Dun & Bradstreet.

IN FULL SESSION, Moody has only 1,000 full-time students, with 800 more in night school. Neither a college nor a seminary, it is considered to have been the first of about 200 Bible institutes which now exist in this country, and it offers a widely varied curriculum.

Take its bush-flying course. Until a few years ago, missionaries always had been forced to hack their way through jungles on foot. Now, however, missionary planes hop over terrain previously considered impenetrable, air-dropping supplies and medicines, and performing such valuable—and hazardous—extracurricular jobs as rescue work and weather-mapping.

Thirteen years ago, a former Civil Air Patrol pilot, the Rev. Paul Robinson, proposed that the Institute set up a school to train pilots, radiomen and mechanics. Today Moody operates a private airport in the Chicago suburb of Wood Dale, owns 12 planes—plus hangars and shops—and has produced half the bush pilots and mechanics of the worldwide Missionary Aviation Fellowship, based in Fullerton, California. And no Moody-trained graduate has ever had a fatal air mishap.

Because modern missionary work involves more than trudging into the jungle with a Bible and faith, Moody also maintains a central radio testing laboratory, offers basic courses in dentistry, medicine and languages and provides in-school and field "workshops" in everything from radio preaching to setting up little Bible institutes in remote regions.

In preparing students for tasks ranging from Sunday School direction to jobs in skid row missions, Moody stresses on-the-scene experience. Thus, students actually work on skid row, lead choirs or visit hospitals and jails. And they get results. Recently, for instance, a man who had served 31 years in prison for robbery visited the Moody campus. Now nearly 70 and partially blind, he said, "Eight years ago a student converted me—and since then, I'm thankful to say, I have been able to 'save' three other convicts."

Probably few other persons ever possessed the peculiar blend of abilities of the Institute's founder. Dwight L. Moody was born in 1837, the sixth of nine children of a poor Northfield, Massachusetts, stonemason. With only an elementary school education, he became one of the most successful shoe and leather-goods salesmen in pre-Civil War Chicago. Before he was 25, Moody was earning nearly $1,000 a month.

The son of an extremely religious

family, Moody wanted more from life, however, than monetary success. In his spare time he passed out religious tracts in Chicago's rough levee area. Then he rented pews in a Congregational Church and rounded up transients to occupy them. After that he organized a Sabbath School and moved it to a dance hall from which Saturday night debris had to be cleaned each Sunday morning. Finally he sold 40,000 shares at 25 cents each to finance a building accommodating 1,500 persons—the largest Sunday School in the nation—all before he was 23!

For "Crazy Moody," as the energetic crusader was termed by detractors, President-elect Abraham Lincoln in 1860 made his only Sunday School speech.

When Moody turned to full-time religious work, he married one of his Sunday School teachers, Emma Revell. Later, when he met Pennsylvanian Ira D. Sankey, a government clerk who "sang like the harp of David," the stage was set for years of revival headlines.

Starting in 1873 in the British Isles, Moody and Sankey achieved fantastic results, including a London revival crusade whose attendance still is the largest on record—2,530,000 persons. In New York, an 1876 campaign attracted 1,500,000 persons to the old Hippodrome, and in Philadelphia, 500,000 (including President Grant) heard the revivalists in a refurbished freight station. Even at Chicago's 1893 Colombian Exposition, Moody's meetings in a circus tent and at 79 other sites drew 2,000,000 persons—one-fifteenth of that world fair's total attendance.

Before he died in 1899, the bearded evangelist had addressed at least 100,000,000 persons, prayed or pleaded personally with an unheard-of total of 750,000.

In founding the Moody Bible Institute in 1889, he had no pattern to work from. But despite his own lack of formal religious education, he had developed challenging ideas for the training of religious workers.

Why not, he reasoned, offer specialized work built around Bible study and Gospel singing, even for those who were seeking broader educations and later would go on to a college or seminary?

Why not provide practical experience in evangelical work while in school—and simultaneously channel this so that the Institute itself was a sort of mission? And to support it all, why not find businessmen who could help organize the whole operation on a sound, financial basis—and keep it that way?

This Moody did. And since his idea was to put training within financial reach of the greatest number of persons almost immediately (the Institute still charges no tuition), he set up a correspondence school. Today this branch alone numbers 40,000 course enrollments. Among the students are the wife of a former state governor, a Chicago judge, the president of a major insurance firm, and even a Navy group on South Pole duty. Last fall, 300 inmates of the penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, enrolled in an elementary Bible course.

Over the years, the Institute has

adapted many new tools to religious work. In 1926, for example, even before a transmitter licensing system was established, Moody started a radio station. Now, its 5,000-watt WMBI reaches some 200,000 listeners daily with sermons, religious dramas, non-violent adventure shows, news or interview programs and music. These programs are also aired by an FM affiliate in Cleveland, and some are transcribed for use on 50 other U.S. stations. One former member of the WMBI staff, George Beverly Shea, has become a famous Gospel singer of our day.

The Institute publishes "Moody Monthly," one of the country's five largest inter-denominational church "family" publications, with 103,000 subscribers in 60 countries. One of its ads is credited with persuading evangelist Billy Graham to enroll in a Bible institute—Trinity College in Clearwater, Florida.

Dwarfing this, however, is the impact of Moody Press, one of the four largest fundamentalist publishers in this country, with sales of more than $1,000,000 a year. In addition to pioneering in the religious paperback field, it also gives away annually more than 10,000,000 Bibles, devotions books, children's stories and similar items in 150 countries or governmental units.

In keeping with Dwight Moody's lifetime emphasis on work with low-income people everywhere, the Moody Literature Mission now conducts a far-flung "Religious Point Four" program which in some regions is the only Western counter-attack against Communist literature. If a mission group needs help, it merely gets in touch with the Institute. Immediately, wheels begin turning for such projects as a magazine with 40,000 circulation recently launched in Africa, or the printing of 30,000 books and pamphlets in the Swahili language.

In one of many brochures printed by the Institute, Lord Bacon is quoted as saying: "A little science . . . disposes the opinions to atheism, but much science will invariably lead men's mind to God."

Thus, a Moody Institute of Science, with studios in West Los Angeles, has turned out 20 major "Gospel-science" films, plus cartoons, film strips and emotion-tugging religious documentaries. *God of Creation,* one of the most popular, dramatizes unusual science facts, while *Voice of the Deep* portrays mysteries of the ocean, much in the same manner as Walt Disney's true-life adventures—to which Moody's films have been compared in quality.

Already, these religion-based science films have been translated into 13 languages for distribution to 65 countries. They're also seen yearly by 6,000,000 persons in this country. Reported Cincinnati television station WLW: "Your series . . . has received a higher rating than any other religious films we have ever run." Only recently, a commercial distributor offered $500,000 for rights to the entire Moody film roster. He was turned down.

According to Dr. William Culbertson, a Reformed Episcopal Bishop who is the Institute's fifth president, Moody not only hopes to expand this program, but add others.

"We attempt," he says, "to initiate any activity by which we feel our Christian work can be advanced. But we do not go into debt; we must have money in hand or in sight so that ambition does not outrun practicality."

A well-organized fund-raising department has, through diligent work, come into a number of six-figure windfalls from the wealthy. The sale of blue-chip Moody annuities is also important. But generally, the Institute depends on thousands of "little people." The average donation is $12.

Alumni are an important source of funds—and so are the students themselves, even those who must live modestly. Each year, classes finance such projects as $7,000 worth of radio equipment for a Philippine mission.

Such self-sacrifice on the part of students is typical of Moody's serious campus life. Everyone pledges not to smoke, drink or dance, and chapel attendance at 7:30 A.M. is mandatory. Though dating is encouraged, curfews range from 10 to 10:45 P.M., including week ends. Recreation consists essentially of picnics, parties, intramural athletics, music recitals and sight-seeing jaunts.

But during three years at Moody nobody seems to feel "restricted."

"You will find our students the happiest in the world," says Dr. Culbertson. "We are here for a purpose: to give our lives meaning and show others the Way."

Class Conscious

WHEN A GROUP of nuclear physicists and geologists from the Atomic Energy Commission recently flew to a remote island in the Arctic Ocean, they were surprised to find two beaming Eskimos acting as a self-appointed welcoming committee. One was immensely proud that he was able to speak a little English. He shook hands gravely with each member of the party. "Me, Joe Goose," he said importantly. Then, jerking a contemptuous thumb at his companion, he added, "Him, just native."

—MRS. MARGARET MORRISON

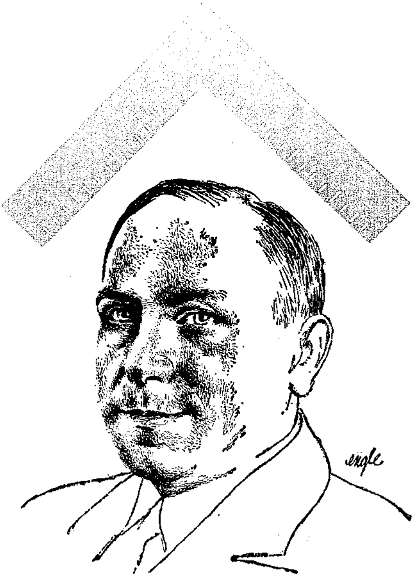
"Cook's tour"

(Answers to Quiz on page 85)

1. (c); 2. (b); 3. (b); 4. (a); 5. (b); 6. (c); 7. (b); 8. (a); 9. (c); 10. (a); 11. (c); 12. (c); 13. (c); 14. (c); 15. (b); 16. (a); 17. (c); 18. (a); 19. (a); 20. (b); 21. (c); 22. (c); 23. (c); 24. (b); 25. (c); 26. (c); 27. (a); 28. (a); 29. (b); 30. (b); 31. (b); 32. (c).

Sam's store on the square

by Henry Lee



Without chairs, carpets, credit, deliveries — even without salespeople — he built the world's happiest hunting-ground for bargain shoppers

In 1906, with $90 capital, Samuel Klein, a chubby, merry little man not quite old enough to vote, opened a one-room skirt-making shop in a loft overlooking New York's dreary Bleecker Street. Immediately he shocked "the rag business," as the women's wear trade is sometimes called, by waiving the customary $1 deposit for his merchandise.

Despite predictions of bankruptcy, the trusting little man prospered. Six years later, attired in a natty derby and button shoes, now with $600 capital, 36 dresses—"and splendid hopes," as someone later said—he opened S. Klein's, a one-room retail shop at 10 Union Square, in the brassy 14th Street section.

Dispensing with floorwalkers and salespeople, giving his customers no deliveries, no credit, no conveniences—not even carpets to walk on or chairs to rest in—S. Klein saw his little establishment burgeon into the largest, most amazing women's wear shop in the world, where as many as 250,000 bargain hunters have joyously rioted in a single day.

In essence, "the Henry Ford of women's wear" proved to his disapproving confreres that the fewer impediments you place between a dedicated woman and a rock-bottom bargain, the more you will prosper.

In time, "S. Klein on the Square" came to occupy the whole East side of Union Square between 14th and 15th Streets, and nearly all between 15th and 16th, too. S. Klein enjoyed a personal income of more than $1,000,000 yearly. Having begun as his own bookkeeper, buyer and manager, he never incorporated and he continued as the sole owner until his death.

The secret of the store's success, now as then, is a minimum of creature comforts for bargain-hunting shoppers, a quick turnover of inventory (120,000 dresses in stock today either sell in three weeks or down go the prices) and the keenest wholesale purchasing known to "the rag business."

Many a time, carrying as much as $10,000 cash in his pockets, S. Klein rescued a garment manufacturer from bankruptcy. For finished goods that had cost the maker $2,000, he might hand him $500. In turn, because of his amazingly low overhead, S. Klein could sell the garments for little more than a fourth of wholesale cost.

Samuel Klein was born in Brisk, Russia, the son of Reuben and Goldie Klein, who brought him to New York when he was five. After a few years of public schooling, he followed his father, a tailor, into the chaotic East Side garment business, working first as a $2.50-a-week errand boy and then as a cutter.

His devout mother had vainly implored him to be a rabbi. Instead, he made almost a religion—or at least a dedication—out of business. He never smoked, drank, played golf, went to theaters or night clubs or read books. At the height of his affluence, he enjoyed an occasional vacation and, now and then, a ride to Atlantic City, New Jersey, in his Cadillac or Rolls-Royce.

The only woman Samuel Klein was ever interested in was his wife, Minnie Braunstein, who had brought him his first customer; and yet that isn't quite accurate. In the 30 years he ran S. Klein's, he conducted a symbolic love affair with almost every woman shopper in the city.

Every day, patrolling his more than 400,000 square feet of selling space, S. Klein shamelessly exhibited his passion. Twisting a rose in his short, powerful fingers, he trotted up stairs and down, joked with employees, chatted with old customers, and marvelled at the wonder he had wrought.

"IT IS MY LIFE!" he bubbled. "I love it! Look at those women! Look at what a good time they have out of it! That's what I get fun out of—volume, lots going on, lots of people. Can I do more than I do now? My business is my hobby."

Benignly, he walked the crowded aisles, watching the bargain hunters fight each other to make him rich. But there was never pressure from an employee to make them buy. Once he saw a woman in tears trying to return a fur coat she realized she couldn't afford. He told the clerk to give her money back. "Let her keep the coat, too," he added.

Sometimes there was heartache watching women claw through the racks for the right size and, more crucial, the right low price. Sometimes there was comedy as two elegant ladies, on surreptitious bargain hunts, met head on in his basement.

"The women from Park Avenue don't want anybody to know they buy their clothes here," he chuckled, "but sometimes they bump into one another. And then it's, 'My *dear*, are you buying things for the maid, too? Aren't the crowds *frightful?*' "

And some of the world's foremost fashion experts also rummage through Klein's stock. Once, a friend introduced a Klein's executive to the great clothing designer Elsa Schiaparelli. "You probably don't know this fellow or his store," the friend said, apologetically.

"Don't I?" smiled Mme. Schiaparelli. "I took the wife of the British Ambassador to Klein's yesterday."

Thus, with a mixture of tears, laughter, sympathy and hard-boiled, top-quality merchandising, S. Klein on the Square became a feminine landfall, pointed out by the sightseeing barkers, laughed at in Broadway shows and reported in magazines ranging from *Fortune* to *The New Yorker.*

S. Klein's first year's revenue was a comfortable $20,000, and the year World War I started, he was making $100,000. In 1929, he hit $24,000,000 and topped that by $4,000,000 in 1930, when almost everybody else was crashing.

Even in 1931, though his gross dropped to $25,000,000, he sold 500,000 more garments than ever before. In fact, he seemed depression-proof. The worse things got, the cheaper he could buy and, at the same time, the more price-conscious women became.

And what tempting prices he offered! Sometimes, dresses went for $1 and hats for as little as 29 cents. Thus, on an average day, tens of thousands of women fingered the 100,000 coats and dresses in stock, fitting themselves in the bleak dressing rooms (and occasionally slipping on panties in the aisles).

But, oh, when Klein's held one of its special sales! A Klein's sale was as riotous as a Communist demonstration just across the street in Union Square, and the cops had more fear of the women. The converging mobs slowed city subway transportation, because Klein's is the only major store accessible from every subway line without having to walk up to street level. The women paralyzed traffic in the Square, broke show windows and imperiled each other's lives and limbs.

To the huge emporium came H. Gordon Selfridge, the great London merchant, and other retail experts from as far away as Prague and Berlin to figure out how S. Klein had accomplished his wonders.

Among other things, they found an intricate IBM system whereby he could take inventory twice daily. Though the machines cost him $50,000 yearly, the coded sales tags gave him hourly reports on buying. Thus he maintained an electronic as well as intuitive grip on the feminine buying pulse.

And where most dress shops were charging 36 cents or more on the customer's dollar for overhead, his expenses ran only seven cents. He sold his stock 25 times over during a year where most big retailers couldn't do it seven times. Thus, with low overhead and high turnover, he could make money on an average ten percent markup, though most of his dresses sold for under $5.

But fast merchandising wasn't the

real secret, because many imitators tried and failed. "There seems to be more to the Klein system than textbook merchandising," *Fortune* said. "Klein has no college degree, but he has a degree conferred on him at birth, Doctor of Human Nature."

This he displayed in paradoxical ways, as puzzling as those of the sex he served. No chairs in the millinery department? "People come here to buy hats, not to sit down. This isn't a park." On the other hand (perhaps because he was chubby himself): "Never put dresses for stout ladies on an upper floor—they do not wish to climb stairs."

In flagrant violation of his own Spartan rules, he allowed refunds within five days. "It is, of course, a woman's privilege to change her mind," he said.

Without sales personnel, Klein's was more vulnerable to thieves than most large stores, and practically the only decorations on the blank walls were large signs, luridly decorated with pictures of women behind bars, which warned in English, Yiddish and Italian: "The Punishment for Dishonesty Is *Jail*" and "Don't Disgrace Your Family." In the dressing rooms, other placards admonished, "Detectives Are Always Watching You." Even so, Klein admitted shoplifting cost him $100,000 annually.

For his more than 1,800 employees, he felt a fatherly affection, calling half by their first names. He bought them insurance, treated them to steamboat rides and hotel dances and each year distributed some $100,000 in Christmas bonuses, which ranged from $50 to $7,500.

Late on a Sunday night in November, 1942, S. Klein died of a heart attack at the age of 56 in his apartment on Central Park West. About 1,000 mourners at funeral services heard a rabbi pinpoint the two vivid truths that his happy, successful life had exemplified. "He translated into a reality the opportunity America offers," said the clergyman. "He thought of charity as something not to be answered by a check, but . . . as a personal affair."

For a time, there was a strange—and disheartening—epilogue to the S. Klein story.

Though he left more than $6,000,000, two-thirds of it in some 40 pieces of real estate concentrated in his beloved Union Square neighborhood, taxes and expenses cut the net worth to some $1,300,000.

Worse, without the master's touch, the store faltered; in 1945, the gross dropped to an estimated $13,000,000, less than half the peak attained during the depression 30s. In 1946, the Grayson-Robinson chain took over for a reported $3,000,000, and Klein's was saved for femininity.

Under President Philip S. Harris, Klein's is on the upgrade again. Now set up as a separate corporation, with suburban branches in Long Island and New Jersey, the store has almost 900,000 square feet of space. A third branch opened this spring in Westchester. There are now 4,000 employees and yearly sales of over $85,000,000.

Possibly S. Klein might cluck in disapproval that his store now sells luggage, home appliances, jewelry, hi-fi, air conditioners, even $50,000 diamonds. In a single year, he would be shocked to learn, Klein's may buy about half of all the vicuña imported into the U.S. and weave 40 percent of the world supply of vicuña. More scandalous, so to speak, Klein's does probably the largest mink business in the world, and is reaching out to even greater things. Right now, a safari from the Square is toiling up the Himalayas in pursuit of the wild ibex which has hair even finer than the vicuña.

But if they had to expand, S. Klein would surely approve of the way his successors are going about it. Take pretzels, a most improbable item in what used to be a women's wear shop.

An outsider startled the Long Island branch by bidding $10,000 for a pretzel concession there. "If he had offered $3,000 we wouldn't have thought much about it," a top store aide explains. "But this I had to look into." Definitely a sleeper, pretzels now do a $40,000-a-year business at the Union Square store.

Or take jewelry. On a pearl-buying trip to Japan, the son of Klein's jewelry concessionaire traced down rumors that Australian aborigines had discovered a boulder-sized opal. He bought it for $2,925. ("Aboridiots sell world's largest opal," an Australian newspaper headlined the story.) For customs purposes, the rock was valued at $189,000, but if cutting discloses what lapidarists call a "heart," it will be worth $2,000,000. "Anyhow, we will be selling opals the rest of our lives at a low price," a Klein's man says.

As in the old days, Klein's price remains right. The store snapped up 150 tuxedos when Wanamaker's closed shop in New York several years ago and sold them in 150 minutes at $27 each. Recently, 4,000 coats were sold in a day at $30 each.

Now, as always, customers are sternly denied all Fifth Avenue conveniences. In the women's shoe department, which registers considerably more than $1,000,000 yearly sales, you won't find a chair. Worse, each pair of shoes is tightly knotted together, and the women hop first on one foot, then on the other to try them on. In men's suits, only the jackets are on the racks. If the coat fits, you get the pants from the cashier and take the suit to your own tailor. No alterations.

But most of all, there is the indefinable exuberance of the woman bargain hunter at large in her native habitat. This, definitely, hasn't flagged since Klein's opened on the Square in 1912.

"I've been here 12 years," a top executive says fondly, "and I'm still amazed at what can happen! A *crazy* store."

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover George Barris; 12 NBC-TV; 18 left Friedman-Abeles, right Vandamm; 20 left United Artists, right Continental Distributors; 22 bottom center, bottom Jack Dressler Studio; 30-39 Dan Budnik; 89 Archie Lieberman from Black Star; 91, 95 right Globe Photos; 92, 95 left Culver Service; 98 Wide World; 102-111 Larry Fried from PIX; 113 U. S. Air Force; 122-23 Peter Buckley; 124 David Seymour from MAGNUM; 125 Sonnee Gottlieb from UPI; 126 U. S. Army; 127 Ralph Crane from Black Star; 128 Charles Trieschmann; 129 Werner Bischof from MAGNUM; 130-31 Wide World.

By JAMES HENRY WESTON

Announce New Way To Shrink Hemorrhoids

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain, Stops Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

FOR the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug counters. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

By finding perils few others
can see, these safety engineers save
thousands of lives

They hunt for hazards

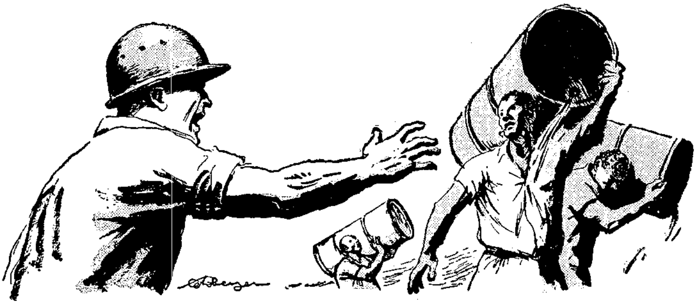
by Reed Millard

As the jungle echoed to the screams of a man in terror, workers on a remote stretch of the Pan American Highway huddled together in fright. Another man had fallen victim to a murderous jaguar.

The frantic superintendent of the American construction project knew he could not expect his men to go on working in face of the increasingly frequent attacks. In desperation he radioed Panama for assistance.

An American engineer soon came to the rescue. Realizing immediately that it would be impossible to post armed men along the entire stretch where the animals were attacking, he decided to frighten the jaguars away—not with firearms but with phonograph records. Installing a public address system on a jeep, he had it cruise back and forth, blasting out a thunderous rock 'n' roll recording. The jaguars beat a quick retreat into the jungle and never molested the construction crew again.

The trouble shooter took the jaguars in his stride because he was a veteran member of a unique corps of American experts—admiringly called the hazard hunters. They are the safety engineers employed by such American casualty insurance companies as Aetna, Liberty Mutual, Employers Mutuals of Wausau, Travelers and American International Underwriters. Wherever there is potential peril to life or property, these



He quickly plucked the cigarette from a man carrying a leaky gas drum.

global danger detectives are on the job. They are equally at home in the jungle, the lonely Arctic tundra, an African desert, an excavation for a Manhattan skyscraper or a factory in Detroit.

No problem is too bizarre for them to tackle. But first they must detect the menace, then convince employers and workers that it really exists. For example, when a Wausau engineer arrived at the site of a dam in the West, he noticed a gigantic boom that towered above the workers. The contractor told him it was to be used in lifting two huge gates into place. They would be held aloft while being put into operating condition. Meanwhile men would go on working in the shadow of the gates.

"Oh no!" the hazard hunter cried out. "Suppose that thing doesn't hold?"

"It's plenty strong," the builder insisted.

The engineer took out a slide rule and made quick calculations. His figures shocked him. The boom would safely hold only 20 tons. The gates *each* weighed 25 tons! The builder was still unconvinced.

"Will you keep the men away from the place where the gate would land *if* it did fall?" requested the hazard hunter.

Reluctantly, the contractor agreed. The engineer marked out a large circle with a stick—the area in which the gate *could* fall.

Not a man stood inside the circle as the first gate was slowly raised. There was no sign of strain on the boom and the superintendent beamed triumphantly. Then suddenly came the sound of rending metal. The gate plunged to the ground with an earth-shaking crash. The stunned workers stared, then broke out into a cheer for the engineer.

Hazard hunters often find themselves confronted with native workers unfamiliar with the most rudimentary safety rules. A safety engineer at a West Indies airfield construction was horrified to see that workers carrying gasoline drums on their shoulders were smoking cigarettes. Leaking gasoline was running down one man's shirt, inches away from his face.

The hazard hunter grabbed the cigarette out of the worker's mouth and made him set the gasoline can down. Then, the engineer asked for his shirt. When it was handed over, he dropped it on the ground, a safe distance from any gasoline, and threw the cigarette onto it. It burst into flame. He then gave his own shirt to the dumfounded worker. Carelessness with gasoline stopped.

Safety engineers have suffered some of their worst defeats at the hands of animals. Disaster struck at a bridge project in Burma after a safety engineer had checked to make certain the workers had responded to safety instructions. No sooner did he leave the site than the bridge collapsed. Unnoticed, a 10,000 pound elephant, carrying girders for the bridge, had walked onto the incomplete structure, which was not yet ready to bear such weight.

"We don't have to chase half way around the world to find hazards," says James Burbank, manager of the Casualty Engineering and Loss Control Division of the Travelers Insurance Company. Take the case of an engineer who stopped off in the New York office of a construction firm to talk about job safety on one of their overseas projects. He found the owner skeptical. "That job is as safe as this office," he insisted.

The hazard hunter brightened. "Bet I can spot a dozen hazards right here," he challenged. He opened the two top drawers of a file cabinet, then bent over to pull out the bottom one. Before he could, the file was tipping over. "We just settled an insurance claim for a broken collarbone from a menace like this," he said. Then he strode over to a nearby desk and gave the typewriter a shove. It teetered toward the edge of the desk. "Had a case where a 45-pound typewriter falling on a stenographer's foot gave her a lifetime limp." Soon he had turned up a dozen hazards in this seemingly safe office.

One hazard hunter, alarmed by the fact that men on a construction job were not wearing their protective hard hats, staged an impromptu demonstration. Clapping on a helmet himself, he sent a man up to a ten-foot high scaffold with a four pound hammer.

"Drop it!" he yelled.

It came down squarely atop the engineer's helmet. It staggered him. But he managed to grin as he took off the helmet and showed workers the dent in it. "Rather have it in the helmet—or in your head?" he asked.

A classic tale from the danger-studded annals of these guardians of safety is the story of the typhoon-chaser. A newcomer to the Philippines, the safety engineer was horrified when he discovered that in one company-insured warehouse several men had been killed and vast quantities of goods damaged because proper safety measures had been disregarded.

Shortly thereafter, a typhoon forecast came in. Chartering a plane to Okinawa, he arrived there just ahead of the typhoon. He personally shouted instructions to startled construction workers, telling them how to batten down their equipment to meet the oncoming storm. This done, he hurried back to the plane, which raced toward the Philippines, stopping at one island after another to instruct workers, and taking off each time with the full force of the typhoon just minutes away.

Word of the startling demonstration, in which he had used nature's fury as a prop, encouraged thousands of others to apply the vital safety rules they'd been told about, but never fully appreciated before. For every life and every dollar the hazard hunters save directly, they take satisfaction in knowing that their well-taught lessons will go on saving hundreds more. ♛

With The Ladies

A MAN NEEDS A WOMAN to take care of him so that she can make him strong enough for her to lean on.

—*Irish Digest*

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

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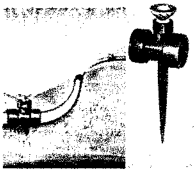

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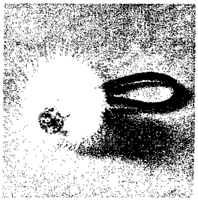

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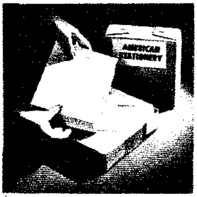

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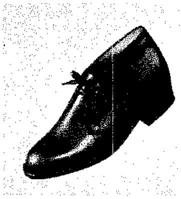

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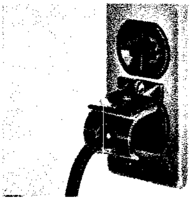

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Silver

AMONG MY FOURTH-GRADE students was one shy little miss, whose white pinched face, sad blue eyes and shabby but clean dress told their own story. During lunch period one day I noticed that Ann did not eat anything so I quietly slipped her a sandwich. She accepted with her shy smile, looked around to see if any of the others had noticed and, satisfied that they had not, she ravenously consumed it.

Daily for the next few months I placed an adequate lunch in her desk before the other children arrived. We never discussed our arrangement and I had no way of knowing if she had mentioned it at home. Then one day during summer vacation I was browsing in a department store when a shy voice said, "Hello," and added in a whisper, "Mommy, that's my teacher." I turned to see a small, shabbily clad young woman holding

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Linings

her little daughter by the hand. The woman's soft, appealing eyes held mine for a minute. She smiled, whispered, "Thank you," and moved on.

Never before had I heard these two words more fervently spoken.

—CATHERINE KENNEDY

WE HAD JUST MOVED into our new home, a newly completed housing project. We were surrounded by teams of workmen who were finishing the homes around us. Our only problem was that we could have no phone for about a month and I was obviously expecting my baby momentarily. It was spring so I was outside as often as possible. But without the telephone, I felt quite alone as soon as my husband went to work in the mornings and a little concerned about how I would manage with the baby due to arrive at any time.

Then one day when I had stayed

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(Continued on next page)

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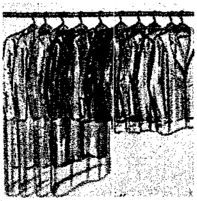

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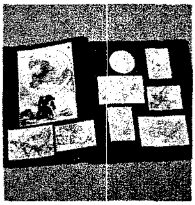

Silver Linings *continued*

home, there was a knock on the door toward late afternoon. I was surprised to see a large man, dusty and hot from working on the homes nearby. He hung his head, shuffled his feet and finally blurted, "We haven't seen you out today and we wondered if you were all right." He went on to say that the men watched for me each day and would get me to a phone or hospital when my time came.

I never felt alone after that and made a point of going outside each day, rain or shine. The baby came at night, and I've always been a little sorry I didn't have to call on my friends, the workmen. —BETTY WARE

ON A CROWDED TRAIN between New York and Washington, D.C., several years ago, I found myself sitting beside a small girl of about seven. After making several fruitless attempts to strike up a conversation with her, I glanced at her mother seated across the aisle. Unobtrusively, she touched first her ear and then lips to indicate that the child was a deaf mute. Sympathetic but embarrassed, I retreated into my newspaper.

A few minutes later there was a

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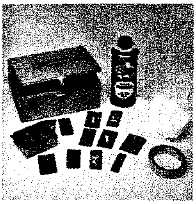

tug at my sleeve. The little girl's mother had passed her a sandwich which she smilingly offered me as a token of friendship. Soon an odd form of communication had arisen between us. As her mother watched and occasionally spoke to her daughter in sign language, I sketched the youngster's portrait.

Then to climax our penciled conversation, I drew a birthday cake with a large candle in the center and pointed to myself.

Quickly, the child rose and stood in the aisle, her fingers fluttering happily. With a smile, her mother leaned over and said quietly, "Christina tells me it's your birthday so she is singing for you."

There, on a crowded train filled with people wrapped up in their own problems, I received the loveliest birthday gift ever as Christina, in the language of the deaf, silently sang, "Happy Birthday to you . . ."

—HELEN PATELLA

IN MY GROUP of sixth-graders was one particular problem child—a cocky, domineering boy named Jimmy. Although handsome and highly intelligent, he was also surly and uncooperative, frustrating my every effort to reach him.

One day, just as I was ready to

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(Continued on next page)

give up on him, Jimmy made several unauthorized trips into the cloak room. Instantly, I wondered what mischief he might be up to. Petty thievery? Playing with matches? Deciding to investigate, I entered the cloak room. There I found Jimmy kneeling before a small jar of water. In it was a tiny goldfish feebly floating on its side.

Seeing me approach, Jimmy's face twisted into sudden anger, then crumpled as he buried his face in my skirt. "It's my goldfish, Miss Decker," he sobbed. "He's dying. I had to bring him to school. I just couldn't let him die alone!"

As I comforted that seemingly difficult little boy who so loved a living thing that he couldn't let it die alone, I cried a little, too. I knew then that under his cocky veneer was the makings of a fine man.

—IDA DECKER

WHEN HERBERT HOOVER went to the Vatican for an audience with Pope Pius XII in the spring of 1946, he arranged for the four Catholic members of the crew of his army plane to accompany him so that they might receive the Papal Blessing. After the Holy Father and Mr. Hoover

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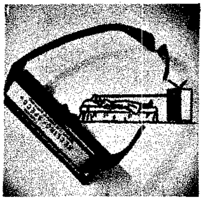

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had finished their talk, the doors of an anteroom were opened to admit the four fliers. To Mr. Hoover's surprise, instead of the four GIs, there were more than 40 lined up. Word had gotten around, and every Catholic at the army field who could get away had come.

The Pope made no objection and instructed his chamberlain to have the men step forward to be blessed one by one as their names were called. All went well until the last soldier, a blushing youngster, who had kept himself in the very rear, was called forward. "Excuse me, sir," he stammered in a broad Georgia accent, "but I'm here under false pretenses. I just came to look. You see, I'm a good Baptist."

The Holy Father left no time for the lad's embarrassment. "Kneel, my son," he said, "there isn't any young man who wouldn't be better for an old man's blessing."

—MARGARET V. NATERS

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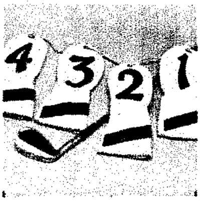

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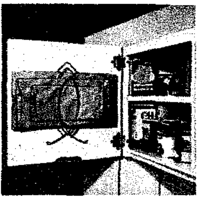
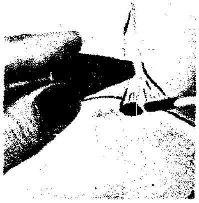


Bag Caddy . . . holds up to 40 bags neatly. No more jamming bags into drawers. Plated wire loops hold every bag, big ones, little ones, wide ones, narrow ones, odd ones. Easily fastened to inside of any cabinet door with two screws included. Guaranteed or money back. Only $1 ppd. Order from Sunset House, 2724 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

SAFE, SURE INSECT KILLER—$1



In two hours your home is completely rid of pests. Light Incense cone, place in ashtray. Airborne chemical penetrates every corner, kills flies, ants, moths, gnats, roaches, spiders, bed bugs, etc. Harmless to humans, pets, plants. No after odor. 17 cones. $1 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-F Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

FREE! U. S. AIRMAIL STAMPS

Act now. Most exciting offer ever made. *Colorful* collection, beautiful hard-to-get U. S. Airmail Stamps. All genuine. All different. All Free. They'll grow in value, enhance your collection. Plus Free illustrated "Stamp Collectors' Guide," other valuable offers for free inspection. Supply limited, rush 10¢ for handling to Garcelon Stamps, CR6A, Calais, Me.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE
5¢ U.S. AIR MAIL 5¢

Professional Courtesy

DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER bears a striking resemblance to the late Albert Einstein.

Once, while aboard a train in Europe he was approached by a diffident passenger who timorously asked, "Would you be so kind as to give me your autograph, please, Mister Einstein?"

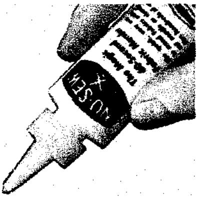
Without hesitation, and without bothering to correct an erroneous impression which might have embarrassed the stranger, the distinguished doctor produced a pen and a piece of paper upon which he swiftly inscribed: "Albert Einstein, by way of his friend, Albert Schweitzer."

—MAXFIELD CHARLES

Unbroken Promise

I WAS ONE OF THE CUSTOMERS in a small gift shop who was jolted by the crash of falling merchandise. I

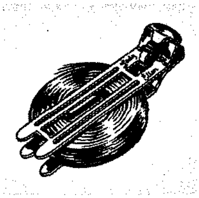
MEND FABRICS IN 60 SECONDS!



Hole in Dad's pocket or junior's jeans? Rip in auto seat cover or canvas awning? Nu-Sew, the magic 60-Second Fabric Mender, will fix it—in 60 seconds *flat! Just apply liquid. No* hot iron needed—no waiting to dry. Waterproof. Wash, iron, boil! 100's of applications in a single bottle, only $1.00 ea., ppd. Clemens, Inc., 1151 E. 65th, Inglewood, Calif.

HOW TO SET PIN CURLS—IN SECONDS

Have time to spare—and spare your hair! Use Lady Ellen Klippies pin curl clips. They're kind to your curls—never crimp or pinch delicate hair. Klippies slide on and off quickly, hug curls gently yet firmly. Write for 16-page illustrated booklet, "How to Set a Pin Curl." Send 10¢ to Lady Ellen, Department CF-62, Los Angeles 51, California.



turned to see a very embarrassed woman who had upset the display of plastic tumblers apologizing profusely to an elderly saleslady.

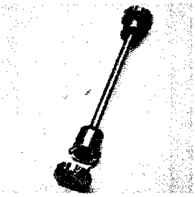
The saleslady reassured her, saying, "We place the display in the aisle to show the durability of the glasses. We expect customers to upset them." Relieved, the woman left.

"Is that the real reason?" I asked.

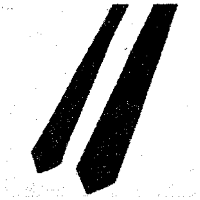
"No," admitted the saleslady, "but I know how she felt. I broke an expensive glass item in a store once. The manager refused payment—and I promised myself to pass on his kindness." —STANLEY VANDENBARK *Together*

NEED AN OUTSIDE ELECTRICAL OUTLET?

UINSTAL-only do-it-yourself outdoor electrical outlet. Mounts in minutes on any house. Permanent, weathertight, no hot wires. Barbecue, lawn mowers, hedge trimmers, patio lights, all the convenience of electricity out-doors. Save $20 to $25. Only $4.95 pstg. pd. inclu. state and local taxes, if any. UINSTAL 4401 No. 22 St., Dept. C., Omaha 11, Nebr.



NEW TIES FROM OLD!



Exclusive hand cleaning process restores original beauty of your favorite ties. Perfect finish. Only $1.00 (6 for $5) incl. postage, insurance. Wide ties slenderized to new narrow widths. $1.25 (6 for $7). Cleaned & slenderized—$2.25 (6 for $12). Specify service desired. Guar. CHK or M.O. to Tie-Arts Method, Dept. A, 9101 W. Olympic Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

BEST HOME BUYS IN FLORIDA!

Beautiful tropic homes—prices from a low $6,250 . . . including many easy-living extras! Located in Florida's friendliest community—Lehigh Acres—in the southwest, just 12 miles from Fort Myers! A city-in-itself, built around a new Country Club, pool, and golf course. Write for information to Lehigh Acres Bldg. Co., COR-3, Ft. Myers, Fla.

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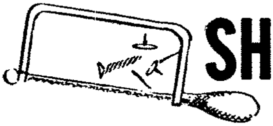
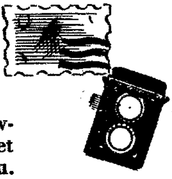
(Continued on next page)



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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$2.00 HOURLY possible, sewing our ready cut aprons at home. Spare or full time. Experience Unnecessary. Free details. Write: A & B Company, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

BARGAINS! Save money! Tremendous Values! Free illus. catalog. Savings up to 70%—jewelry, toys, watches, giftware, apparel, vitamins, luggage, furniture, etc. Buy for self or resale. Write for free catalog. The Norris Co., 445-C Broome St., N. Y.

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$3.00 HOURLY possible for man or woman assembling rustic pump lamps at home spare time. Simple. Easy, no house canvassing. Write: Ougor Enterprises, Box 67, Caldwell, Arkansas.

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LUCKY, lucky you . . . for in this age of miracles, a single stroke of your comb will now cover up unwanted gray hair, add sparkling life to tired hair . . . whiten white hair or give most any attention-getting color if your hair has been bleached. Just like a magic wand in fairyland, a few drops of Lome Color Cote, combed through wet hair, will give you lovely, lustrous hair, years younger than your age. Enjoy modern living, send us clipping of your hair with a note stating your troubles. We will then examine this clipping, choose a color of Lome for you, and guar. complete satisfaction. Send clipping to Golden Glint, Box 9096, Seattle 9, Wash., with $2.25, plus 25¢ tax, and re-live the best years of your life. Only pennies per application.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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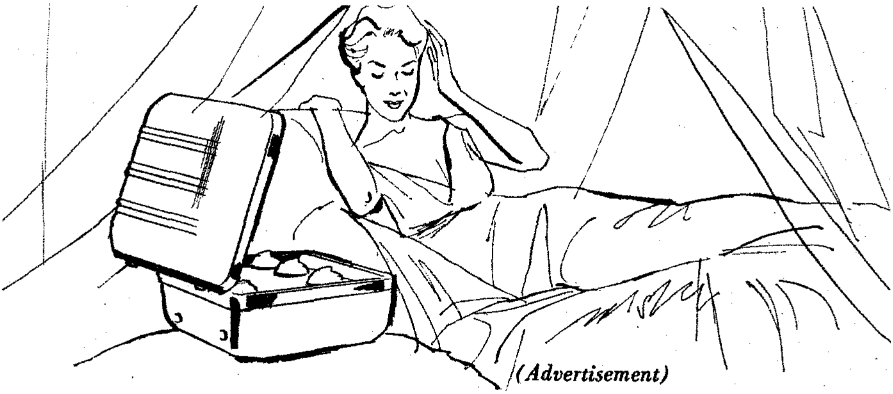

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